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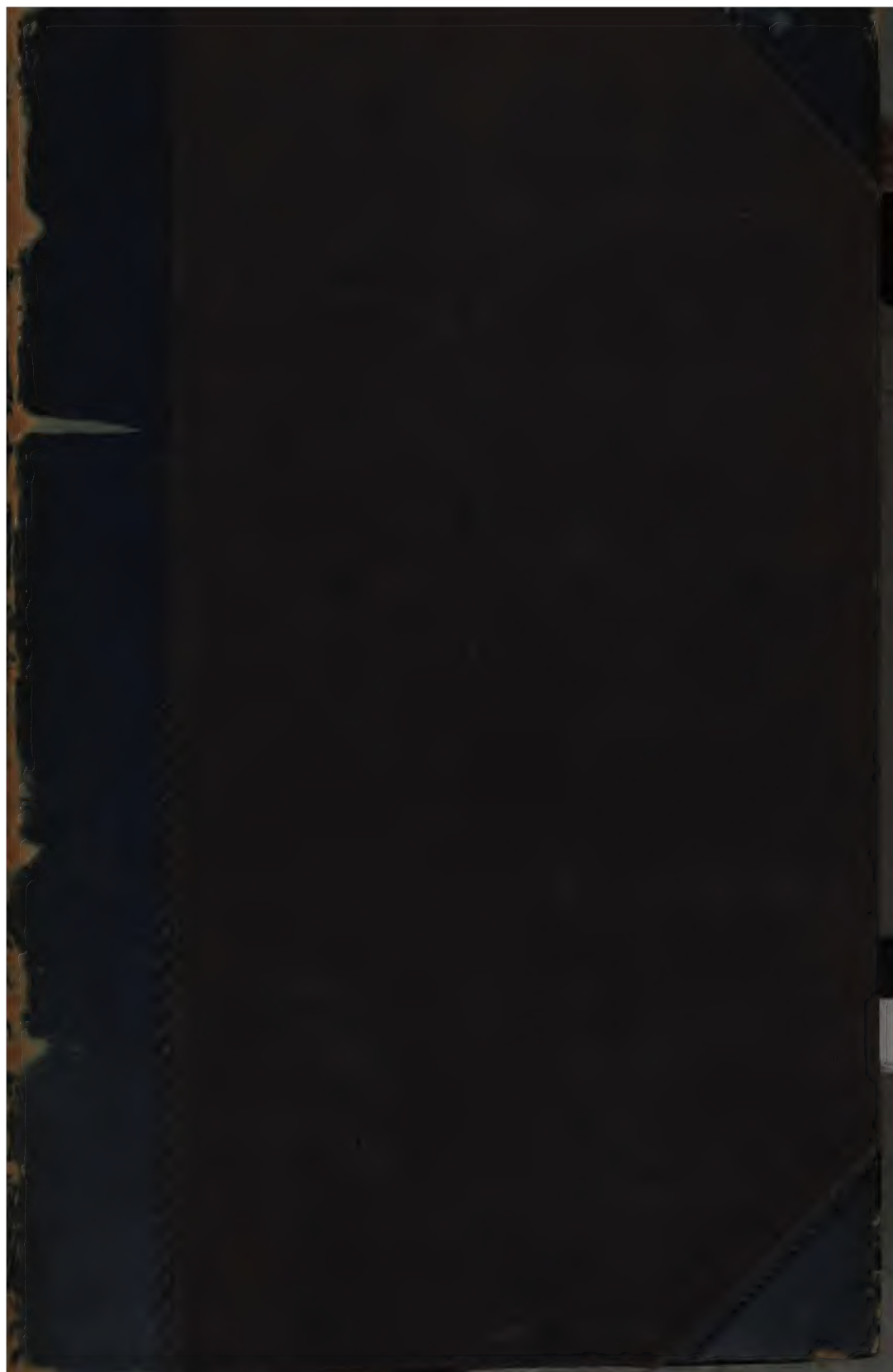
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INTERESTING
ANECDOTES,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

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UNITED STATES

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

1900

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

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LAND OFFICE

1900

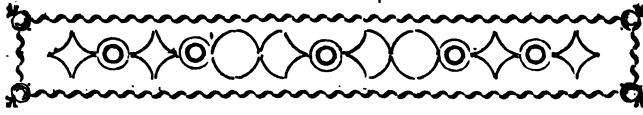
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

BUREAU OF LANDS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

1900



A
COLLECTION
OF
INTERESTING
Anecdotes, Essays, &c.

ANECDOTE
OF A LATE CELEBRATED
PHILOSOPHER and HISTORIAN.

THE late David Hume, Esq. (the learned and ingenious subject of the present Anecdote,) lived in the New-Town of Edinburgh; between which and the Old-Town, there is a communication, by means of an elegant bridge over a swamp. Desirous one day to cut his way shorter, Mr. Hume took it into his head to pass over a temporary one, which had been erected for general
B accommodation,

accommodation, till the new one could be completed. Unfortunately, part of the temporary bridge gave way, and our Philosopher found himself stuck in the mud. On hearing him call aloud for assistance, an old woman hastened to the spot from whence the sound seemed to issue; but perceiving who he was, refused giving him any help. "What, (cried she,) are you not Hume the Atheist? Oh! no! no! (returned the Philosopher) I am no Atheist: indeed, you mistake good woman; you do indeed!" "Let me hear then, (returned the other,) if you can say your belief."—Mr. Hume accordingly began the words, *I believe in God, &c.* and finished them with so much propriety, that the old woman, convinced of his Christian education, charitably afforded him that relief which otherwise she would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.

T H E

HOSPITABLE HIBERNIAN.

“CHARITY, for the love of Heaven! to the widow of a soldier, who has three little innocents to support. Your honour is a soldier yourself, and will pity the necessities of those whom war has reduced to the lowest indigence!”

These

These words, though uttered by a young woman of extraordinary beauty, and who possessed an openness of countenance which spoke the veracity of her assertions, had yet no effect on the heart of a very shrewd young officer; who, at the time of her application, was alighting from his horse. Too full of his own importance to attend to the situation of people *so immensely* beneath him, he entered the mansion of his friend, whose estate he expected shortly to marry; for the lady, by means of whom the conveyance was to be made, was by far the least object of his attention.

Fortunately for the pretty mendicant, the captain's servant had a *heart* rather more penetrable than his master's: in short, if his *head* had been half so soft, he would have been the greatest fool in the universe.

Patrick, during the short time requisite to assist his dismounting master, had been wonderfully struck with the group before him. One little boy, abashed at the superb appearance of the officer, had got behind his mother's apron; from whence he shyly peeped at his brother, who imitated the manual exercise with a stick, which was as much his hobby-horse in that position as any other could convert it to. The youngest, a girl, was in the arms of her mother, whose beauty she reflected

in miniature, though fatigue and care had considerably dulled the once sparkling eyes of the widow. "And pray good woman," says Patrick, "how long have you lost your husband? By me foul it was foolish of him to leave so many pretty *craters* behind—"

"Alas!" said Mary, for that was the widow's name, "if you had known my poor William, you would have pitied his fate; little did I think of losing him so soon! Had it pleased Heaven to have taken me, instead of him——"

"I should have pitied him a great deal more!" interrupted Patrick: "but rest yourself a moment in that barn," continued he, "and, when I have put up my horses, I'll come to you again." Nor did the honest fellow delay his intentions; for, having performed his office, he returned to Mary, whom he conducted to the cabin of his father; where, through the interest of Patrick, she met a cheerful reception. Though Patrick was amply rewarded by the pleasure he took in making them all as happy as he could, he yet expressed a further wish to be acquainted with the widow's story; not so much from curiosity, as from a hope of rendering her farther assistance.

"It is painful," said Mary, "to look back upon
upon

upon misfortunes—mine began with my birth. My mother died soon after I was born, and my father when I was very young. An uncle took care of me, and the little property left by my father; which though very small, was sufficient to make my uncle wish it his. With this view, on my being seventeen years old, he listened to the proposals of a neighbouring farmer; who, spite of my dislike to *him*, was so partial to *me*, that he offered to wave all right to my father's legacy. He was not a young man, and he was very ugly; but, as my uncle was not to marry him, he thought that of no consequence. One little circumstance, however, disconcerted his scheme: I was already married to my dear William; who, from being a play-fellow with me, had contracted an affection, which on my side was as warmly returned. William assured me, that the only way to prevent my uncle's *refusing* his consent, would be, *never to ask it*, and, as I had my own reasons for being of the same opinion, we were privately married.

My uncle, upon intimation of this, turned me out of doors, and William called on him next morning to desire my father's legacy might be sent after me. My uncle talked a great deal more than William could understand, and then called in

a lawyer to explain his meaning, who puzzled poor William ten times more. In short, my uncle had *possession*; and, after my husband had spent all his cash, we were obliged to give up all our hopes; for our lawyer, who told us the more money we spent the better it would be, when he found we had no more, accepted a bribe from my uncle, and left us in the lurch. I wondered at it then, but have since learnt such things are very common. All the law which we had paid for was now of no use: we had two children, and were almost starving, when William unluckily took it in his head to go for a soldier; he said the war might enable him to make his fortune, and future happiness would recompence us for a present parting. It would have had him turn lawyer, since they get money so easily; but was told it required less honesty, and more cunning, than William's, to thrive in that profession. In short William went, notwithstanding all I could say to the contrary, after prevailing on a few friends to put me in a little shop, and bidding me be chearful and industrious till his return. For a while I heard frequently from him, and things went well enough; but a report being now prevalent that he was dead, and I receiving no more letters, those friends of William's who had assisted in settling me at his departure, began to talk of wanting their own, and told me

and what a pity it was I had offended my uncle to marry a vagabond.

I had nothing to do but to hear them patiently, and cry when they were gone : but at length, my hopes being quite extinguished, for I had still thoughts my poor William might be alive, I fell sick ; and my creditors employing that very lawyer who had before done us so much harm, he seized on my shop, and as he said it would be cruel to send me to gaol, I was once more turned out of doors, & my little ones—the youngest born since William's departure—with their mother, left to the mercy of the wide world. I had heard Billy's regiment was in Ireland ; and a kind-hearted seafaring gentleman offering me a passage, I thought it better to seek news of him myself than to write ; and, if I failed, it would be no worse starving among strangers than with friends who had twice used me so cruelly. When we landed the master gave me a little money to assist me on the road. My former illness, however ; returning on the way, I was obliged to stop till I was better in my health, but so poor in pocket, that yesterday I laid out my last halfpenny in bread for my children ; and, for their sakes, was I obliged to-day to ask that charity you now bestow on me. I am sure you will lose nothing by it ; for the parson
who

who married William and I, and who to my sorrow died soon after, for he taught me a great deal, and was a very good friend, used to say, that whoever is made the instrument by which the Almighty pleases to do us good, will never want that kindness which he is permitted to render to others."

"And I don't know a greater kindness any body could do me," returned Patrick, "than to set me within reach of a friend or two, or an uncle, or a lawyer that you have been just mentioning, may I never see sweet Billy Shannan again, if I would not"—

A loud knock at the cabin door prevented Patrick from giving farther vent to the overflow of honest indignation which rose in his breast. It was night, and a heavy storm of hail rattled against the window; a voice from without demanded shelter.

Patrick half opened the door; and was requested by a genteel young man on horseback to permit himself and servant to alight there, as they had lost their way "To be sure I will!" says Patrick; "step in, your honour, I'll help your man to put the poor beasts in a good stable, and perhaps procure you a better birth than this poor cabin affords."—"I desire no better," replied the gentleman,

man, "but if you can house my horses, do; for they have been rode hard to-day." Patrick answered with a bow; and set off with the servant and horses to the great house hard by, where he knew he might rely on his master's interest to fulfil his own promise: for though the captain would not relieve a poor woman and three children, the distress of a man of fashion was quite another affair.

Patrick's father, in the mean time, did the honours of his little cabin; the gentleman eat brown bread; drank home-brewed beer; kissed all the children; and, guessing at their mother's situation, forced her acceptance of a guinea. The tears of gratitude were yet in her eye, when Patrick and the servant returned. On the entrance of the latter, who before had staid without. Mary fainted.—It was her William!—he flew to her—the gentleman was astonished, and Patrick whistled an Irish jig. An eclairsissement speedily took place. William had been taken prisoner, in company with his present master, whose life he had preserved; his master was exchanged, on condition of not bearing arms in the present war: he had therefore procured William's release and discharge; taken him into his service; and the vessel in which they were returning having been driven on the Irish coast they quitted her, took horses, and went to
some

some nearer conveyance for England, when William, inwardly vexed at the supposed protraction of his absence from Mary, was conducted by providence, unexpectedly, to her arms!

His master, on hearing the story, liberally rewarded the kindness of honest Patrick; and, having conveyed William and Mary to his own estate where he comfortably settled them in a farm, is it hard to say whether he *felt*, or *dispensed*, more pleasure, in at once performing an act of generosity, and discharging a debt of gratitude.

A N E C D O T E.

A YOUNG gentleman and lady in a church in America, happened to be in the same pew; during the sermon the youth read something in the eyes of the fair one, which made a deeper impression on his mind than the pious lecture of the preacher. As love is seldom without an expedient, he presented her with the following verses, from the second epistle of John, "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

After

After perusal, she in answer opened to the 1st chapter of Ruth, verse 16.

“ And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

REFLECTIONS

ON

SCEPTICISM and INFIDELITY.

TO those who are persuaded of the truth of Christianity, the increase of scepticism and infidelity must ever be a lamentable consideration. When men possessed of talents which, properly directed, might do honour to themselves, and benefit to their country, use all their abilities to destroy the most sacred principles of religion, it may be truly said, that such learning, and gifts so employed, are a curse to the possessor, and a misfortune to mankind. It is, however, a consolation to the religious mind, that when the mist of ignorance is dispelled, truth must appear in its genuine

colour; and cannot fail to convince and engage the heart. Thus the theological writings of a Boyle, a Newton, and a Locke, will be the admiration of good men to the latest ages; while those of a Voltaire, a Hume, and a Gibbon, will sink into merited obloquy, if not oblivion. A contempt and ridicule of things relating to religion is, I am sorry to observe, too prevalent among the youth of this age; much of which arises from a mistaken notion, that religious and civil freedom are incompatible with each other, and that religion has been the cause of oppression in most parts of the world. Under the cloak of religion, that many impositions, and much oppression, have been exercised in all ages, no man can deny; but, to attribute to religion what has been occasioned by the abuse of it in evil men, is certainly unjust, and evinces too much unconcern about things which are of the greatest moment. So far from religion's being necessary to slavery, I will venture to affirm, that slavery cannot exist in a country where the genuine principles of religion are understood and practised by the inhabitants. At a time when most men profess themselves champions for liberty, let it not be imagined that setting aside religion, as a farce and endeavouring to destroy a belief of the soul's immortality, will give freedom and peace to mankind.

There

There is no greater evil can befall us than this fruitful source of every calamity. What is man, deprived of the glorious hope of immortality!

What can we expect, from those who wish to annihilate this inestimable part of our faith; and even rejoice in a horrid endeavour to persuade themselves that there is no God! Let the youth of Britain beware how they imbibe such miserable philosophy as this; for the progress of scepticism and infidelity, when once they have gained admission to the heart, is insensibly rapid. Beware, lest under the disguise of enlarged thought, and freedom of mind, this poison should find entrance! Take from man the belief of God and eternity, he is worse than a beast. Immortality is one of the most ennobling considerations to the human mind. When we consider that we have spirits which may be happy in the enjoyment of a blissful eternity, it gives energy to every pious thought and resolution; and when, on the other hand, we reflect that the soul may be justly sentenced to suffer for iniquity, it will enable us, with the assistance of divine grace, to resist temptation. In whatever light we view immortality, it is conducive to our happiness, and the good of society. A man, who can once persuade himself, that there is neither a God, nor hereafter, will
stop

stop at nothing; but, on the smallest disappointment in life, put an end to his existence. It is the consideration of immortality, which enables the christian to bear, with a fortitude philosophy cannot give, the worst calamities of life; being fully assured, that a just God will deal righteously. What can we think of a man, who tells us that he has thrown off the shackles of religion, and means to follow the light of nature, destitute of Revelation! deluded mortal! if he obeys the light of nature, that will point him to nature's God. The Sun, as he runs his daily round; the Moon, as she succeeds the Sun, with every Star that adorns the firmament, are—

“ For ever shining, as they shine—

“ The hand that made us is divine.”

I hope the rising generation will treat with contempt such vain philosophy; ever holding fast the belief of a God, and of his divine Revelation, which is productive of happiness and of rational liberty to man; whereas the disbelief of these sacred truths is attended with the most fatal consequences in time and eternity.

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E
O F
FRANCIS PASQUAL.

FRANCIS PASQUAL, an Italian Friar knowing from experience, that the dull uniformity of the monastic life required some little amusements to render it supportable, the first thing he set about was, to find a mistress. He made love to a lady of easy virtue, who soon admitted his addresses, but, at the same time, informed him, that he had a very formidable rival, who was as jealous as a tiger, and would not fail to put them both to death, should he discover the intrigue. This was no other than a life-guard-man, a fellow of six feet two inches, with a vast *spada*, like that of Goliath, and a monstrous pair of curled whiskers, that would have cast a damp on the heart of any man but Francis Pasqual. But the monastic life had not yet enervated him : he was accustomed to danger, and loved a few difficulties. However, as, in his present character, he could not be on a footing with his rival, he thought it best only to make use of prudence and stratagem to supplant him : these are the ecclesiastical arms, and they have generally been found too hard for the military. The lady
promised

promised him an interview as soon as the court should go to Portici, where the life-guard-man's duty obliged him to attend the king of Naples. Pasqual waited with impatience for some time. At last the wished-for night arrived: the King set off, after the opera, with all his guards. Pasqual flew like lightning to the arms of his mistress: the preliminaries were soon settled, and the happy lovers had just fallen asleep, when they were suddenly alarmed by a rap, and a well known voice at the door. The lady started up in an agony of despair, assuring Pasqual that they were both undone; that this was her lover, and if some expedient was not fallen upon, in the first transports of his fury he would certainly put them both to death. There was no time for reflection: the life-guard-man demanded entrance in the most peremptory manner, and the lady was obliged to instant compliance. Pasqual had just time to gather his rags together, and cram himself in below the bed. At that instant the door opened, and the giant came in, rattling his arms, and storming at his mistress, for having made him wait so long. However, she soon pacified him. He then ordered her to strike a light, that he might see to undress. This struck Pasqual to the soul and he gave himself up for lost: however, the lady's address saved him, when he least expected it: in
bringing

bringing the tinder, she took care to let fall some water into the box; and all the beating she and her lover could beat, they could not produce one spark. Every stroke of the flint sounded in Pasqual's ear like his death-knell; but, when he heard the life-guard man swearing at the tinder for not kindling, he began to conceive some hopes, and blessed the fertile invention of a woman. The lady told him he might easily get a light at the guard, which was no great distance. Pasqual's heart leaped with joy; but when the soldier answered that he was absent without leave, and durst not be seen, it began again to flag; and, on his ordering her to go, it died within him, and he now found himself in greater danger than ever. The lady herself was confounded; but, quickly recovering she told him, it would be too long before she could get dressed: but advised him to go to the corner of a neighbouring street, where there was a lamp burning before the Virgin Mary, who could have no objection to his lighting a candle at it. Pasqual revived; but the soldier declared he was too much fatigued with his walk, and would rather undress in the dark: he at the same time began to grope below the bed for a bottle of *liqueurs* he knew stood there. Pasqual shook like a Quaker: however, still he escaped. The lady, observing what he was about, made a spring,

D

and

and got him the bottle at the very instant he was within an inch of seizing Pasqual's head. The lady then went to bed, and told her lover, as it was a cold night, she would warm his place for him. Pasqual admired her address, and began to conceive some hopes of escaping. His situation was the most irksome in the world ; the bed was so low that he had no room to move ; and, when the great heavy life-guard man entered it, he found himself squeezed down to the ground. He lay trembling and stifling his breath for some time, but found it absolutely impossible to support his situation till morning ; and, indeed, if he had, his clothes, which were scattered about, must infallibly have discovered him. He therefore began to think of making his escape ; but he could not move without alarming his rival, who was now lying above him. At first, he thought of rushing suddenly out, and throwing himself into the street : but this he disdained ; and, on second thoughts, determined to seize the life-guard-man's sword, and either to put him to death, or make an honourable capitulation both for himself and the lady.

In the midst of these reflections, his rival began to snore, and Pasqual declared, that no music was ever so grateful to his soul. He tried to stir a
little,

little, and, finding that it did not awake the enemy, he, by degrees, worked himself entirely out of his prison. He immediately laid hold of the great *spada*; when all his fears forsook him, and he felt as bold as a lion. He now relinquished the dastardly scheme of escaping, and only thought how he could best retaliate on his rival, for all that he had made him suffer. As Pasqual was stark naked, it was no more trouble to him to put on the soldier's cloathes than his own; and, as both his cloak and his cappouch together were not worth a fixpence, he thought it most eligible to equip himself *à la militaire*, and to leave his sacerdotal robes to the soldier. In a short time he was dressed *cap-à-piè*. His greasy cowl, his cloak, his sandals, his rosary, his rope of discipline, he gathered together, and placed a chair before the bed; and girded himself with a great buff-belt, instead of the *cordon* of St. Francis, and grasping his trusty *toledo* instead of the crucifix, he sallied forth into the street. He pondered for some time what scheme to fall upon; and, at first, thought of returning in the character of another life-guard-man, pretended to have been sent by the officer in quest of his companion, who, not being found in his quarters, was supposed to have deserted; and thus, after have made him pay heartily for all he had suffered below the bed, to

leave him to the enjoyment of his panic, and the elegant suit of clothes he had provided him. However, he was not satisfied with this revenge, and determined on one still more solid. He went to the guard, and, told the officer, that he had met a Capuchin Friar, with all the ensigns of his sanctity about him, sculking through the streets in the dead of the night, when they pretend to be employed in prayers for the sin of mankind; that his curiosity prompted him to follow him; that, as he expected, the holy Friar went straight to the house of a celebrated courtesan; that he saw him admitted, and listened at the window till he heard them go to bed together; that, if he did not find the information to be true, he would resign himself his prisoner, and submit to whatever punishment he thought proper. The officer and his guard, delighted to have such a hold of a Capuchin (who pretend to be the very models of sanctity, and who revile in a particular manner, the licentious life of the military), turned with utmost alacrity, and, under the conduct of Pasqual, soon surrounded the lady's house. Pasqual began thundering at the door, and demanded entrance for the officer and his guard. The unhappy soldier, waking with the noise, and not doubting that it was a detachment sent to seize him, gave himself up to despair, and instantly took shelter in the
very

very place that Pasqual had so lately occupied; at the same time laying hold of the things he found on the chair, never doubting but that they were his own cloathes.

As the lady was somewhat dilatory in opening the door, Pasqual pretended to put his foot to it, when up it flew; and, entering with the officer and his guard, he demanded the body of a Capuchin friar, who, they were informed, lodged with her that night. As the lady had heard Pasqual go out, and had no suspicion that he would inform against himself, she protested her innocence in the most solemn manner, taking all the Saints to witness that she knew no such person; but Pasqual, suspecting the retreat of the lover, began groping below the bed, and soon pulled out his own greasy cowl and cloak. ‘Here,’ said he to the officers, ‘here are proofs enough, I’ll answer for it, Signor ‘Padre himself is at no great distance:’ and putting his nose below the bed, ‘Fogh!’ says he, ‘I smell him; he stinks like a fox. The surest way of finding a Capuchin is by the nose; you may wind him a mile off.’ Then lowering their lantern, they beheld the unfortunate lover squeezed in betwixt the bed and the ground, and almost stifled. ‘Ee-co lo!’ said Pasqual; here he is, with all the ensigns of his holiness:’ and, pulling them
out

out one after another, the crucifix, the rosary, and the cord of discipline, ' You may, see, says he, ' that Reverend Father came here to do penance: ' and taking up the cord, ' Suppose now we should ' assist him in the meritorious work. ' *Andiamo, ' Signor Padre, Andiamo.* We will save you the ' trouble of inflicting it yourself; and whether you ' came here to sin, or to repent, by your own maxims, you know, a little sound discipline is always ' healthful to the soul.' The guard were lying round the bed in convulsions of laughter; and began breaking the most galling, and most insolent jokes upon the supposed *Padre*. The life-guard-man absolutely thought himself enchanted. He at last ventured to speak; and declared they were all in a mistake; that he was no Capuchin. Upon which, the laugh redoubled, and the coarsest jokes were repeated. The lady, in the mean time, with the best dissembled marks of fear and astonishment, ran about the room, exclaimed: "*Oime Siamo Perduti, Siamo incantati, Siamo insorcelati.*" Pasqual, delighted to see his plan had taken its full effect, thought it now time to make his retreat, before the unfortunate lover could have an opportunity of examining his clothes, and perhaps detecting him: he therefore pretended regimental business, and, regretting that he was obliged to go to Portici, took his leave of
the

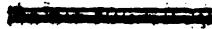
the officer and his guard; at the same time, recommended, by all means, to treat the Holy Father with all that reverence and respect that was due to so sacred a person.

The life-guard-man when he got out from below the bed, began to look about for his clothes; but observed nothing but the greasy weeds of a Capuchin Friar, he was perfectly convinced that heaven had delivered him over, for his offences to the power of some demon; (for of all mortals the Neapolitan soldiers are the most superstitious.) The lady, too, acted her part so well, that he had no longer doubt of it. "Thus it is," said he in a penitential voice, "to offend heaven! I own my sin. I knew it was Friday, and yet, Oh, flesh, flesh! had it been any other day, I still should have been what I was. Oh, St. Januario! I passed thee too without paying thee due respect: thy all-seeing eye, has found me out. Gentleman, do with me what you please: I am not what I seem to be."—"No, no," said the Officer, "we are sensible of that. But come, Signor Padre, on with your garments, and march: we have no time to trifle. Here, Corporal," giving him the cordon, tie his hands, and let him feel the weight of St. Francis: the Saint owes him that, for having so impudently denied him for his master." The poor soldier was perfectly passive: they arrayed

rayed him in the sandals, the cowl, and the cloak of Francis Pasqual, and put the great rosary about his neck; and a most woeful figure he made. The Officer made him look in the glass, to try if he could recollect himself; and asked, If he was a Capuchin now or not? He was shocked at his own appearance; but bore every thing with meekness and resignation. They then conducted him to the guard, belabouring him all the way with the cord of St. Francis, and asked him every stroke, if he knew his master now? In the mean time, Pasqual was snug in his convent, enjoying the secret of his adventure.

He had a spare cloak and cowl, and was soon equipped again like one of the holy fathers: he then took the clothes and accoutrements of the life-guard-man, and laid them in a heap, near the gate of another convent of Capuchins, but at a great distance from his own, reserving only to himself a trifle of money which he found in the breeches-pocket, just to indemnify himself for the loss of his cloak and cowl; and even this, he said, he should have held sacred, but he knew whoever should find the cloak, would certainly make lawful prize of it. The poor soldier remained next day a spectacle of ridicule to all the world. At last his companions heard of his strange metamorphosis,

phos, and came in troops to see him. Their jokes were still more galling than those of the guard; but, as he thought himself under the finger of God, or at least of St. Januarius, he bore all with meekness and patience; at last his clothes were found, and he was set at liberty; but he believes to this day, that the whole was the work of the Devil, sent to chastise him for his sin; and has never seen his mistress on a friday, nor passed the Statue of St. Januarius without muttering a prayer,



ON THE

IMPROVEMENT of TIME.

THE power of looking forward into futurity, though it is the distinguishing mark of reason, yet, if misapplied, or misused, will serve only to flatter the imagination, mislead the mind into a mazy track of errors, and embitter the few comforts of life. It is a misfortune incident to all men, more especially to people of volatile dispositions, that they know not how to enjoy the present hour. The mind of man is perpetually planning out schemes of future happiness, and contemplating distant prospects of pleasure, which

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he flatters himself he is one day to possess, instead of endeavouring to enjoy the present with solid satisfaction. This disposition of mind makes us live in a continual state of expectation; for when we have gained any thing which we have long wished for, when the tardy revolution of time has brought to us what we have long impatiently expected, we soon grow cool with possession, and look with indifference upon that which so lately engaged our attention, and was the sole object of our hopes. Like children we long for a bauble: no sooner have got it, but we are tired, and long for another. More pleased with the gratification of our wayward humours than with the possessing of the thing we wanted, new objects new pleasures, then strike our imaginations: these we pursue with the same earnestness; these we long for with the same impatience, and possess them with the same disappointment and dissatisfaction.

One would be inclined to imagine that so many fruitless endeavours; and so many repeated disappointments, would effectually cure us of indulging our minds in the fond expectation of future felicity; that we should at last be prevailed upon to sit down contented in our respective stations, to enjoy the blessings that are set before us, and to make the most of that only portion of time

which

which we can with any certainty call our own: yet such is our nature, that in spite of the most convincing demonstrations of the folly of building upon futurity, though we see people unexpectedly sink into the grave, who were engaged in the same eager pursuits with ourselves, we still continue to persevere in the delusion.

This disposition in the human mind, to leave what it has, or *the things which are behind*, as the Apostle phrases it, to press forward to what is *before*, has no doubt its use in the constitution of man; and was, as every thing else, ordained with wisdom by the Great Creator, to lead him on to further and further improvement in the search of greater and greater perfection and happiness. But this, like all our faculties or dispositions, must be regulated and guided by reason, to produce the intended effects. And was this to be the case, he would learn from this disposition in him, to reflect that he is designed for higher and higher improvement and happiness, and beyond what he can attain to in this world, and consequently direct his thoughts to some future state of being. Would every man, instead of indulging vain and uncertain expectations, instead of forming romantic schemes of visionary happiness, employ his thoughts and the faculties of his mind in studying how he

may best improve the present hour, he would find solid advantages resulting from his conduct and be enabled to cast a retrospective eye upon past life with pleasure and self-satisfaction. Happiness, as much as our nature will admit of, is in every man's power to obtain: it does not require a great genius, or eminent abilities to render life agreeable. This must be ascribed as well to their utter negligence of inattention to the duties of religion and christianity, as to the volatility of their dispositions, and uncommon vigour of imagination and fancy, which make them constantly languish after novelties, and as constantly leave their wishes unsatisfied and disappointed.

But it is our interest, as well as our duty, to seize on the present opportunity of improving our time to the best advantage, while it is yet in our power, considering that it flies from us every moment, and is never to return again for a second trial of our obedience. When we stand on the brink of the grave, we see things as they really are, without any mask or false colouring. At that awful period, power will have lost its strength to protect, riches their value to relieve, knowledge its voice to instruct, pleasures their charms to allure; so that the power which was not before exerted to defend the helpless, the youth which never
fed

sed the poor, the knowledge which never persuaded to virtue, and the time spent in vicious pleasures, were wretchedly employed, and, at the gloomy hour of death, can neither give hope, peace or comfort.—How sweet on the other hand, is the reflection of those whose time has been employed to good purpose, according to their capacities and stations in the world! How happy is the prospect of the great, whose power defended the oppressed; of the rich, whose wealth relieved the indigent, and raised merit from distress; of the learned, whose knowledge diffused a love of virtue and piety; and of every person who did all the good, and prevented all the evil in their power! Their time and talents were wisely employed, and the reflection on it will give them pleasure at this awful period, and their hopes will ascend to an happy immortality beyond the grave.



ROYAL

ROYAL PRUDENCE.

HENRY the Fifth, King of England, while he was Prince of Wales by his loose and dissolute conduct, was daily giving his father great cause of pain and uneasiness. His court was the receptacle of libertines, debauchees, buffoons, parasites, and all the other species of vermin which are at once the disgrace and ruin of young princes. The wild pranks and riotous exploits of the prince and his companions were the common topics of conversation. This degeneracy in the heir of the crown was not more disagreeable to the king himself, who loved him with a most tender affection, than it was alarming to the nation in general, who trembled at the prospect of being one day governed by a prince of his character. But their fears were happily removed; for no sooner had the young king assumed the reins of government, than he shewed himself to be extremely worthy of the high station to which he was advanced. He called together the dissolute companions of his youth; acquainted them with his intended reformation; advised them to imitate his good examples; and after having forbid them to appear in his presence for the future, if they continued in their old courses, he dismissed them with

with liberal presents. He chose a new council, composed of the wisest and best men in the kingdom: he reformed the benches, by discarding the ignorant and corrupt judges, and supplying their places with persons of courage, knowledge, and integrity. Even the chief justice Gascoigne, who had committed young Henry to prison, and who, on that account, trembled to approach the royal presence, was received with the utmost cordiality and friendship; and, instead of being reproached for his past conduct, was warmly exhorted to persevere in the same strict and impartial execution of the laws. When the archbishop of Canterbury applied to him for permission to impeach a great man, for holding opinions contrary to the established religion, he told him, he was averse to such sanguinary methods of conversion; that reason and argument were the proper weapons for defending and maintaining the truth: and that the most gentle means ought, in the first place, to be employed, in order to reclaim men from their errors.

In a word, he seemed determined to bury all party distinctions in eternal oblivion, and to approve himself the common father and protector of all his subjects, without exception. Even before his father's death, he seems to have been sensible

fible of the folly and impropriety of his conduct, and determined to reform: for his father being naturally of a jealous and suspicious disposition, listened to the suggestions of some of his courtiers, who insinuated that his son had an evil design upon his crown and authority.

These insinuations filled his breast with the most anxious fears and apprehensions, and perhaps he might have had recourse to very disagreeable expedients, in order to prevent the imaginary danger, had not his suspicions been removed by the prudent conduct of the young prince. He was no sooner informed of his father's jealousy, than he repaired to court, and throwing himself on his knees accosted the king in the following terms:

“ I understand, my Liege, that you suspect me of entertaining designs against your crown and person. I own I have been guilty of many excesses, which have justly exposed me to your displeasure: but I take heaven to witness, that I never harboured a single thought inconsistent with that duty and veneration which I owe to your majesty. Those who charge me with such criminal intentions only want to disturb the tranquillity of your reign, and to alienate your affections from your son and successor. I have therefore taken the liberty to come into your presence, and humbly

bly beg you will cause my conduct to be examined with as much rigour and severity as that of the meanest of your subjects; and if I be found guilty; I will cheerfully submit to any punishment you shall think proper to inflict. This scrutiny, I demand, not only for the satisfaction of your majesty, but likewise for the vindication of my own character."

The king was so highly satisfied with this prudent and ingenuous address, that he embraced him with great tenderness, acknowledging that his suspicions were entirely removed, and that for the future he would never harbour a thought prejudicial to his loyalty and honour.

PORTRAIT

OF

JOHN, EARL GRANVILLE.

COMMANDING beauty, smooth'd by cheerful grace,

Sat on the open features of his face :

Bold was his language, rapid, glowing, strong.—

And science flow'd spontaneous from his tongue.

A genius, seizing systems, fighting rules,

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And

And void of gall, with boundless scorn of fools,
 Ambition dealt her flambeau to his hand,
 And Bacchus sprinkled fuel on the brand.
 His wish—to counsel monarchs, or controul;
 His means—th' impetuous ardour of his soul:
 For, while his views outshipt a mortal's span,
 Nor prudence drew, nor craft pursu'd the plan.
 Swift fell the scaffold of his airy pride,
 But, slightly built, diffus'd no ruin wide,
 Unhurt, undaunted, undisturb'd he fell,
 Cou'd laugh the same, and the same stories tell:
 And more a sage than he, who bad await
 His revels, till his conquests were compleat,
 Our jovial statesmen either sail unfurl'd,
 And drank his bottle, though he mis'd the world!

THE COMPETITORS.

A MORAL TALE.

MR. Barclay, a merchant of considerable emi-
 nence in the city of Bristol, becoming un-
 expectedly entitled to a very large fortune, by the
 death of a distant relation without issue, resigned
 his commercial concerns to his eldest son, and re-
 tired with the rest of his family from the fatigue
 of

of business, to enjoy the serene and tranquil harmony of retirement.

The estates to which he had succeeded were situated in that part of the county of Norfolk which borders on the sea. The situation, though somewhat reclusive, contained several families of social disposition and independent fortune, and it had the advantage of being near a market-town. The mansion-house was seated on an elevated spot; the view from which, though not very extensive, was truly picturesque and beautiful. The plantations and pleasure-grounds were laid out with great taste and judgment. The park was well stocked with deer; and the river, which meandered slowly through it, contained fish of various kinds; while the gardens afforded the choicest fruits that art and nature could produce. In such an earthly paradise, could its owner feel any other sensations than those of joy? He was, indeed, truly happy; and it is but a tribute due to his worth, to add, that he deserved the felicity he possessed.

His mind and even temper, his urbanity of manners, and his hospitable disposition, could only be equalled by the greatness of his mind, and that ineffable contempt which he manifested for every thing that bore not a resemblance to justice and

virtue. To the cries of the needy he ever lent a willing ear; and his benevolence administered to the wants and necessities of the industrious poor. "Why has heaven blessed me with wealth," he would ask when some distressing object met his enquiring eye, "but that I may distribute it among those who are the offspring of distress, and who largely quaff off the bitter cup of wretchedness?" It was his constant employment to look out for those who were persecuted by fortune; and to cheer dejected worth, by removing the appearance of want, and inspiring the minds of those whom his bounty blessed, with fortitude to struggle with adversity; and teaching them to look for ease and comfort to Him who hears not with disregard the petitions of the virtuous. Thus did he endear himself, by acts of benevolence and hospitality, to the surrounding peasantry; and he had the peculiar felicity of being beloved by all who knew him.

Mrs. Barclay, whom he had chosen rather for her amiable disposition, than for any lustre which her birth reflected, or recommendation of fortune, was a plain, notable woman; whose greatest pride was, to see her children the finest in the neighbourhood, and render her husband happy. It is true that she had her humours; and where shall we find
a woman

a woman without them? The sea is not always calm and unruffled; nor does the wind constantly preserve its gentleness. Mrs. Barclay, however, was a good sort of a woman; and, if she had her faults, her virtues were by far the more numerous.

Of their offspring, consisting of six children, four were of very tender years. The eldest son, it has been observed, succeeded to the avocation of his father, and resided at Bristol. The eldest of those who remained with their parents was a lovely girl, of great beauty, sweetness of temper, and accomplished manners. The opening rose, furcharged with the dew of morning, could not vie in freshness with the bloom which nature had spread on the cheeks of Laura. The lustre of her eyes, in colour more beautiful than æther, excelled in brightness the lucid dew-drop. Her voice was melody itself; and her form displayed such matchless symmetry and grace, as raised in the minds of her beholders the involuntary emotions of wonder and admiration.

Laura had now reached her eighteenth year, when the family were introduced to the acquaintance of Lorenzo; a young nobleman, who had just taken possession of his paternal estate; which was situated in the neighbourhood of Mr. Barclay. His lordship, who affected urbanity of mind, and held

held out the appearance of hospitality, had honoured every family of respectability in the vicinity of his mansion with a personal visit; and, having meditated a fete, issued cards of invitation to all on whom he had called. This invitation was generally accepted; but his lordship felt himself extremely hurt, to find that it had been rejected by a man who appeared to him the most insignificant character in the place; though the terms of that rejection were such as would not have given offence to any other person than Lorenzo, whose vanity led him to believe, that every man was honoured by the notice which he deigned to pay him.

The sentiments which the enlightened mind of the youthful Edwin had imbibed, formed a wide contrast to the principles and maxims which flattery's fawning voice had implanted in that of the imperious Lorenzo. The fortunes of each were equally in the scale of opposition; and hence we may trace the cause of Edwin's declining to accept the invitation of his lordship. The annual income of Edwin, including the produce to the commission which he bore in his majesty's navy, did not exceed three hundred pounds, while that of his lordship amounted to nearly thirty thousand. Yet, with this small income, barely sufficient to maintain

maintain the appearance of a gentleman, and a sister dependent on him for support, Edwin was, perhaps, the most independent character in the kingdom, and would never prevail on himself to accept a favour, where he was precluded the possibility of a return.

Lorenzo, from his infancy, had been accustomed to pursue his inclinations without restraint; and was ill able to combat disappointment, however immaterial in its nature, and however harmless its tendency. If the rude, untutored finger of accident, but approached him, his temper became instantly ruffled; and the object that occasioned his uneasiness never met forgiveness from his haughty and revengeful temper.

Such was the man, and such the character, that aspired to the love of the fair Laura! the marked attention, and studied respect which he paid her, were too obvious to be mistaken; and, while they pained the bosom of the child, they diffused into the mind of the parent sensations of pleasure and delight.

"I was always of opinion," said the fond mother, while her eyes shone with a conscious pleasure, "that Laura would marry a great man. Faith, girl, thou art one of Fortune's favourites, to have such a man for a lover!"

"Does

"Does wealth, then, my dear mother," said Laura, in a trembling voice, "ensure felicity in the marriage state? Are the appendages of greatness necessary auxiliaries in the attainment of happiness? I have often heard my father say, that he made choice of you, not for your wealth, not for your beauty, or high descent, but for those most valuable and lasting possessions, an amiable temper, a disposition to please, and an anxious desire to improve his interest, and promote his happiness."

"And he who, in the choice of a wife, is actuated by different motives," said Mr. Barclay, "runs great hazard of being miserable for life; and who can pity such an one, if he flies, while seeking happiness, into the arms of misery?"

All this is very true," said Mrs. Barclay; "it is very good. But tell me, is it not best, when we have determined on marrying, to let our interest and our affection go hand in hand?"

"I agree," replied Mr. Barclay, "that much blame is attached to the conduct of him who marries wholly for love; yet I will contend, that he ought not to be put in competition with the wretch who sacrifices every tender thought, and tramples on every social tie, to acquire wealth, while he hates the object from whom he derives it. I hope,"
continued

continued he, " my Laura has not so far lost sight of the lesson of prudence and justice which she has been taught, to barter her peace for the toys of greatness, or the baubles of wealth."

" No, Sir," answered Laura; " the precepts which I have imbibed from your paternal care, are indelibly stamped on my memory. No power, but death, can efface them; and as you have assured me that you will not force me to give my hand to any one, however elevated his rank, or however great his fortune, who possesses not an interest in my heart, neither will I become the wife of him who merits not the approbation of my parents. As for Lorenzo," continued she, " his demeanour is such as might lead me to conclude, without exposing myself to the charge of vanity, he honoured me with a nearer esteem than friendship: but, I assure you that, whatever may be his lordship's thought on this subject, he has hitherto preserved a perfect silence; and I am free to confess, that should he at this moment avow himself my lover, and offer me his hand, I should feel no uneasiness from declining the honour of his alliance."

These sentiments of Mr. Barclay and his daughter, which were truly consistent, rational, and praise worthy, would not easily admit of opposi-

tion; at least, it must have been a very skilful and ingenious casuist, that could have furnished arguments in favour of principles and doctrines of a different complexion. This skill, and this ingenuity, Mrs. Barclay was not possessed of; and agreeable to her wonted custom of never disputing the opinions of her family any longer than she could find argument in her own favour, she dropped the subject; if not under the conviction of error, at least under that of being unable to say any thing more.

The liberal indulgence which Mr. Barclay gave to his daughter, and his determination not to violate her inclination in the important article of marriage, removed from her mind each painful thought, each anxious fear, which the attention of Lorenzo had given birth to.

The modest virtues of the graceful Edwin had made an impression on the heart of Laura, which the united efforts of birth and fortune in the person of the noble peer had failed to excite. The sister of Edwin the gentle Emily, not less in beauty rich than Laura, and fraught with equal goodness, was become her constant companion in her rural walks. A kindred virtue glowed in either breast, and united them in the social bonds of amity. Edwin perceived the rising flame, and sought its improvement.

Scarcely

Scarcely a day passed, without these friends seeing each other; and, while Edwin was busily employed in cultivating the harmony that prevailed between them, he insensibly became a slave to that passion which has been known to subdue the most obdurate heart. The beauty of Laura had impressed his bosom with unusual sensations; her vivacity, good sense, and polished conversation, made her society amiable; and the moments which deprived him of that enjoyment were become painful and tormenting.

He who was once so gay and chearful, was now thoughtful and melancholy. The amusements which were wont to engage his attention, no longer possessed the power to please. He was restless, impatient, pensive, and sad: his cheeks became pale and languid; his eyes no longer sparkled with joy; and the harmony of his voice was immured in silence, or tuned to strains of woe.

The humble distance which fortune had thrown him from the object of his affections, the dependent situation of a sister whom he tenderly loved, and the natural timidity, suppressed the mention of his love, and doomed him to a painful silence. The anxious solitudes of his dear Emily, and her fond endeavours to remove the cloud that

hanging on his dejected brow, and drained from his cheeks the bloom of health, were vain and ineffectual. The tear of anguish rolled from his hollow eye, the sigh of wretchedness forced its painful passage from his breast, and hope fled the tortured mind. In presence of Miss Barclay only his countenance assumed the smile of cheerfulness; but his natural timidity, in these moments, restrained the licence of his tongue, and rendered him more thoughtful than communicative.

In one of Laura's visits to Emily, while engaged with her friend in devising some new arrangement of dress, the love-lorn Edwin gazed in silence on the object of his affections; and, suddenly rising from his seat, striking his hand on his forehead, he exclaimed—"Good God! is it then impossible?" The ladies started at the exclamation; and Emily, hastening to her brother—"What, my dear Edwin, has disturbed you thus! What is it you complain of as impossible?"

He attempted to speak, but his voice faltered; and he rushed precipitately out of the room. Emily burst into tears; and the astonished Laura strove to soothe the distress of her friend.

"What, my dear Emily, has befallen your brother, that makes him so uneasy? He was wont to be

be gay and chearful ; he is now the prey of sullen melancholy. Tell me, to what are we to attribute this sad reverse of temper."

" I know not," sobbed out the weeping Emily, " nor can I learn the cause of his uneasiness. Some latent grief preys on his mind, impairs his health, and renders life burthensome, and seemingly insupportable !"

" Have you never importuned him to impart the cause which produces his uneasiness ?"

" Oh, yes ! but he is deaf to my entreaties, or seems not to hear my unwearied importunities. Sometimes he sits whole hours immured in gloomy silence, save when the care-expressive sigh escapes his bosom, or the half-formed sentence trembles on his tongue. Sometimes he paces the lawn with quick, uncertain step, rapt in studious contemplation ; then sudden stops, bends on the vacant air his disordered eye, and holds discourse with the wind."

" And has he dropped no word, no unguarded expression that may lead you to discover the source from whence this fatal change arises."

" It is love, my Laura, hopeless love, that thus destroys his peace ! It is this that has overwhelmed his

his happiness, and given him up a prey to misery and despair."

" Know you the object of his affections?" enquired Laura, with an eagerness that betrayed her fear, while the blush of soft confusion mantled on her cheek.

" Oh, no! replied Emily," but I fear that her situation is too high for hope to reach.

" Or too remote," said Laura, "for his alliance.

" If the humblest cottage girl," returned Emily, "had engaged his affections, and he found her deserving, his independent spirit would spurn the thought that whispered the meanness of her birth; and, in preference to wealth or rank, he would take her to his arms."

" Why then," asked Laura, "should he, whose liberal mind esteems the virtuous child of poverty, be awed into silence by greatness? Is he not a gentleman? Does he not derive his descent from one of the most ancient and honourable families of the kingdom? methinks," continued she with a smile, and taking Emily by the hand, "the partiality of your brother would reflect honour on any woman, however distinguished by the gifts of fortune!"

Emily

Emily was about to reply to the encomium of her friend, when the return of Edwin interrupted her. He had thrown aside his melancholy; the smile of cheerfulness re-animated his countenance, and restored the lustre of his eyes. He apologized to Miss Barclay for his absence of mind; and intreated her to attribute it to a too thoughtful disposition, which oftentimes, he said, made him forgetful of the rules of politeness, and gave his conduct an air of rudeness, of which, he hoped, she would believe him otherwise incapable.

"This absence of mind," said he, "is owing to the want of employment: the evil, however is in a fair way of being remedied. This letter continued he, drawing one from his pocket, "which I have this instant received by express, informs me of a rupture that has broken out between the court of Versailles and that of London; and both nations are preparing for a vigorous war. My noble friend and patron, the Earl of Delaware, has obtained for me the command of a frigate; and it is necessary I should hasten to the Admiralty, to receive my appointment."

During this narration, the fair Laura stood pale and trembling; and Emily, at the conclusion, again burst into tears. Edwin employed his utmost

most endeavours to tranquillize her mind, and reconcile her to the separation. Laura, in the mean time, endeavoured to compose herself, and to smother the concern which this information had given her. In spite of her efforts, however, a tear stole from her eye; and the sigh of regret, impatient of restraint, burst the barrier of confinement. Her whole appearance betrayed the distress she felt at the event, which was to divide her from the man in whom her hopes, her wishes, and her love were centred.

Edwin's attention to his sister prevented him from perceiving the disorder; and, if he had discerned it, he would not have applied her behaviour to any other cause than that of affection for himself; so little of that personal vanity did he possess, which marks his conduct, and forms the leading features, in the deportment of our modern men of fashion. As soon as Emily had in some measure regained her composure, her friend proposed returning home. Emily found herself too weak for walking; and, as the day was fast closing, she permitted Edwin to attend her.

The road to the house of Mr. Barclay lay through some pleasant corn-fields, and commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. A wide extent of water bounded the prospect to the north;
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the surface of which was covered with a large fleet of colliers, bound to the port of London. A gentle gale filled the sails of the vessels; the sailors were seen from the shore climbing the shrouds, and walking on the deck; the sight was grand and majestic; of which those who never beheld the sea, nor saw the stately vessel scud before the breeze, can form no adequate conception.

To the eyes of Laura this scene was become familiar; but the pleasure which she derived from its contemplation, was not in the least impaired by the frequency of its concurrence. At the present moment, however, she experienced very painful sensations from the thought that Edwin would shortly be exposed to the dangers of the capricious ocean, and involved in all the gloomy perils attendant on savage, ruthless war.

A few short sentences on subjects foreign to that which occupied the minds of the love-stricken pair, served to beguile the tedious moments that conducted them to the mansion of Mr. Barclay. The manner in which that gentleman invariably received the visits of Edwin, was marked by a politeness highly gratifying and pleasing; and, while it evinced the high sense he entertained of his merits, it also discovered an anxious desire of cultivating his acquaintance.

Of that conscious pleasure which beamed in the countenance of Edwin at the moment he received the letter of his noble friend, and which was increased by the flattering, though futile idea it inspired, of losing by absence the hopeless passion which preyed with increasing anguish on his heart, no traces remained; it was transitory, and died with the moment of its birth. Reflection brought to his mind a thousand fearful, melancholy thoughts, all clamorous to be heard, yet unheeded all. His looks again depicted the anguish of his mind; nor could the soothing voice of friendship dissipate the sorrow that deprived his soul of peace.

Mr. Barclay saw too plainly, that the mind of his young friend cherished some uneasy thought, and ventured to enquire the nature of it.

"I have just received a letter," said he, "from a friend; from which I learn that a war between this country and France is inevitable. I have already received instructions to attend the Lords of the Admiralty, to receive the command of a vessel destined to act against the enemy, and shall in a few days set out for that purpose. This, however, so far from giving me uneasiness, affords me much pleasure. My care arises from the situation

in

in which I leave my sister. In me she will lose a brother, a guardian, a protector. Where shall I find a friend in whom these characters are united? and, without such a one, how pitiable the state of a female, where youth and beauty are exposed to the restless tongue of slander, the no less insidious attacks of the licentious admirer, and the disgusting familiarity of the trifling and unmeaning coxcomb!"

"And has not Edwin such a friend!" asked Mr. Barclay. "Does he esteem those with whom he associates incapable of the manly sentiments of amity? does he hold them strangers to the socialties of virtue? believes he that the generous sigh of sympathy, which compassionates the sufferings of another, never warmed their bosoms?—Or, does he think them friends only in appearance, disdainful of the relative duties of christianity? What, then, am I?" continued Mr. Barclay. "Either you esteem me one of those unfeeling monsters I have described, or you meditate an insult.—I am offended, young man!"

"Then I am unfortunate, indeed!" said Edwin; "for of all mankind, I would most avoid offence to you: and, if I hesitated in soliciting your protection for my Emily, it was not that I doubted your honour, or that I suspected the sincerity

of your friendship, but from an unwillingness to increase the obligations I already owe to your goodness.

"I credit the assertion," returned Mr. Barclay, and readily forgive the unintended injury. And now, my Edwin, dismiss all uneasy thoughts for Emily's welfare. While you in the blood-stained paths of war are defending the rights and liberties of your country, be it my task to protect your sister from danger, under whatsoever form it may approach her. She shall be the companion of Laura; and the care with which I guard her peace, shall watch over that of the gentle Emily.

Edwin replied, by taking Mr. Barclay's hand in both his own, and pressing it with silent gratitude. His feelings were too great for utterance. Mr. Barclay caught the soft emotion; and the eyes of Laura, who was elated with the proposition of her father, were suffused with the tears of sympathy and joy.

A solemn pause ensued; but it was a silence that impressed the heart more forcibly than could the most pointed eloquence; and conveyed to the mind sensation of ineffable delight.

Every arrangement having been made for the departure of Edwin, Emily removed, on the morning

morning he had appointed to leave the village, to the house of Mr. Barclay; her brother having disposed of his own, with the furniture, on lease, to a gentleman who had just arrived from the Indies, and who had been looking about for a temporary residence in this neighbourhood.

This interview was solemn and affecting. Emily was sad and dejected; the fair Laura's countenance depicted no inconsiderable share of anxiety; and even the good Mr. Barclay and his amiable spouse were out of spirits. Edwin was probably the most lively of the group; but there was an air of melancholy in his manners and address, that was visible through the cheerfulness which he assumed.

After the usual compliments had passed, little was said by any of the party, who all seemed inclined to indulge a thoughtful silence.

Some few minutes before his departure, while the chaise was waiting at the door, Edwin retired with Mr. Barclay into a private room; and delivered to him his will, which his attorney, under his directions, had prepared, and which he had that morning executed. He had left his sister his little fortune; and appointed Mr. Barclay his executor, and guardian of Emily while she should remain

remain single. He also delivered a power of attorney to Mr. Barclay, enabling him to receive the rents of his estates, till the period of his return; out of which he had set apart an annual sum for her present support. Duplicates of these instruments he had already deposited in the hands of Emily. Thus did the generous Edwin secure an independency to his sister; thus did he discharge the important duties of a father, the brother, and the friend!

The most painful task yet remained—to bid the forrowing Emily adieu. She had retired with Laura to indulge her tears. With trembling steps he sought the weeping maid, whom he found seated, with her friend, in an alcove at the extremity of the garden. He caught her in his arms, strained her to his weeping breast, and kissed from her cheek the tears of sadness.

“Cheer up my dear Emily!” said he; “forget the present moment; and, with the piercing eye of hope, trace in the womb of futurity approaching scenes of lasting bliss. We soon, my love, shall meet again.”

“I hope so, my dear brother!” said Emily leaning on his neck, and kissing his cheek. “But, methinks, Edwin, you look paler than usual—

Oh!

Oh! it is this secret grief, which preys upon your mind, that pains me worse than parting with you. Would you but disclose this fatal cause that—”

“No more, my Emily,” interrupted Edwin, “your tender fears paint to your strong imagination things that have no being, save in the delusive eye of fancy. I have no cause of grief. No undiscovered sorrow lodges in my heart: all there is tranquil—all serene. Come, come, dry up your tears, forget this strange phantasm, and let this kiss say—“Farewell!”

He then tore himself from her embraces; and was hurrying towards the house, when the voice of Laura arrested his steps. “And will you not, Edwin, bid me farewell!” asked the lovely girl, her eyes suffused with tears.

“Excuse Miss Barclay, my forgetfulness,” said Edwin. “My sister’s uneasiness, to which my presence but gives increase, had driven all other objects from my thoughts.”

Laura rose from her seat as Edwin approached; and, in drawing her handkerchief from her pocket, to wipe away her tears, let fall a locket, Edwin advanced; and, taking it up, presented it to her.

“It is a trifle, Sir,” said she; “and, if you think

think it worth accepting, it will sometimes serve to remind you of a friend."

Edwin looked at the gift; it was the miniature of Laura, richly set in brilliants. A smile of joy beamed in his expressive countenance: he eagerly snatched the blushing beauty in his arms, and impressed on her lips the chaste language of his honest love.

"I have a present for my Laura, somewhat less rich, it is true, than her's," said he, drawing from his pocket a small box, which contained a portrait of himself; and, presenting it to the enraptured maid—"But it, too, will serve for a remembrance of one who admires, at humble distance, the superior virtues of my Emily's friend."

"I see, then," said Emily, with a smile, "you have a divided affection, Edwin. That portrait, by right, is mine; nor would I secede my interest in it to any other friend than Laura."

"And was it the presentment of any other than my Emily's brother," said Laura, "I would not owe its possession to the violation of a promise."

"Oh! fortune! fortune!" exclaimed Edwin, "never till this moment did I feel thy want!"

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The approach of Mr. Barclay, at this critical moment, prevented the developement of a secret which had been productive of much pain in the bosoms of this amiable pair. Thus interrupted, he hastily snatched a hand of each, carried them to his lips; and, faintly articulated—"Farewel!" hurried towards the house. He bowed to Mrs. Barclay as he passed her; and, having shook hands with his friend, threw himself into a chaise, and in a short time passed the boundaries of the village.

The absence of Edwin left the proud Lorenzo without a rival; and his visits to the house of Mr. Barclay were unattended with those unpleasant sensations, which the presence of one so remote from the elevated rank which his lordship supposed that he held in society frequently excited. His attentions to Miss Barclay were become more particular; and, at length, after long combating the scruples of pride, he made her an offer of his hand.

Unaccustomed to speak a language foreign to her heart, she candidly confessed that her affections were placed on another; on one who was himself a stranger to the partiality which she bore him; and entreated his lordship to renounce his passion. What a shock was this to the credulous hopes of aspiring pride! a nobleman of his exalted

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rank,

rank, of his distinguished birth, of his extensive fortune, to be rejected by the daughter of a ——— it was insufferable!

“ And you will not, madam—you will not accept of the offer, I have made you?”

“ Would your lordship receive the hand of one whose heart is possessed by another?”

Lorenzo made no reply; but walked about the room, in much seeming agitation: he bit his lip with vexation; and his eyes, inflamed with passion, darted angry glances at the trembling Laura. After a silence of some minutes, his lordship resumed the topic—“ And pray, madam, who is the favoured object of your love?”

“ Excuse me, my lord; it is a question which prudence forbids me to answer.”

“ It is well, Madam. But know to your confusion, that I am no stranger to him for whom you entertain this *secret* partiality; and, in the low-born peasant, Edwin, behold a hated rival! He is competitor with me for the beautiful Laura. Mark me, Madam! I love you beyond all thought; nor will I cease to tell the world how dear I hold you in my heart; and, if your favoured Edwin dare oppose my suit, the sword shall——”

“ My

“My lord! my lord!” interrupted Laura; “this idle threatening excites in my bosom no cowardly fears for Edwin’s safety! His eye can view the glaring instrument of death, with a mind calm and unruffled as that your lordship wears. For shame! my lord, stifle this womanish weakness, and combat with becoming fortitude the powers of disappointment!”

“Fortitude!” exclaimed Lorenzo; his whole frame trembling with passion.

“I know the task is irksome,” resumed Laura, “to one who——fatal error!——has been taught from the earliest stage of infancy to spurn restraint; and whose wants, before the tongue could give them utterance, the cringing sycophant’s assiduous care supplied. But know, my lord, that birth and fortune, and all the glittering train of greatness, to those who wear an independent mind, are empty baubles; and shed no lustre, when unaccompanied by the nobler virtues of the heart!”

“O very well, Madam! very well! This lesson is indelibly stamped in my memory; and my pride—yes, my pride—will teach me to remember it.”

With increasing rage, the imperious lord rushed out of the room, and returned to his splendid mansion,

manfion, tortured with every unquiet thought that difappointed hope and pride could dictate. Nor was the fair Laura lefs perplexed and uneasy. She feared that Lorenzo would appeal to the decifion of her parents; and, though fhe doubted not that they anxiously wifhed her happinefs, yet the advantages of birth and fortune in the perfon of her haughty lover, fhe knew, were powerful recommendations, and trembled left the conftancy of her father fhould forfake him. Mrs. Barclay had already expreffed her approbation of his lordfhip for a fon-in-law; fhe knew, therefore, that in her, Lorenzo would find an advocate.

In this frame of mind fhe was fitting, when her father entered the room. He obferved her not; but threw himfelf on a chair, and exclaimed, with a figh—"Poor Edwin!"

"What of Edwin, Sir!" asked the pale ftruck Laura. "Have you received any intelligence from him?"

"Ah no!" replied Mr. Barclay; "not from him, but——"

"But what, Sir? O! fpeak, my dear father, and fave me from the horrors of fufpenfe! Why, Sir, do you tremble thus? Why ftrive to conceal
the

the care that is pictured in your countenance? Say, what of Edwin?"

"Sooner or later, it must be known."

"Nay, then, I can discern. And is he, is he dead?"

"Here is the record of his fate," said Mr. Barclay, presenting to his daughter a LONDON paper. She received it with a trembling hand, and through the tears of misery too plainly read the confirmation of her fears. In vain, "with courage half divine, he opposed the foe's superior force. Victory, which long stood doubtful, declared against him; and, with his shattered vessel, he became a prize to the proud sons of France. The friendly hand of death—so ran the sad report—soon snatched their prisoner from them, unlocked the chains of bondage, and gave his noble spirit freedom."

But who can paint the agony that filled the bosoms of his friends! and chiefly thine, sweet maid! whose fond imagination had given to the view of playful fancy air drawn visions of delight! DELUSIVE HOPE! faithless guide! how dost thou lead the unsuspecting mind astray with gilded prospects of changeless bliss and never-fading joy! yet that
which

which thou instructed us to pursue, is but a phantom; a shadow that flies our anxious grasp, and eludes our eager embrace!

The gentle Emily, too, with streaming eyes, and tortured soul, bemoans the loss of father, brother, friend; and mocks the force of language to speak her sorrows, or describe her woe.

It is said that—

“—By *fellowship* in woe,
Scarcely *half* our pain we know.”

And, indeed, the power of sympathy greatly alleviates distress, and operates as a pleasing antidote against misfortune. The mutual sorrow of Laura, and her friend, contributed more to allay the poignancy of their grief, than the most studied eloquence could have effected; and the tenderness of the hospitable Mr. Barclay, tended infinitely to the recovery of those amiable friends.

The penetrating eye of Mr. Barclay readily perceived that his daughter's grief for the loss of Edwin arose not solely from the friendship she bore to Emily. Love, he concluded, had by far the greatest share in her distress; and when she had in some measure recovered her former tranquillity, he ventured to express his sentiments freely on the subject.

subject. Laura confirmed his suspicions; and the fond father, mingled his tears with those of his child, lamented the disappointment of her chaste and honest love.

The minds of Laura and her friend, though greatly tranquillized, still retained a portion of uneasiness, that visibly impaired their constitutions. Mr. Barclay proposed an excursion to Bristol; the propriety of which was strongly recommended by the advice of their physician; and, the ladies made no opposition to the journey. Every preparation was therefore immediately made; and Laura and her friend, attended by Mr. Barclay—Mrs. Barclay having declined accompanying them, set out for the residence of his son.

The news of Edwin's fate had also reached Lorenzo, through the channel of the public papers; and he congratulated himself on the removal of the only obstacle—in his own mind, at least—that impeded the accomplishment of his wishes. Concluding that the mind of Laura would be much agitated by this melancholy circumstance, he avoided the house of Mr. Barclay; contenting himself with writing to that gentleman a letter of condolence on the loss of his friend; and fanned his new-born hope, that promised the completion of his fond desires.

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At this moment, the pride that should have held in remembrance the lesson of prudence, which the object of his passion had read to him, forsook his haughty and imperious mind, and love and hope alone reigned in his bosom. That he loved Laura, that his passion was pure and disinterested, is beyond a doubt; but who shall say that it fixed on her an obligation? His fondness was not her crime, but his misfortune.

The struggles of Pride and Love, in the mind of this young nobleman, made him very restless and uneasy. Love frequently urged him to forget the insult he had received from offended beauty, and sometimes led him on the way to the dwelling of Laura; but, before he reached the house, pride would rush into his mind, and rouse indignant passion from disgraceful slumber, check his vagrant steps, and conduct him back a vassal to her superior power. Thus was he tortured from day to day, from hour to hour, and when, at length, his fondness successfully combatted the remonstrances of his pride, and unimpeded he reached the mansion of his love, his high-raised hopes ended in a cruel disappointment.

Opposition generally strengthened the perseverance of Lorenzo; and his temper always spurned at restraint. His resolves now were to pursue
 Laura

Laura—the communicative disposition of Mrs. Barclay having informed him where she was gone—and again intrude on her ear the subject of love. With this resolution, he quitted Mrs. Barclay; and, as soon as his chaise and baggage were got ready, he set off for Bristol. Here he found the indisposition of Miss Barclay but feebly mended. The alteration which grief had made in her features, excited in his breast the most painful sensations; and he could scarcely credit the evidence of his sight, that the form on which he gazed was the once blooming Laura. His introduction to the family evinced much embarrassment, and, when he saluted the fair object of his love, a tear started from his eye.

Laura now plainly saw, that the passion which his lordship entertained for her was too firmly rooted to be easily eradicated; and she foresaw that its prosecution would embitter her future moments. She disclosed the situation of her heart to her friend; but she could only lament the existence of his lordship's attachment, and was totally unable to afford her anxieties any relief. The brother of Laura had already engaged the good opinion of Emily; and, though she struggled much against the rising passion, she found that he every day gained more of her esteem.

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She blushed and trembled when he addressed her ; and her confusion disclosed to him the state of her heart, while her eyes confirmed the conquest he had made. Young Barclay, immersed as he was in an extensive line of business, and affairs of the greatest importance hourly demanded his attention, could not forego the pleasing contemplation of Emily's superior worth ; and, before he had scarcely considered the subject, found himself in love.

And now Lorenzo, mortified at the coldness and indifference with which Miss Barclay treated his passion, disclosed to her father the affection he bore her, and solicited from him the honour of her hand. Mr. Barclay could find in his mind no objection to his lordship's suit: he informed him of the partiality his daughter had borne the gallant Edwin, and of his determination never to violate her inclinations ; and that, if his lordship could win her consent, he would himself do nothing to impede the completion of his wishes.

Lorenzo well knew that the integrity of Mr. Barclay was not to be shaken, and therefore submitted to this decision. He now redoubled his assiduities to Laura, and employed every art to win her favour.—

“ He

" He urg'd his suit with all the fervent zeal
 That honest love and passion could inspire;
 Display'd the glories of imperial greatness,
 To catch the fair, and make her fancy's slave :
 Nor were his wond'rous suff'rings left unnotic'd,
 To raise a spark of pity in her mind,
 And then by art to fan it into love ;
 But all his labour'd eloquence was vain."

Again he left the unrelenting fair, and sought
 for relief in the haunts of dissipation ; while, to
 avoid the sight of one who gave her pain, the still
 melancholy Laura returned to her village, and
 lived secluded in the bosom of solitude. But soli-
 tude could afford her no peace. Memory, with
 increasing fondness, dwelt enraptured on the image
 of Edwin ; and grief and wretchedness drained
 from her the springs of life.

Mr. Edward Barclay, who had accompanied
 his father home, had now more leisure to examine
 the merits of his sister's friend, and to cultivate
 her esteem. Little penetration served to discover
 the one, and he had some time been in the full posses-
 sion of the other. He stated to his father the senti-
 ments he entertained for his fair ward, and re-
 ceived from him an unequivocal assent to pursue
 his inclinations. Without any further hesitation,

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therefore,

therefore, he disclosed to Emily the partiality he bore her, and solicited the honour of her hand. With becoming modesty the blushing maid confessed a mutual fondness, and confirmed her lover's happiness.

Meanwhile, the imperious Lorenzo, urged by repeated disappointments, and the advice of some dissolute companions, to whom he had communicated the particulars of his unsuccessful passion, meditated revenge against the despiser of his love. It was their design to steal on her in one of her lonely walks, and to carry her off by force. For this purpose, his lordship, attended by a brace of disbanded officers, who chiefly lived by the flattery of their tongues, arrived at his country residence. Here they finished their plan of operations, and impatiently awaited the arrival of the moment that was to put them into execution. Nor were they long held in suspense. Laura, one evening, withdrawing from Emily and her lover, directed her steps to the brow of the neighbouring cliff, as was now become her frequent custom, to gaze on the liquid main, and view the approach of distant sails, as if expecting the arrival of her love. To this place Lorenzo and his associates watched the unsuspecting maid, concealing themselves in a small grove of firs at a short distance,

waiting

waiting the labourers desertion of the fields, and the coming on of the evening, if she should continue her stay, as she generally did, to that late hour, to favour their designs.

And now a distant vessel caught the watchful eye of Laura. A brisk gale filled the swelling sails, and drove her towards the shore. The weary pilot heaved the lead; the anchor was cast, and all her sails unfurled. In a few minutes after, a boat was thrown out, and manned, which made for the shore. Imagination pictured to the mind of Laura her lover's return; nor did her fond idea fade away, till she beheld the boat on the beach, and saw the tattered garments of the sun-burnt crew. She concluded that the vessel was manned with those sort of people who frequent this part of the coast to dispose of contraband goods; and, thus disappointed, she turned from the scene, and sought with streaming eyes her father's house. Scarcely, however, had she walked a dozen yards, before she heard several voices behind her, which she supposed to be those of the sailors she had seen; and, at the same time, one of Lorenzo's companions rushed from his ambush, and seized the affrighted Laura. A second followed; and a third approached, which she knew to be Lorenzo.

"Now, Madam," said the scornful lord, "re-
fistance

stance will avail you little ; you now are in my power. Say, you will be mine—”

“ Your’s !” interrupted the indignant maid—
“ No, never ! No force on earth shall make me your’s !—Away, Sir ! nor interrupt my passage.”

“ If I forego the present opportunity which fortune has given me, then may disappointment haunt me still !—Run, Blundell, to the bottom of the hill, and desire the postillion to drive this way.”

At this moment, the sailors, whom she had before heard, passed with a quick and hurrying pace. To these Laura called for assistance. Her voice operated like electricity on the foremost of the sailors, who were three in number : he instantly checked his steps. Laura proceeded—“ For Heaven’s sake, good fellows ! protect me from the rude insults of these men ; who, against my inclination, are forcing me from my parents !”

The sailor, who had stopped so suddenly, now came forward, his eyes darting fury ; and, unsheathing a sword which he held in his hand, approaching Lorenzo, whose weapon was also naked. The companions of his lordship made a precipitate flight, while he was engaged in a fruitless attempt to parry the well directed thrusts of his antagonist ;
but

but he was soon overtaken by one of the sailors, and brought back to the scene of action.

The fight of the swords, threw Laura into a swoon, and she dropped into the arms of the third sailor. Such was her situation, when Mr. Edward Barclay, alarmed at the long stay of his sister, came to seek her. Lorenzo had fallen beneath the sword of the ragged sailor; who, seeing his conquest firmly established, hastened to the fair object for whom he had fought.

The presence of her brother, at the moment she recovered her senses, tranquillized her mind; and enabled her to relate the manner in which she had been attacked by Lorenzo and his companions.

“ O my brave fellow !” said Mr. Barclay, “ what do we not owe to thy generous protection ! What reward is there, however great, that can equal the service thou hast done us !—But let us not pursue our revenge too far. Release that fellow, and let him attend the guilty lord to his habitation.”

The chaise now approached, and the two officers lifted Lorenzo into it—who, through loss of blood, was unable to speak—and drove slowly towards his lordship’s house.

“ How

"How sincerely, my dear sister," said Mr. Barclay, "do I congratulate your miraculous escape from the power of the proud Lorenzo!—My love, the gentle Emily, too, and our fond parents, who at this moment suffer a thousand fears, will share my pleasure.—But what reward will you give your brave deliverer? My purse," continued he, drawing it from his pocket, "is at present very low—" "Think me not, Sir," interrupted the sailor, "so selfish. That which I have done, 'o'er pays itself in doing;" and when I reflect that it is my Laura that I have served——"

"Your Laura!" interrupted Mr. Barclay.—"Yes! Yes!—it is, it is, my Edwin!" said Laura, rushing into his extended arms: "my long lost love!"

"Where, now, is fled the recollection of past wretchedness! The bliss my longing soul now tastes, drives away every lingering trace of sorrow from my mind; and all, now, is pleasure, happiness, and love!"

"But where, where hast thou been? How come here?—You were reported dead!"

"The tale is long, my love! nor does it suit the present joyful moment. But, say, how fares my sister, my dear Emily? Is she well?"

"Let

"Let me," said Mr. Barclay, "who hold an interest in her heart, who prize her happiness beyond all other joys the world can boast; let me report the joyful tidings, that she is well! that she is happy! save when the remembrance of her brother's fancied fate recurs to her memory, and interrupts her joy.—But come, sister—brother—for so I now may call you; let us seek our desponding friends, and calm each anxious fear. The presence of my dear Laura, and of him whose memory they fondly cherish, will banish every sorrow and leave their minds susceptible only of joy.

The impatience with which Mr. and Mrs. Barclay waited the return of their children, and the inquietude Emily suffered from the absence of her friend and lover, were amply compensated in the arrival of the gallant Edwin from the gloom of a foreign prison; where, it seems, he had long been confined, and from which he had just been set at liberty. The report of his death was an error, originating from his having been so desperately wounded as to be obliged to leave the deck.

The return of Edwin was immediately followed by his union with Laura, and that of Mr. Edward Barclay with the gentle Emily; while the proud

L

Lorenzo,

Lorenzo, slowly recovering from his wounds, retreated from the village, a melancholy example of the errors of education! and leaving the young couples in the full enjoyment of every felicity which a mutual and honest love is capable of affording.

ON

SUPERSTITION.

SUPERSTITION is the great despot of our miserable globe. This is the most powerful enemy of that pure and spiritual worship which should be paid to the Supreme Being. Let us detest this unnatural monster, that has ever been stabbing the breast of its mother, from whence it derives its nourishment. 'Tis a serpent that involves religion in its folds, and we should endeavour to crush its head without hurting the victim which it infects and devours.

VERSES

V E R S E S,

Addressed to a YOUNG LADY

ON HER MARRIAGE.

THE world's esteem be you content to gain,
 Its admiration leave the gay and vain:
 To flatt'ry now no longer lend your ear,
 But speak with caution, and with caution hear:
 Regard not fops, though they in raptures swear
 You're born for conquest, and divinely fair;
 O let the coxcombs see you can despise,
 And find a fool, though hid in gay disguise;
 Each prating puppy then shall hold his tongue,
 Nor even scandal do your honour wrong;—
 Your husband's love your first attention claims,
 If he approves, no matter then who blames:
 And take this truth, though in no flow'ry strain,
 That love once lost is ne'er renewed again:
 An oath, my dear, you to high Heaven have
 made,
 Each power stood witness while the words were
 said;
 Though unpolite, I must the truth convey,
 Be not surpriz'd, you promis'd to obey:
 Obedience pure, and undisguis'd by art;
 That takes its rise from virtue in the heart;

That springs from love to sordid minds unknown,
 And reigns in tempers generous as your own ;
 O may the man, who from the altar led
 Thy blooming beauties to the bridal bed ;
 Who took thee blushing in thy virgin charms,
 And found a Heaven of love within thine arms !
 Sooth'd by thy friendship, ne'er repent the hour,
 He gave his soul a victim to love's power ;
 O be it thine, by each endearing art,
 To gain the soft dominion o'er his heart ;
 Then when the beauties of thy form shall fade,
 By sickness wasted, or by age decay'd ;
 Thy mind shall then the transient charms supply,
 And give those beauties that can never die.

A N

A N E C D O T E.

A PARISH in Lincolnshire was some years ago, the residence of a Sir John Trollop, in which he displayed many acts of liberality ; among others he beautified the church and erected a lofty spire. The inhabitants to testify their gratitude, and to perpetuate the memory of their generous benefactor, caused a statue to be erected in the church, with one hand pointing up to the steeple,

steeple, and the other downward to the spot where his remains were to be interred, and under this figure were engraved the following curious lines;

This is the effigy of Sir John Trollop,
Who caus'd those stones, that spire to roll up;
And when that God does take his soul up;
His body is to fill that hole up.

BODY and SOUL.

TWO inferences are to be drawn from this consideration. First, that we should stock the soul with such ideas, sentiments, and affections, as have a benign and salutary influence upon the body. Secondly, that we should keep the body, by temperance, exercise, &c. in that state which has a like benign and salutary influence on the soul. The common practice is exactly the reverse. Men indulge passions in the soul, which destroy the health of the body, and introduce distempers into it, which impair the powers of the soul. Man being a compound creature, his happiness is not complete till both parts of the composition partake of it.

SUICIDE.

S U I C I D E.

RICHARD SMITH, a bookbinder, and a prisoner for debt in the King's bench, having murdered his little infant, persuaded his wife to accompany him in making away with himself. This miserable pair was soon found hanging in their bed-chamber, at about a yard distance from each other; and the child found dead in the cradle in a separate apartment. They left a letter, surprising for the propriety and calm resolution in which it was written. They declared the most unremitting industry could not obtain a livelihood; that this step withdrew them from rags and misery, which they found inevitable; that it was more cruel to leave their child behind them, friendless and exposed to wretchedness, than to take it with them; they trusted in Almighty God, and with humble resignation committed themselves to him, who could not delight in the miseries of his creatures.

PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTISM.

GENUINE patriotism, like genuine religion, is so seldom possessed by those who wish to be thought it's friends, that it behoves us with the strictest scrutiny to inspect the characters of such as call themselves the advocates of freedom. Many assume the mask of liberty, that under the disguise of patriots they may, with more facility, execute those projects of ambition and self-interest which are the main spring of all their actions. History affords abundant examples of this nature; while we see but here and there a true patriot, a friend of mankind. It is not he who mouths it for the public weal, and makes the greatest cry for liberty, that is always its friend. The patriot says little, thinks much. He views with contempt the petty opposition of factious men, whose only aim is self—nor speaks, till he hears his country's call; then, no one can be more ready to assist in its service. Forgetting every little consideration of ease and health, he feels an irresistible *amor patriæ* invigorate his soul, and nerve him against the arm of oppression. His wife and children though dearer than life, are nothing when his country demands the sacrifice. His existence he holds for its service and yields it in her defence. Nor is the patriot's love confined to his own country; he even desires

desires the freedom and happiness of universal man. His heart pants to see the glorious time, when nations shall forget those animosities which have deluged the world with blood, and stained the annals of humanity; when, convinced that virtue is not bounded by soil, or friendship by colour; but that great and virtuous characters exist in every climate, men shall live, not as savages, to prey on each other, but as children of the same All-beneficent Being, who created them to live in harmony and love. How different from this, is the man who, with liberty on his tongue, uses it only to allure the multitude; while his aim is place and pension. To such are we indebted for all our national misfortunes. When they have obtained their end, we often find those who made the most noise for liberty, pursue measures inimical to the public good. We should praise rather than blame the people for suspecting those who would be thought champions for their rights and liberties; since experience evinces, that the character of a true patriot is not always found in the man who professes to be one. A true patriot must be a virtuous man.

DISTRESS

DISTRESS ENCOURAGED BY HOPE;

THE HISTORY OF MELISSA.

I RECEIVED, a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whose name is known to many, but the "eventful history" of whose life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance; and as there is not a single person living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited dishonour, or whose delicacy or virtue can suffer by the relation, I think I owe to mankind a series of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the most forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as misery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper distress, and the mind fortified against despair by instances of unexpected relief.

The father of Melissa was the younger son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three sisters to be provided for, he was at about sixteen taken from Eton school, and apprenticed to a considerable merchant at Bristol. The young gentleman, whose imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by

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magnanimous presumption, and the wonders discovered by daring curiosity, was not disposed to consider the acquisition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honest industry as the total of his fame. He regarded his situation as servile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in search of adventures, he neglected his business as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonstrances of his master with a kind of fullen disdain, and after two years legal slavery, made his escape, and at the next town enlisted himself a soldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit, and the fortune of war, he should return a general officer, to the confusion of those who would have buried him in the obscurity of a counting-house. He found means effectually to elude the inquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmost importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project, and obstruct his advancement.

He was sent with other recruits to London, and soon afterwards quartered with the rest of his company in a part of the country, which was so remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a discovery.

It happened that he went one day to the house of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chambermaid, and by her interest admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whose age was something more than sixty, had been about two years married to a second wife, a young woman who had been well educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his first wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had several children; the youngest was a daughter who had just entered her seventeenth year; she was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well shaped; but her father, whose affection for her was mere instinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impossible for him he said, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governess and proper masters in a place so remote from London, she was suffered to continue illiterate and unpolished; she knew no entertainment higher than a game of romps with the servants; she became their confidant, and trusted them in return, nor did she think herself happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondness of her father had never conciliated her affection, she perceived it

abate upon his marriage without regret. She suffered no new restraint from her new mother, who observed it with a secret satisfaction that Miss had been used to hide herself from visitors, as neither knowing how to behave or being fit to be seen, and chose rather to conceal her defects, by excluding her from company, than to supply them by putting her to a boarding-school.

Miss, who had been told by Betty that she expected her sweet heart, and that they were to be merry, stole down stairs, and, without scruple, made one in a party at blind man's buff. The soldier of fortune was struck with her person, and discovered, or thought he discovered in the simplicity of nature, some graces which are polished by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the disguise of a common soldier, without revealing his birth, or boasting of his expectations.

In this attempt he became very assiduous, and succeeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young mistress departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town they were married.

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The old gentleman as soon as he was informed that his daughter was missing, made so diligent and scrupulous an enquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way she was gone; he mounted his horse, and pursued her, not without curses and imprecations; discovering rather the transports of rage, than the emotions of tenderness, and resenting the offence rather as the rebellion of a slave, than the disobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been consummated, of which when he was informed by the husband, he turned from him with expressions of brutality and indignation; swearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithstanding their union frequently doubled their distress, still continued fond of each other. The spirit of enterprize and the hope of presumption were not yet quelled in the young soldier; and he received orders to attend King William, when he went to the siege of Namur, with exultation and transport, believing his elevation to independance and distinction as certain as if he had been going to take possession of a title and estate. His wife who had been some months pregnant, as she had no means of subsistence in his absence, procured a passage with him.

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When she came on shore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to strip the dying and the dead, to whom horror becomes familiar and compassion impossible, she was terrified: the discourse of the women, rude and unpolished as she was, covered her with confusion, and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and disgust: her maid Betty, who had also attended her husband, was the only person with whom she could converse, and from whom she could hope the assistance of which she was so soon to stand in need.

In the mean time she found it difficult to subsist; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom she remembered to have visited her mother soon after her marriage, she applied to him, told him her name, and requested that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this request the captain complied; her circumstances became less distressed, and her mind more easy; but new calamity suddenly overtook her; she saw her husband march to an engagement in the morning, and saw him brought back desperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon with many others who were in the same condition, to a
place

place of great safety, at the distance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She intreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not consent, because the waggon would be filled with those who neither were able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promised, however, that if she would stay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a passage; but she chose rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be absent from her husband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and she reached the hospital but just time to kneel down by him upon some clean straw, to see him sink under the last agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and she lived but to be delivered of Melissa, who was thus in the most helpless state left without father, mother or friend, in a foreign country, in circumstances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderness that should attempt the preservation of her life, and among persons who were become obdurate and insensible, by having been long used to see every species of distress.

It happened that, among those whom accident or distress had brought together at the birth of Melissa,

Melissa, there was a young woman whose husband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had lost a little boy that she suckled. This person, rather perhaps to relieve herself from an inconveniency, than in compassion to the orphan, put it to her breast; but whatever was her motive, she believed that the affording sustenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which she therefore took possession; but in searching her pocket she found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking glass, about the value of a penny Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which she could not read, she gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an inquiry after his laundress produced. He commanded the woman who had preserved the infant, to be called and put her into the place of it's mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom she also returned, and became his servant.

This gentleman, as soon, as he had settled his immediate concerns, sent Melissa under the care of her nurse to her grandfather; and inclosed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preserved. He knew
that

that those who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affections, when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and that after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret as severe that conduct which before we approved as just; he, therefore, hoped that the parental fondness which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the sight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be lost in the sense of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable resentment which produced them, by cherishing a life to which she had, as it were, transferred her own. But in these expectations, however reasonable, he was mistaken. The old man, when he was informed by the messenger that the child was his grand-daughter, whom she was come to put under his protection, refused to examine the contents of the letter, and dismissed her with menaces and insults. The knowledge of every uncommon event soon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Meliffa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this fresh instance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he sent immediately for the child and the letter, and assured the servant that his niece should want nothing which he could

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bestow;

bestow: to bestow much, indeed was not in his power, for his father having obstinately persisted in his resentment, his whole support was a little farm which he rented of the 'squire; but as he was a good œconomist and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, because his father had denied him affluence.

Melissa, who was compassionate for her mother's misfortune, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was not less beloved for her own good qualities; she was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as soon as she was able to learn; and she was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettiest girl in the place; but her aunt died when she was about eleven years old, and before she was thirteen she lost her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, still helpless, though her wants were increased; wretched in proportion as she had known happiness, she looked back with anguish, and forward with distraction; a fit of crying had just afforded her momentary relief, when the 'squire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, sent for her to his house. This gentleman had heard the
story

story from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preserved almost by miracle, should at last be abandoned to misery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a servant, but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accomplished, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her distress, and Miss received her with great tenderness and complacency; she wiped away her tears, and of the intolerable anguish of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom she loved and revered as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand just before he expired; she found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, enclosed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now rushed upon her mind, raised emotions which, if they could not be suppressed by reason, were soon destroyed by their own violence. In this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Melissa soon became a favourite: the good 'squire seemed to consider her as his child, and Miss as her sister; she was taught dancing and music, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such

sums as were necessary for trivial expences. Youth seldom suffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyments of to-day, but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future: Melissa was probably as happy as if she had been in the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendor which she enjoyed already, which would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he shewed particular respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear; she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father and sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed: and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm, or thrown over to appease it.

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She therefore affected not to perceive, that more than a general complaisance was intended by her lover, and hoped that he would thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her disregard of that which he knew she could not but see, yet he determined to address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he revered her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife: and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the executing of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back in an agony unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem increased by her virtue; he caught her in his arms, and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife; and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she intreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation she

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was under either to herself or to her benefactor: "Would not," said she, "the presence of a wretch whom you had seduced from innocence and peace to remorse and guilt, perpetually upbraid you; and would you not fear to be betrayed by a wife, whose fidelity no kindness can secure; who had broken all the bands that restrain the generous and the good; and who by an act of the most flagitious ingratitude had at once reached the pinnacle of guilt, to which others ascend by imperceptible gradations."—These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire; he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might more effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers; he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great eagerness; while she regarded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and listened to him with attention which her heart condemned; his father in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engrossed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made proposals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

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As he did not dream that such a proposal could possibly be rejected by a girl in Meliffa's situation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her person was not prostituted, he took his measures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been used to remove into the country : he therefore, gave orders, that every thing should be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach should be ready at six the next morning, a man and horse being dispatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little surprized at this sudden removal ; but though the squire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived something had offended him, they did not enquire the reason, nor did they suspect it.

Meliffa packed up her things as usual : and in the morning the young gentleman and his sister having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Meliffa into the parlour ; where in a few words, with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a design to marry his son without his consent, an act of ingratitude, which he said justified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a resolution he had taken that a bank bill
of

of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand; should be the last, adding, that he expected she should within one week leave the house. To this heavy charge she was not in a condition to reply, nor did he stay to see whether she would attempt it, but hastily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Melissa a third time, by a sudden and unexpected desertion, exposed to penury and distress, with this aggravation, that ease and influence were become habitual; and that though she was not so helpless as at the death of her uncle, she was exposed to yet greater danger; for few that have been used to slumber up and down, and wake to festivity, can resist the allurements of vice, who still offers ease and plenty, when the alternative are a flock bed, and a garret, short meals, coarse apparel, and perpetual labour. Melissa, as soon as she had recovered from the stupor which had seized her upon so astonishing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a person who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her justification, while it would render her veracity suspected; and appear to proceed only from the hope of being restored to a state of splendid dependance, from which jealousy or caprice might again at any time

time remove her; without notice: she had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herself against her accuser upon equal terms; nor did she know how to subsist a single day, when she had returned his bill and quitted his house; yet such was the dignity of her spirit, that she immediately inclosed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country house, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the house, sent her immediately with it to the Post-Office. The tears then burst out, which the agitation of her mind had before restrained; and when the servant returned, she told her all that had happened, and asked her advice; what she should do. The girl, after the first emotions of wonder and pity had subsided, told her that she had a sister who lodged in a reputable house, and took in plain work; to whom she would be welcome, as she could assist in her business, of which she had often more than she could do; and with whom she might continue till some more eligible situation could be obtained. Melissa listened to this proposal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was suddenly released from the most tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, exposed to the menaces of a beadle, or the insults of the rabble; she was in haste to secure her good fortune; and felt some

degree of pain lest she should lose it by the earlier application of another; she therefore went immediately with the maid to her sister, with whom it was soon agreed that Melissa should work for her board and lodging; for she would not accept as a gift, that which she could by any means deserve as a payment.

While Melissa was a journeywoman to a person, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confusion; it happened that a suit of linen was brought from the milliners, wrapped up in a newspaper; the linen was put into the work-basket, and the paper being thrown carelessly about, Melissa at last caught it up, and was about to read it; but perceiving it had been published a fortnight, was just a going to put it in the fire, when by an accidental glance she saw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind she read an advertisement, in which her father, said to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or navy, was directed to apply to a person in Staples Inn, who could inform him of something greatly to his advantage. To this person Melissa applied with all the ardour of curiosity, and all the tumult of expectation; she was

was informed that the elder brother of the person mentioned in the advertisement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was possessed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had descended to him from his father, and one thousand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his sisters; but that a mistress who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the supposed heiresses with too much severity and contempt, had in the bitterness of her resentment published the advertisement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different passions excited with uncommon violence in the breast of Melissa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection, and when she became more calm, she knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right; her mind was bewildered amidst a thousand possibilities, and distressed by the apprehension that all might prove ineffectual.

After much thought and many projects, she recollected that the captain, whose servant brought her to England, could probably afford her more assistance than any other person; as he had often been pointed out to her in public places by the

Squire, to whom her story was well known, she was acquainted with his person, and knew that within a few months he was alive: she soon obtained directions to his house, and being readily admitted to a conference, she told him with as much presence of mind as she could, that she was the person whom his compassion had contributed to preserve when an infant; in confirmation of which she produced his letter, and the certificate inclosed in it; that by the death of a father's elder brother, whose family she had never known, she was become entitled to a very considerable estate; but that she knew not what evidence would be necessary to support her claim, how such evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to entrust the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed against her. The old captain received her with that easy politeness which is almost peculiar to his profession, and with a warmth of benevolence that is seldom found in any; he congratulated her upon so happy and unexpected event; and without the parade of ostentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confession of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he said she might with the utmost security confide, and with whom she would have nothing more to do than to tell her story: "And do not," said he, "doubt of suc-
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cess, for I will be ready to testify what I know of the affair, whenever I shall be called on; and the woman who was present at your birth, and brought you over, still lives with me, and on occasion may do you signal service."

Melissa departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman, to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, prosecuted her claim with so much skill and assiduity, that within a few months she was put in possession of her estate. Her first care was to wait upon the captain, to whom she now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgments with a pleasure, which only those who merit it can enjoy; and insisted that she should draw upon him for such sums as she should want before her rents became due. She then took very handsome ready furnished lodgings, and determined immediately to justify her conduct to the squire, whose kindness she still remembered, and whose resentment she had forgiven. With this view she set out in a chariot and six, attended by two servants in livery on horseback, and proceeded to his country-seat, from whence the family was not returned: she had lain at an inn within six miles of the place, and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, she could perceive

perceive the servants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady & her brother gazing through the window to see if they knew the livery : she remarked every circumstance which denoted her own importance with exultation ; and enjoyed the solicitude which her presence produced among those, from whose society she had so lately been driven with disdain and indignation.

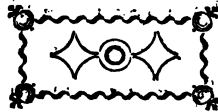
She now increased their wonder, by sending in a servant to acquaint the old gentleman, that a lady desired to speak with him about urgent business, which would not however long detain him ; he courteously invited the lady to honour him with her commands, hastened into his best parlour, adjusted his wig, and put himself in the best order to receive her : she alighted, and displayed a very rich undress, which corresponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modish appearance of her servants. She contrived to hide her face as she went up the walk, that she might not be known too soon ; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom she soon discovered herself to his great astonishment, and before he had recovered his presence of mind, she addressed him to this effect, “ You see, sir, an orphan who is under the greatest obligations to your bounty, but who has been equally injured by your suspicions.

cions. When I was a dependant upon your liberality, I would not assert my innocence, because I could not bear to be suspected of falshood: but I assert it now, being the possessor of a paternal estate, because I cannot bear to be suspected of ingratitude: that your son pressed me to marry him, is true; but it is also true that I refused him, because I would not disappoint your hopes and impoverish your posterity." The old gentleman's confusion was encreased by the wonders that crowded upon him: he first made some attempts to apologize for his suspicions with awkwardness and hesitation; then doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly and remained silent; then approaching, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again desisted before he had finished the compliment.

Melissa perceived his perplexity, and guessed the cause; she was, therefore, about to account more particularly for the sudden change of her circumstances, but Miss, whose maid had brought her intelligence from the servants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was Melissa, and that she was lately come to a great estate by the death of an uncle, could no longer restrain the impatience of her affection and joy; she rushed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a transport that
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can only be felt by friendship, and expressed by tears. When this tender silence was over, the scruples of doubt were soon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and sincere; the father led out his guest, and presented her to his son with an apology for his conduct to them both.

Melissa had bespoke a dinner and beds at the inn, but she was not suffered to return. Within a few weeks she became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his son, with whom she shared many years that happiness which is the reward of virtue. They had several children, but none survived them; and Melissa, upon the death of her husband, which happened about seven years ago, retired wholly from town to her estate in the country, where she lived beloved, and died in peace.



ME MENTO

MEMENTO TO TRAVELLERS.

IT was an observation of Bishop Corbet, that
All Travellers this heavy Judgment hear !
An handsome hostess makes a Reckoning dear ;
Each Word, each Look, your Purses must re-
quite 'em,
And every Welcome adds another ITEM.

In confirmation of this remark of the good bishop's, I send you an account of what happened to me on one of the excursions into the country; which I generally take at this season of the year.

Having taken a pretty extensive turn in the morning, and my horse and myself being both of a mind with respect to baiting, I suffered him to turn in with me to the first Inn I came to, which happened to be the Castle, where I was met at the door by a young lady, whom, by her dress, I should have conceived to be some guest of fashion, if she had not, upon my alighting, most politely made me an apology, that all her rooms were taken up, and desired me to walk into the little parlour behind the bar. This civility of her's, together with a look that would have unloosed the purse-strings of any old city churl, at once removed all my prudent economical resolutions of

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eating just a snap of cold meat, and away : of my own accord, I most generously ordered a chicken to be put down ; but my landlady dropping an hint that she herself had not dined, I could not resist the temptation of desiring the pleasure of her company to eat with me, which she readily accepted ; and, on her observing that the chickens were very small and nice, and to be sure I must be hungry after my ride, I consented to have a couple of them done.

She then asked me in a most bewitching manner, if I chose to drink any thing ; but, though I declared that I never touched a drop of any liquor before meals, yet she enticed me to toss up a glass of cherry to get me an appetite, which, before she had concluded I could not want, and she had even the complaisance to pledge me.

When dinner was served up, I was surprised to see a dish of eels brought in ; and, on my saying, that I fancied the cook had made a mistake, she most civilly begged ten thousand pardons, and said she thought I had ordered them ; but added, that indeed she did not doubt but I should like them, and for her own part, she was excessively fond of them.

As that was the case, I could by no means consent

sent to their being taken away; and, after we had done with the fish and chicken, a dish of tarts spontaneously made its appearance, without waiting for the word of command.

My kind landlady made me taste this, and insisted upon helping me to another, which she assured me was most excellent, till she had either forced upon me, or taken to herself a bit out of each sort.

I should have told you, that, during dinner, besides the usual concomitants of a tankard of each, I was prevailed on to hob and nob with her in a variety of old beer, cyder, rhenish, mountain, Lisbon, &c. and, to crown all, my landlady would even rise from table herself to make me a cup, at which she declared she had a most excellent hand.

When the cloth was removed, I could not but ask her, what she chose to drink; to which she modestly answered, whatever I liked, at the same time hinting to me, that nobody had better French wines than she had.

However, I thought proper to disregard all her hints of that kind, and ordered a simple bottle of port.

When this was brought, I asked if I should help her; she told me she never touched that sort of wine; so that I could not but call for a pint of Lisbon which she liked better.

She would fain, indeed, have prevailed on me afterwards to suffer her to produce a bottle of claret, of which, she said, she could drink a glass or two herself; but, finding me inflexible on that head, she compounded the matter with me, on bringing me over to consent to our having a flask of Florence, the best that ever was tasted. I need not tell you, gentlemen, the agreeable chat, or the pleasing familiarities, that passed between us, till it was time for me to mount my horse; but I could not even then get away, without doing her the pleasure first to drink a dish of tea with her, to which a pot of coffee was also added, though I did not touch a drop. In short gentlemen, her behaviour was so engaging, her looks so inviting and her artifices so inveighing, that I quite forgot how dear I was to pay for my entertainment, till the dreadful reckoning was called for, which convinced me of the justness of Bishop Corbet's remarks before quoted. Indeed as I had ordered a superfluity of victuals that I could not eat, and of liquors that I could not drink, and all for the sake of my hostess's sweet company, I
think

think that the bill, instead of the usual articles of bread and beer,—chickens,—and wine, &c. might have been made out thus :

	£.	s.	d.
For a low courtesy,	0	1	0
Item, a smile,	0	1	6
Item, an ogle,	0	2	6
Item, a squeeze by the hand,	0	4	0
Item, a tap of the cheek,	0	5	6
Item, a kifs,	0	10	6
Kindly welcome, Sir, to Betty or the waiter,	0	1	0
Horfe,	0	1	0
Sum total,	£.	1	7 0

Just a moidore ! a tolerable sum for an occasional baiting on the road !

For my part, I am determined, for the future, never to set my foot in an Inn, where the landlady is not as old and as ugly as mother Shipton.

ON

ON MUSIC.

HAIL power divine! whose persuasive charms
 Awake the soul to harmony and love ;
 Whilst on the wings of agile thought it soars
 To its Almighty Source, who sits enthron'd
 Immensely distant from this mortal bourn,
 Tho' felt by all, acknowledg'd, and ador'd,
 Whence pleasure, free from base infection, flows,
 To feed with hope the immortal part of man,
 And ease the obtruding woes of ling'ring age!
 Music has charms to sooth the brow of care,
 Absorb the cause, and dissipate the gloom :
 Festive mirth resumes her wonted seat,
 Revels at large and smiles without controul ;
 It turns the savage breast from direful deeds
 To those more pure, as swell the mystick notes,
 And lull to sleep those impious passions
 Which so demoniac prove against mankind!
 If thus the jarring sounds below can do,
 What then must heavenly cadence prove?
 Where Seraphims, in shining order rang'd,
 Ten thousand trumpets, high exalted, blow,
 Joined by the musick of the cherub band,
 Who mingle voice with their melodious harps,
 Making the grand empyreal dome resound
 With peerless symphony of harmonious sound,
While

While Angels low in adoration bend,
 To offer up their pure and hallow'd song
 Before the throne of their tremendous God!
 Origin of bliss, and power infinite!
 Oh! plenitude divine; exub'rant state!
 May we prepare, with one accordant voice,
 The solemn pomp and faintly host to meet,
 To live in boundless and immortal joy,
 When worlds dissolve, and time shall be no more!

T H E
 FOLLOWING REMARKABLE ANECDOTE,
Of the Celebrated Voltaire,
 As Related by One who was intimately acquainted
 with Him.

EVERY one who visited Ferney during the life-time of that great genius, knows that he had a curious hanging writing-desk within the curtains of his bed, with two candles constantly burning, and all the apparatus for writing, and containing such papers as he had occasion to refer to. This desk was constructed in such a manner, that he could let it up and down as he pleased, so that when he did not want to use it, by drawing it up, no light appeared upon his pillow to interrupt his repose.

repose. One night, by some accident, as it is supposed, one of the candles fell out of its socket, and set fire to the papers upon the desk; the curtains were presently in a blaze, and Voltaire narrowly escaped with his life. He was, as naturally may be supposed greatly terrified; but the shock of this conflagration was nothing, compared to the anxiety he felt, when he found some of his most valuable manuscripts were destroyed. It is said that amongst others there was an Epic poem, which he had been polishing for some years, and which he had nearly finished.

Whether his death might not be hastened by this accident I will not pretend to determine: but he took this loss so greatly to heart, that it was the last thing he mentioned to me upon taking leave—
 “ Ah! Mon chér Monsieur, (said he with a deep sigh, and tears standing in his eyes) quelle perte! quelle perte!—jamais a retablir!”



ANECDOTE
OF
COLLEY CIBBER.

CIBBER being at court (when poet Laureat) a few days before the birth-day, Colonel B— (who had a pension upon the Irish establishment) farcastically asked Colley what his ode would turn upon, as the year had been very barren of subjects for poetical flights? “Why, Colonel,” replied Cibber, “I have a number of court locusts in my eye, who are always very plentiful, and I hope in such a dearth of other objects, to give them a flight even beyond Parnassus.”

SINCERITY.

IN spite of all the eulogiums on sincerity, it is very certain that a strict adherence to it upon all occasions would be attended with consequences extremely disagreeable.

What feuds and animosities would be kindled in private families if the individuals of which they are composed were to speak, without the least restraint,

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straint, what they think of each other; were they, in one word, to be sincere. By sincerity the people of all public societies would be considerably disturbed, and even the harmony of the drawing-room itself converted into discord. Let the moralists and divines rail at dissimulation as long as they please, we should be brutes without it, and run the risk of having our bones broken whenever we opened our lips. Can sincerity contribute to the happiness of human life? by no means. The weakness of human nature give daily and forcible proofs of its inefficacy: in compliance with those weaknesses men, if they would live with tolerable comfort in the world, must keep their real characters concealed behind the curtain of dissimulation. There are, it must be confessed, particular conjunctures, in which we may presume to disclose our thoughts without throwing the person we speak to into a passion, but it surely requires the greatest delicacy and address to articulate a home truth without giving offence or receiving an affront.

A

Remarkable Anecdote

CONCERNING LORD WILLIAM HOWARD,

Commonly known by the name of Bald Willy,

In the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,

IT is said that Lord William was very studious, and wrote much; that once, when he was thus employed, a servant came to tell him a prisoner was just brought in, and desired to know what should be done with him. Lord William, vexed at being disturbed, answered peevishly, "Hang him." When he had finished his study, he called & ordered the man to be brought before him for examination, but found that his commands had been too literally obeyed.—He was a very severe but useful man at this time. His dungeon (at Naworth castle, Cumberland) instills horror: it consists of four dark apartments, three below, and one above, up along stair-case, all well secured: in the uppermost is one ring, to which criminals were chained; and the marks of several others appear, which were, doubtless, employed in the same manner.

*An Honest Man's the noblest Work
of God.*

LET it be your fervent prayer, that the Gods may grant you an *honest mind*, and a *sound body*, was the sanguine admonition of a celebrated Pagan Philosopher, to an illustrious pupil in the days of old. And what better word of advice could flow from the mouth of an orthodox christian, though a dignified clergyman, or, indeed, one of our most learned and Right Reverend Fathers in God. It was the distinguished character of Job in the old testament, that *he was an upright man, and eschewed evil*. And in the new testament, the great Author of our religion himself has honoured Nathaniel with the glorious character of *one in whose mouth there is no guile, and whose conscience was void of offence towards God and towards man*. And to these give me leave to add Mr. Pope's laconic character of a virtuous person in the following distich, which deserves to be engraved in characters of gold, viz.

*A Wit's a feather, and a Chief's a rod:
An Honest Man's the noblest work of God.*

Man is composed of mind as well as body; and, doubtless, the former deserves at least as much regard

gard and cultivation as the latter. Did a man but believe, or imagine (what however is indisputably true) that his inclinations and understanding are as visible to all who are acquainted with him as his person is, he would take as much care to adorn his mind as he would his body. A gentleman would then be as much ashamed to give opprobrious language, as to appear in dirty linen; he would be as nice and accurate in the adjustment of his words, as of his wig; he would take the same pains at least, if not greater, to corrupt or conceal a weakness in his soul, as to amend or hide a deformity in his body; but so far are the generality of mankind from thinking after this manner, that it is reputed a more essential part of good breeding to know how to enter a room with an air, and to go out of it with a grace, than to be qualified to speak pertinently, and bear a rational share in the conversation of those whom he makes choice of for his familiar companions.

How is it possible to bear the insolence of Sir John Spruce, who, because he has money in his pocket and a fine laced coat upon his back, idly imagines himself, for those paltry motives, the universal object of esteem and admiration, says and does things every quarter of an hour, for which all the company (himself only excepted) are put to the blush,

blush, and perfectly ashamed. Can a man with patience see the airs he gives himself in speaking French, when every one knows he cannot utter ten words of common sense in his mother-tongue? Would not an Englishman be justly provoked to hear the same person cry up the softness, the elegance, the copiousness of that tittle-tattle language, and find fault with the roughness and barrenness of his own; when at the same time, he cannot without the aid and assistance of a spelling book write one true line in either? I wish likewise for my quiet I did not, so often as I do, meet with men who can talk for hours together on the good qualities of a favourite monkey, a hound, or a gelding; and yet ask them the most obvious question relative to their own actions, or the actions of any of their species, and they can make you no reply.

How much more satisfactory must it be to a man of a sound mind, and a healthy constitution who knows the value of time, and how to improve it, to live retired from the world, and perfectly free from all such noise and nonsense! A wise man (if we may credit Seneca) is never less alone than when alone; and the peasant, if a man of sense, and knows the value and charms of a solitary life, is a happier man than the richest monarch ever set upon a throne: health and peace of mind make
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his little rural cot, tho' contemptible in the eye of the generality of mankind, not only a comfortable situation but in reality a perfect paradise.

NEGLECT OF RELIGION.

WHERE religion is neglected there can be no regular or steady practice of the duties of morality. The character will be often inconsistent; and virtue, placed on a basis too narrow to support it, will be always loose and tottering. For such is the propensity of our nature to vice, so numerous are the temptations to a relaxed and immoral conduct, that stronger restraints than those of mere reason, are necessary to be imposed on man.

The sense of right and wrong, the principle of honour, or the instinct of benevolence, are barriers too feeble to withstand the strength of passion. For the heart wounded by sore distress, or agitated by violent emotions, soon discovers, that virtue without religion is inadequate to the government of life. It is destitute of its proper guard—of its firmest support—of its chief encouragements. It will sink under the weight of misfortune, or will yield to the sollicitations of guilt.

Humanity

Humanity seconded by piety, renders the spring from whence it flows of course more regular and constant. In short, withdraw religion, and you shake all the pillars of morality. In every heart you weaken the influence of virtue : and among the multitude, the bulk of mankind, you overthrow its power.

SOLITUDE.

O ! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble fallies of the soul !
 Who think it solitude to be alone.

From the general conduct mankind pursue, we should hardly believe that solitude is to a good and well-cultivated mind one of it's chief delights. Each member of the busy crowd seems eager to exclude thought, and dreads nothing more than retirement. If, after the business of the day, some leisure time is left for the noble contemplations of the mind, how is it often employed ? With grief have I beheld persons of improved understandings, instead of devoting such time to purposes worthy of immortal beings, sit down for hours at an insipid card-table !

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The man of pleasure—falsely so called—is equally concerned to guard against the intrusion of that unwelcome guest, reflection. The word solitude, conveys to his imagination the most dreadful ideas. He is firmly persuaded, that it must deprive him of all the enjoyments of life, and will transform him to a mere misanthrope. Fatal delusion! solitude will teach him that true felicity he is vainly endeavouring to obtain. When once sensible of those pleasures which are derived from Solitude, he will despise that vortex of dissipation wherein he wasted the prime of life, and wonder how a reasonable being could so long be blind to his true happiness.

I pity the man, who is a stranger to solitude and selfcontemplation; who cannot find within his own mind the most substantial pleasures! It is in vain that he endeavours to exclude thought by a continued series of diversions and folly.

There is a something in the mind of man, which sickens at the repetition of idle amusements; it is that spark of immortality, implanted in his nature by the Divine Author of our existence, which continually reminds us that the short-lived pleasures of this world are not the fit occupations of a soul that must exist when time shall cease.

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It is this which directs the attention of man to pursuits consistent with his dignity.

In solitude, the mind insensibly soars beyond the narrow bounds of time and place; views the Deity in his proper character; forms the most exalted ideas of his attributes and perfection; and pays the grateful tribute of silent adoration. In solitude, the mind revolves the history of the world; considers the changes and revolutions of empires; sees, in imagination, those great men, whose names adorn the pages of history as the enlighteners of mankind; and, in contemplating their illustrious actions, feels a glorious emulation to tread in their steps. Solitude calms those passions that disturb the human breast, and gives us that peace which is so congenial to a virtuous mind. Nor is solitude attended with a melancholy gloom: though an enemy to excessive mirth, it stamps serenity and dignity on the countenance, and bestows inward peace to the mind.

It is evident, that solitude is fitted to our nature; there are examples of monarchs, and great men, who have quitted, with pleasure, crowns, exalted stations, for a convent or a cottage. In the ordinary course of life, we see those who have spent most of their time among the bustle of mankind, anxious to secure a quiet retreat. Thus,
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what the statesman, the man of business, and the man of pleasure avoided in the prime of life, as an evil ; in the decline, they seek after as the only solid happiness on earth.

The man unacquainted with solitude, is in an unhappy situation : he cannot always be engaged in the business or pleasures of the world ; times will occur, when he must necessarily be alone ; sickness may overtake him, and he is then miserable indeed ! His vacant mind can yield him no pleasure ; and every reflection is a sting which gives the most acute pain : he sees the folly of his past conduct ; and perhaps, for the first time, envies the man who is possessed of a well-formed mind.

Let us make an early acquaintance with solitude : it will enable us to pass through the changing scenes of life with peace and pleasure ; thus, when sickness and age seize us, we may meet solitude, not as an enemy, but as a friend.



A N E C D O T E

O F

F O O T E.

SOMETIME after Mr. Foote was married, Lady N. P. made some overtures to him, not knowing that he was then married. Sam, was an intimate and familiar companion of the late Sir F. B. D. Foote informed his friend of her Ladyship's disposition towards matrimony, and that he had hit upon a scheme whereby the Knight might make sure of her Ladyship and her fortune, which was said to be about ninety thousand pounds, in the funds, besides other possessions.

The project was concerted. Mr. Foote informed Lady N. P. that there was a very extraordinary man, a conjurer, in the Old Bailey, who foretold such events as were almost incredible, and could only be believed by their taking place; and that, if it was agreeable, he would wait upon her to him; for that, though he had no great faith in fortune-tellers, he had heard from several of his friends such very extraordinary occurrences predicted, and which had happened precisely as had been mentioned by the conjurer, that his incredulity

dulity was not a little staggered. Her Ladyship snapped at the bait; and the late facetious Jemmy Workdale was appointed to personate the conjurer, in a lodging within a few doors to the real magician. Jemmy, being acquainted with her ladyship's affairs, told her the most remarkable transactions, to her great astonishment. He then acquainted her ladyship, that there was an occurrence upon the point of taking place, which would be the most important of her whole life. Her ladyship being very inquisitive to know the particulars, he informed her, "That she was on the point of being married." "Indeed!" said she: "pray, Mr. Conjurer, to whom?" "I am not," he replied, "at liberty to acquaint you, at present, who is the person; but I can acquaint you when and where you will see him, and point out to you his dress." "Bless me! tell me, I beg of you." "On Thursday next you will be walking in the Park: you will there observe a tall, fair gentleman, remarkably handsome, dressed in blue and silver: he will bow to a person in your company, the first time he meets you: upon his return, he will join your party. It is irrevocably fixed by fate that man is to be your husband." Her ladyship asked no more questions, but resolved not to fail being in the Park the day the conjurer had mentioned.

D——,

D———, appeared dressed precisely as described, bowed, joined, and, in three days, was married to her ladyship.

T H E
NEGRO GIRL.

IN a fertile and lonely vale, situated on the coast of Devonshire, a humble cottage appeared in the midst of a grove of trees that surrounded it. This peaceful and romantic retirement was calculated to inspire that pleasing calm and soft tranquillity which those who mix in the gay and tumultuous scenes of the busy world never experience. The cottage was now in the possession of Mrs. Mansel, a lady whom, in the period of her past life, misfortune had marked for her own. She had been brought up under the roof of her parents, but the severe and tyrannical disposition of her father, rendered the existence of those who lived with him very unhappy: he had lost his only son while in his infancy, and this contributed in a great measure to form a temper not naturally good. Her mother was a woman possessed of uncommon sense and understanding, and likewise of extraordinary piety: she was careful that her daughter should

should want none of the advantages a liberal education could bestow; and was at particular pains to instill into her mind those principles of religion which can alone afford true consolation under the heavy weight of misfortune: which can alone enable the mind to bear with fortitude the calamities incidental to all the human race; and which teach the woe-worn soul to submit with pious resignation to the will of Divine Providence. This excellent mother Mrs. Mansel lost when she was only sixteen, her father had never behaved tenderly to her, and she had now to sustain alone the whole of his unkind treatment.—She lived in this state for about two years; the greatest part of that period she spent in solitude. At the end of it she became acquainted with Captain Mansel; his disposition and character very much resembled her own, and his mild and amiable manners, before she was aware of it, made a deep impression on her gentle heart. He was an officer in the army; his good qualities had endeared him to all who were acquainted with him; and had raised him to the rank he then held, though only in his twenty-second year. His fortune was not splendid, but it was fully adequate to all his desires, and he was ever ready to relieve the wants of those who stood in need of his assistance. The charms of the lovely Mary had insensibly won his affections, and he formed an attachment

ment to her which death alone could dissolve. With her consent, he made proposals to her father; he very readily agreed to their marriage, for as he had never taken any pleasure in the company of his daughter, to deprive himself of it entirely cost him no sacrifice. As her mother had left her a moderate fortune, which she was to receive on her marriage, she was put in immediate possession of it; but from her father she received nothing but his good wishes for her welfare and happiness. Captain Mansel and his amiable partner lived for three years in as perfect a state of felicity, as this transitory life will admit of; during this period Mrs. Mansel had borne one daughter which was the only child they ever had. In her the mild virtues of both her parents shone conspicuously: with rapture they saw her infant graces daily expanding, and delighted themselves with the prospect of seeing this promising dawn of every virtue break forth into an unclouded day: but, alas! this bright vision of ideal bliss was about to be obscured for ever in darkness; and the fair fabric of years of happiness which they had been raising, was on the point of being for ever levelled with the dust.

Captain Mansel received orders to join his regiment which was stationed abroad, he had only
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two days warning, and departed—never more to return. In three months after his departure, his wife received the melancholy news of his death;—he had fallen in the defence of his country. This was a most dreadful stroke to her, and it was on this trying occasion that she was under the necessity of exerting all her fortitude: the pangs of affliction may shake, but can never totally overpower the fortitude of a mind deeply impressed with the sublime truths of religion. Mrs. Mansel, though dreadfully distressed at this afflictive stroke of Providence, yet reflected that her infant daughter had now no other earthly protector than herself, as her father had died some time before, leaving her what fortune he possessed. She devoted her time to the education and instruction of her child; and no one was better qualified for such an undertaking; this lovely girl grew up the admiration and delight of all who knew her; but another misfortune was preparing for her mother, if possible, more bitter than that she had experienced in the death of her husband. This amiable and accomplished daughter, at the age of eighteen, fell into a consumption, and at the end of three months died. Thus deprived of her dearest blessings, Mrs. Mansel had no felicity to expect in this world except that which flows from benevolence and charity:—objects on whom to

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exercise these virtues are every where to be met with, and happy are those who have the means and the inclination of exercising them.

At this period it was that Mrs. Mansel purchased the cottage mentioned in the beginning of this story, where her time was chiefly spent alone, but when she went about doing good, and the blessings of him that was ready to perish came upon her, when she caused the widows and the orphans hearts to sing with joy, and found the greatest solace to her own misfortunes in soothing and alleviating the miseries of others. Thus she spent her days in the practice of every virtue, and though she sometimes looked back with an eye of fond regret to the memory of joys that were past, yet she often ventured in humble and pious hope, to look forward with the eye of unshaken faith to a better world, beyond the grave, where friends shall part to meet no more. This bright prospect was her chief support, and with such a prospect the soul can never entirely sink under the heavy pressure of affliction. She every day walked out to seek for objects of compassion and benevolence, and seldom returned without having relieved some miserable being. As she was one morning taking her usual walk, she heard the moans of some person in distress: she had only
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to hear the voice of distress, immediately to seek and find if possible the means of relieving it; she went accordingly towards the place from whence she fancied these mournful sounds proceeded, and saw indeed an object, who seemed, if ever one did, to stand in need of relief and assistance.

That object was a negro girl, who was sitting by the road side in the greatest misery. Her tattered garments but ill concealed her wasted form, and her whole appearance bespoke "variety of wretchedness." This was a sight which must have moved the heart of the most obdurate; but what was it then to the feeling one of Mrs. Mansel, ever alive to the distresses of her fellow creatures? She hastened towards the poor girl—as she approached her she raised her eyes, but immediately, on perceiving Mrs. Mansel, cast them down again with a look of terror and aversion.

She advanced nearer, however, and took hold of her hand. "Unhappy creature," said she to her in a tone of kindness, "tell me, I entreat you, why I see you in this miserable condition, and why you are so terrified at me?" The girl shrunk from her touch, and replied, "How can I look on a white christian but with fear? Torn by wicked white people from my father, my mother, and my own country, and put into a great ship from

christian country, with chains about me, that they might bring me to this bad place, to make me a wretched slave. Cruel white man, when poor negro have work for him all day in hot sun, till he almost die, at night beat and whip him : oh christian whites not good people.” Mrs. Mansel said to her, “ I am sorry that so many of my people, who say they are christians, should be cruel and unfeeling; but white people are not all bad, there are some of them, many of them, who will give bread to poor negroes when they are hungry, who will give them clothes when they are naked, who will instruct them when they are ignorant, who will do all these for every body that is poor; these only are *christians* among white people, and though such as do none of these things may call themselves christians, yet it is only in name they are so; if you will go with me, I will take you to my house, where, indeed, I do not possess a great deal, but where I will, with all my heart, give you a share of the little I have, and my blessing along with it, come then with me and while I have wherewithal to assist you, you shall never want. The poor girl once more turned her eyes on Mrs. Mansel, no longer expressing alarm and aversion, but beaming with gratitude and delight. She clasped her hand in transport, “ ah, why did I say all white people bad? No, no, white christian is good, and
you

you must be christian, for you are good to a poor wretched negro, like me. I go with you, and though I must like go back to my own country, and see my father and my mother, yet if you wish it, I stay with you, I work for you, live for you, and, do you good, die for you." She now, with the help of Mrs. Mansel, arose, and they proceeded together towards her house. She seemed about eighteen years old, and her face, though black, was one of the most interesting ever beheld. Who would, who could have said, at sight of it, "that creature was not formed of the same blood as I am; her soul was not made of the same materials as mine?" Ah! proud mortal, who vainly boastest of the whiteness of thy skin, who vainly exultest in the *name* of christian, without possessing any of the spirit of christianity; at a future period, that soul, though concealed under a dark outside, was destined to understand and believe the sacred truths of the gospel; and though now clouded with the veil of ignorance and prejudice, to look forward in sublime hope to a blessed and glorious immortality.

With some difficulty Mrs. Mansel and her charge reached the cottage. The poor girl was nearly exhausted with weakness and fatigue, but with the help of some cordials from the kind hand
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of her benefactress, she gradually revived, and was able to give some account of the condition in which she had been found.

The ship she came over in had been wrecked near the coast, and she did not know whether a single being but herself had been saved. As it struck on a rock, she had, with great difficulty, clung to a part of it, from whence she was taken some hours afterwards, by those wretches who are ever upon the watch for such accidents. It was with the utmost difficulty that she prevailed on them to have compassion on her, and relieve her from her perilous situation; and, as soon as they reached the shore, they abandoned her. In that forlorn and helpless condition, she wandered about for three days, seeking a scanty pittance of clothes or food from door to door; these were scarce ever given, and when by her miserable appearance, she had obtained either of them, they were accompanied with an insult on the colour of her skin. Is it a matter of astonishment then, that this poor creature should look with terror and dread on white people, from whom she had received such repeated cruelties! but her sufferings were now at an end, as her kind and benevolent friend left her nothing to wish for, but she would sometimes cast a "lingering look behind" to her parents and her native country.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mansel found the most complete satisfaction she had ever experienced since the misfortune of her past life, in instructing and informing the mind of this young creature, who received with eager transports the lessons of her teacher, and she had the glorious hope of restoring, at the last day, into the hands of its creator, that most inestimable of all jewels, a human soul, as guiltless and innocent as when it was committed to her trust; but which, by her, under the blessing of heaven, had been purified from the dross which then concealed its value, and made to glow in all the unclouded lustre of the christian religion.

The gratitude of Mary (Mrs. Mansel had given her her own name) was unbounded, and her love for her friend daily lessened her wish to return home again. Mrs. Mansel often told her if she desired to return, that she would send her back free of every expence, but Mary could not prevail on herself to part from her kind protectress. She was improving every day, and her progress was astonishing; she read the bible, and believed all the sacred truths contained in it: she believed that there was a Saviour and trusted to him for salvation. Mrs. Mansel employed her on her errands of charity, which were very numerous, and the heart of Mary was never so transported as it was

was when she was sent to soothe the cares and relieve the distresses of the dependents on Mrs. Mansel's bounty. Three years passed in this manner, during which Mary improved in every virtue, and was quite happy in her condition, but Mrs. Mansel was once more destined to be left a solitary being in her little cottage. Those eyes, which had so often expressed the effusions of a grateful heart, were about to be closed in death; that tongue which she had taught to speak the praises of its maker, was soon to be silent in the tomb, and the hands which had learnt from her to raise themselves in humble supplication at the throne of grace, were, ere long, to become "clods of the valley."

Poor Mary was seized with the small pox; they were of the worst kind, and spite of all the tender care and attention of her friend, and the best assistance that could be procured, she was, in a few days, pronounced past recovery. When she found her end approaching, she took hold of the hand of Mrs. Mansel, who never left her bedside, and thus addressed her:

"My much loved, my adored benefactress, had it pleased heaven to have granted me a long life, I could not have had sufficient time, in the whole of it, to express the gratitude which I owe to thee
for

for the inestimable blessings which I have received through your means. From thee I learnt that I possessed an immortal soul, a soul capable of being exalted to eternal bliss, or sunk to everlasting misery: it was thou who did'st point out to me the road to that bliss, and the means of attaining to it. It was thy kind care which first caused the dawn of a christian day to arise on my gloomy and benighted soul. It grieves my heart to leave thee, my beloved friend; but we do not, I trust, part never to meet again. There is a day, when, as I have been taught, every human being shall arise out of their graves: then those who have fed the hungry, who have clothed the naked, who have visited the sick, who have instructed the ignorant, shall be made partakers of eternal felicity. Thou, my adored benefactress, hast done all these, done them to me, whom thou did'st find, a poor, starving, naked, dying, ignorant wretch, and, Oh! may everlasting blessings be thy reward."

Saying these words, Mary closed her eyes, and, in a few minutes, her soul departed from its earthly mansion. "Farewel, thou pure and innocent spirit," said Mrs. Mansel, laying down the hand which till the last moment had clasped her's: thou will now, I trust, enjoy the reward of thy virtuous and spotless life." Thus ended the days of Mary.

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Ah! mortals, if ye could conceive for a moment the raptures which would glow in your bosoms at beholding a soul, which by your kind care and benevolence, had been instructed in the christian religion, take its departure for a better world : if you could form an idea of the praises which you would receive beyond the grave, how would you exult in being the instrument of a work so divine ! Such was the exalted felicity of Mrs. Mansel. She regretted, it is true, the loss of her amiable companion, but her consolation was not derived from this world. She spent the remainder of her days as she had spent her whole life, in performing every christian duty ; and when she died, the tears of love, regret, and gratitude bedewed her grave.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the late siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a centry, whose post was near the Devil's Tower, and facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling, looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and sword, miners, breaching, storming and bloodshed ! By the side of his
box

box stood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas : a large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock) encouraged by the man's silence, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust his head so far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it : at this instant the soldier turned round, and came whistling towards his box, the monkey, unable to get clear of it, started up to run off with the jug, sticking on his head ; this terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the centry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine, blood-thirsty, Spanish granadier, with a most tremendous high cap on his head, full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, signal guns fired, and in less than ten minutes the governor and his whole garrison were under arms. The supposed granadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized, and by his capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed, which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of the direful alarm.

T H E

WAYS to raise a FORTUNE;

OR THE

Art of growing Rich.

LET a man be ever so skilful in merchandize, or anxious in trade, he must never expect to acquire riches, if he be not *thrifty, diligent, and methodical*. And *thrift, diligence, and method in business*, seldom fail to raise a man's fortune in every condition of life.

Should I take upon me to record those individuals that have grown rich by thriftiness only, within the memory of a man, and the compass of our acquaintance, it would be more than my professed brevity could allow. Every reader, no doubt, can furnish himself with an example of a carpenter, a shoemaker, a taylor, and other inferior tradesmen, who by *thrift* have gained the reputation of rich men. And I am persuaded, that there are very few, who, if they please to recollect their past lives, will not find, that had they laid up all those little sums they have spent in coach hire, plays, ridottoes, and at the tavern, or other places of chargeable resort, they would have found themselves

selves at present, masters of a competent fortune, rather than in need of an act of insolvency.

Diligence is always a necessary and natural companion of *thrift*, and therefore the Italians, who are very happy in their *proverbial* conciseness, recommends them *both* to common use, in the following lines.

Never do that by proxy, which you can do yourself,

Never defer that 'till to-morrow, which you can do to-day.

Never neglect small matters and expences.

And that *method of business* is another great means of obtaining riches, even by men of the meanest capacities, there can be no doubt, when we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers, amassing great treasures by a regular and orderly disposition of their business, and men of the greatest parts and most lively imaginations puzzling their affairs and declining in their substance for want of method.

—I must therefore be of that great statesman's (De Wit) opinion, who attributed the whole art of dispatching a multitude of affairs well, to the doing *one thing at once*. If, says he, I have any
necessary

necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else till those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself wholly up to them, till they are set in order.

Has not providence therefore, so ordered it, that every man of good common sense, may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich? And the reason why men of the greatest learning and accomplishments are not so, is not to be ascribed to an over-ruling fate; but either to their preferring something else to wealth; or to their not being content to get an estate, unless they can do it in their own way, and at the same time consume it upon their vices, and unnecessary gratifications of unbounded appetites,

However these are only the ordinary forms of growing rich, which may be practised by all persons with success. But there are other methods found out by hungry and ingenious men. It is an old and true proverb, that *necessity is the mother of invention*. Thus we read of a famous *Italian* comedian *Scaramouche*, who, being reduced to want at *Paris*, got a very considerable subsistence by selling snuff, which he acquired by fashionably begging a pinch out of every one's snuff box. And we are all witnesses, that several fortunate
men,

men, who could not live on their large paternal estates, draw a great deal of money from the public by their inventions, and will remain everlasting monuments, that there is room for genius as well in getting riches, as in all other circumstances of life. But even in this light there must be *thrift* and *diligence* to acquire and preserve what every one seeks and *obtains*.

But to pass over the men that live by their wits, we ought to prefer trade as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, for we all know that there are more and greater estates got on the *Exchange*, than at court. And I believe the number would still much increase, were it not for the misconduct of those traders, who by their vicious lives, neglect of business, prodigality, or incapacity for trade, frustrate the happy means, which a kind providence has put into their power to make them rich.

Therefore to make use of the words of an eminent citizen, published lately in one of our newspapers.

When I see a young fellow just set up in trade, with his footman, his brace of geldings, his country house and his mistress, or taking a tour round the town, in order to come more secretly into the neighbourhood

neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden*, a constant attendant on play-houses, and a critic on plays and players, a beau in his drefs, and a blockhead in his intellects, loitering away the day in coffee-houses, and the evening in *St. James's-Street* or in taverns; I may be allowed to conclude that his mind is run away from his business, and, in return, that his trade is playing truant with him. Those who so conduct themselves are surely much to blame; but perhaps not more than the incautious merchant who trusts them. Next to this, tho' not equally criminal, is the vanity of trading deep, before their heads are well settled for trading at all. A man in this case may attend to his business with all imaginable care and anxiety; yet ruin himself, and injure all concerned with him. This wrong turn of mind springs from an idle desire of growing rich in a hurry (for I will not presume a worse motive for its source) imagining, I suppose, that all happiness centers in wealth; and such men will hardly believe, that it is better to be rich at fifty years of age than at thirty. The notion of growing rich in haste, has thrown trade under most of the inconveniences wherewith it now labours, by creating a kind of random credit, under-selling, ill finished commodities, &c. But this is one of the phantoms that flies the over-arduous pursuer, and makes him embrace a cloud for

for *Juno*. Our most experienced traders rarely grow rich on a sudden. They generally find much wealth, fairly acquired, and old age come together; which they who have more spirit, and less judgment, commonly attain to in rags and beggary.

ANECDOTES

OF THE

BULLEN FAMILY.

SIR William Bullen of Norfolk, son and heir of Sir Geoffrey Bullen, lord mayor of London, and Ann, eldest daughter and coheirefs to Thomas, lord Hoo and Hastings, marrying Margaret, eldest daughter and coheirefs of the Ormond family, New-hall, in Essex, came to him in right of this amiable lady, the lively picture of her mother. His son and heir, Thomas Bullen, succeeded to this lordship; he married lady Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk. His daughter Ann was bred and born at New-hall; with an early desire of knowledge—a mind susceptible of all improvements in polite literature, and an exquisite taste for the fine arts

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--she had a most elegant figure, the most endearing and graceful manners, and a charming vivacity. She received an education adapted to her genius and disposition, and before she attained the fourteenth year of her age, she spoke fluently French, Latin and Italian, and understood Greek—was well versed in history—became a great proficient in music and painting, and danced to admiration. The court of Francis I. who had transplanted the arts from Italy, was then in the dawn of splendor, politeness and gallantry. Ann Bullen had accompanied her father there in the retinue of the princess Mary of England. After the death of that monarch, Ann Bullen was prevailed on, by the duchess of Alencon, the king's sister, to remain in France on the footing of her *Dametatour* and companion. She imbibed from that princess the new opinions of Luther, and having declined at the French court several honourable matches, she returned to England, at her father's earnest desire, in the year 1527. She spent all the summer at New-Hall, and the next winter she made her appearance at court, envied, censured, and imitated by all the young ladies of taste and fashion. As she was the daughter of a gentleman of distinction, though not of the nobility, she was appointed maid of honour to the queen; her beauty surpassed what had hitherto appeared at this voluptuous

tuous court ; her features were regular, mild, and attractive ; her stature elegant, though below the middle size, while her wit and vivacity even exceeded the allurements of her person. The king, who never restrained one passion which he desired to gratify, saw and loved her ; but after several efforts to induce her to comply with his criminal passion he found that without marriage he could have no hope of succeeding. The king was faithless, and the queen disagreeable, and this was the real motive of his divorce.—The queen made Havering, in Essex, her summer residence, in the year 1620. There she gave a royal banquet to Messieurs de Montmorency, de Monpesac, de Moy, and de Morat, the four French hostages for the restitution of Tournay, in case the conditions stipulated should not be performed. The King treated both them and the Queen, with his Sister Mary, Queen Dowager of France, then comfort to the Duke of Suffolk, at his manor of Newhall, which he had lately got by exchange from Sir Thomas Bullen: after a sumptuous repast, he entertained them with a grotesque masquerade, exhibited by the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Essex, the Lord Abergavenny, Sir Richard Weston, & Sir William Kingston, the youngest of whom was at least fifty years of age, that the ladies might see what power beauty had

to make old men young again. He kept the feast of St. George there with great solemnity, in 1524.

In the year 1529, Henry went privately to New-hall in autumn, and sent for Sir Thomas Bullen, to whom he declared his passion for his daughter, and his fixed resolution to marry her; pretending that his conscience rebuked him, for having so long lived in incest with his present queen, formerly his brother's wife. Sir Thomas replied to the King, " I wish this match may prove as happy as it will be honourable to my family."

Ann Bullen came afterwards to New-hall to meet her father; Henry no longer appeared in the character of the intended seducer of her innocence, but as the admirer and protector of her virtue. She was conspicuous for her elegance and precision in the epistolary stile. In a letter dated at New-hall the 26th of December, of the same year after her father had been created earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and appointed lord privy seal, she wrote the following lines:

" If your grace exults in the conquest of modesty and virtue, it is not the monarch, but the man I love and honour. Though born in a private station, and raised far beyond my aspiring thoughts and my desert, within the dazzling prospect

pest of a crown, I should be wretched in the summit of honours, was your affection for me ever to change or diminish. I hope you will find always the woman you chuse for your comfort and think like a queen. New-hall has lost all its charms since you left it.

Yours for ever,
Ann Bullen."

She was created marchioness of Pembroke, and accompanied the king in his interview with Francis I. at Boulogne. Henry was privately married to her after his return, two months before his marriage with Catherine was dissolved, and though her prudence and her virtue demanded esteem in the former parts of her conduct, yet she forgot at New-hall the ties of each, and gave a loose to her triumph. She enjoyed little more than three years her glory and prosperity, during which she frequently visited New-hall, most commonly with the king.

The queen gave there a magnificent feast and a splendid ball, after the birth of her daughter Elizabeth; and her deportment on this occasion was too frank and too unguarded to screen her from the imputation of levity and indiscretion. Henry began to be cloyed with possession, after she was delivered of a dead male child, to the unspeakable disappointment

disappointment of the king ; indeed, the only desire he ever had for her, was that brutal appetite which enjoyment soon destroys.

He was about this time captivated by the beauty of Jane Seymour, a maid of honour to the queen. When the queen's enemies perceived the king's disgust, they soon gave him an opportunity to gratify his inclinations, by accusing her of sundry intrigues with her domestics, and incest with lord Rochfort, her own brother. She, who had been once the envied object of royal favour, was now going to give a new instance of the capriciousness of fortune! She had distributed in the last year of her life not less than fifteen thousand pounds among the poor, and was at once their protector and darling. She was beheaded on the 19th of May, behaving with the utmost decency and resolution, and seemed to be guilty of no other crime but that of having survived the king's affections, and by chearful disposition disgusting the gloomy tyrant.—The very day after her execution, he married Jane Seymour.

A

Mistress and a Wife compared.

AS I have a just honour for the truly rational and virtuous state of matrimony, which to consider it merely as a political institution, I look upon as the best scheme for morals, posterity, and mutual happiness, that could be possibly contrived; I shall in this paper, by way of comparison between a married and a libertine life, shew the advantages that a mistress has over a wife: not, however, with the least design of giving the preference to the former, but by way of assisting the latter to frame certain rules for her own safe conduct, through this state of trial and probation.

Men have been often said to be more fond, and more under the influence of mistresses, than of wives; in general, I believe this observation is true, and for the following reasons.

Men are apt to flatter themselves that women seldom sacrifice their chastity, except to love alone, and so become the fond dupes of their too credulous vanity.

The lover's stay is short, he leaves his mistress with a regret which urges a quick return. Their whole time is passed in meeting and parting intervals,

vals, the tenderest moments of a lover's life. She fond, and he grateful, mutually conferring and returning obligations, the strongest cements of endearing affections. No joint property, or common interest between them, from whence domestic strife too often arises. The part a mistress has to act, is short; so that less merit and address may enable her to perform with applause.

The mistress exhibits herself only to the stage, the wife is seen in the green room. She adjusts her dress, looks, and behaviour, for the appointed hour. A watch may go very well for an evening, that might lose time in the whole day. A mistress lessens her power, as she approaches to a wife. A person once told me that he had quitted one, whom he was then fond of, because she had become so interfering and domineering, that he began to find no difference between her and a wife, *except the sin of fornication.*

In short, the œconomy of matrimony, on the wife's part, should be to imitate the manners of a mistress, in order to preserve her empire. A friend of mine, speaking to me one day about his wife, assured me that she was so much unlike one, in every particular, save modesty and frugality, that if a law should happen to be framed to abolish marriage, he would court her again as a mistress.

On

On the other hand, husbands should be also careful to keep up a spirit of gallantry towards their wives, in order to preserve, on both sides, those elegant bands of union, politeness, and fond sensations. They should avoid that careless and slovenly air, into which men are apt to degenerate after marriage. They should even dress for them with as much attention, as when they were lovers; for chastity is no preservative against disgust; and though virtue alone may insure the fidelity of a wife, the husband's merits alone can retain her affections. How dull, how indelicate an obligation is mere duty?—But when duty and affection are united, the marriage-knot, like the double ties in music, gives a brisker spirit to the concert.

The ancient Romans had such refined sentiments with regard to this point, that they prohibited the donations of estates between man and wife, in order to prevent their being influenced by less free or generous principles than mutual tenderness and the sympathy of hearts.

Surely a wife is an object worthy of *les petits soins*, the most trifling attentions, as well as of the greater conjugal duties, and it is by these lesser assiduities, and constant attentions, and small offices, tho' unimportant in themselves, that a sincere passion discovers itself, more than by the
X highest

highest acts of liberality and kindness: for love, distinct from every other passion, shews itself more in trifles, than in things of consequence.

When ever a married pair begin to betray an indifference towards these smaller cares, we may venture to pronounce that their attachment will not be of a long duration: this delicate sentiment, like chastity, is totally forfeited by the first slip: injured in the most distant part, like Achilles, wounded in the heel, it languishes—it expires.

The social commerce of friendship far excels all other sublunary connections, the conjugal one only excepted: which like the union of soul and body, is a mutual solace, an interchangeable support in this life; and like that mystic context, also, a just deportment therein affords, moreover the surest earnest, and most enlivening hope of happiness hereafter.

ANECDOTE

O F

Tom King the Comedian.

SOME time since, Tom King (the comedian), one of Thalia's greatest favourites, but whose cause the blind Goddess had never till now espoused

espoused, meeting with a certain sporting gentleman under the piazza in Covent-garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern, to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom soon lost his first stake, and with much resignation, eat his supper and drank his bottle. His adversary, however, after supper, proposed to him a second main, which Tom at first refused engaging in, saying, He had not, he believed, money enough about him to answer the bet; but this was over-ruled, by his adversary. His word was sufficient for a hundred times the sum. They renewed the party, and, in a few hours, Tom won two thousand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife, who, by the bye, was a very good one, had sat up all night, as usual, after having sent every where in search of him, without being able to gain any tidings. When he returned from his lucky vigil, her enquiries were naturally very pressing to know where he had been, and what had kept him out so long; to all which he made no answer, but by very peremptorily saying, 'Bring me a bible!'—“A bible!” she re-echoed with some ejaculation; “I hope you have not poisoned yourself?” ‘Bring me a bible,’ continued Tom. “I suppose you've lost some great sum; but never mind, we can work for more.”—‘Bring me a bible, I say,’ still uttered the impatient Tom. “Good

Lord ! what can be the matter ?" says Mrs. King ;
 " I don't believe there's such a thing in the house,
 without it be in the maid's room." Thither she
 went, and found part of one without a cover,
 when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his
 knees, and made a most fervent oath never to
 touch a die or card again ; and she all the while
 endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which she
 considered this as the effusion, owing to some
 considerable loss. When he had finished and
 rose up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in
 bank notes upon the table, saying, ' There, my
 dear, there's fourteen hundred pounds I've won
 to night, and I shall receive a thousand more
 by to-morrow noon ; and I'll be d——d if I ever
 risk a guinea of it again.'

THE VIRTUOSO,

OR,

FILIAL TENDERNESS.

DR. Coral was educated in the study of physic,
 and took his degree in that science ; but ha-
 ving a greater passion for what is curious, than for
 what is useful, he degenerated from a physician in-
 to a virtuoso. The country, in which he settled,
 soon

soon observed that the Doctor was more disposed to examine the veins of the earth, than to feel the pulse of a patient: His practice of course declined; but he was happily enabled to live without the aid of his profession, by the affluent fortune of his wife. She was a lady of a mild and engaging character, but of a delicate constitution, and, dying in child bed, left him an only daughter, whom he called Theodora. The Doctor was by no means a man of warm passions, and never entertained an idea of marrying again; though a female fossilist once endeavoured to work upon his foible, and to entice him into second nuptials, by an artful hint, that an union of their two cabinets would enhance the value of both. Indeed, he had little or no occasion for conjugal assistance; for, being himself a most active spirit he not only discharged those common offices of life, which belong to the master of a family but, was able and willing to direct or execute all the minuter domestic business, which is generally considered within the female department. His activity, though, from the want of an enlarged understanding, it wasted itself on trifles, supported the cheerfulness of his temper. He was, indeed, frequently officious, but always benevolent. Though he had ceased to practise physic at the summons of the wealthy, he was eager, at all times, to afford every kind of relief to the

the sufferings of the poor. He was gentle and indulgent to his servants, and as fond of his little daughter as a virtuoso can be of any living and ordinary production of nature. Theodora discovered, in her childhood, a very intelligent spirit, with peculiar sweetness of temper. As she grew up, she displayed a striking talent for the pencil, and particularly endeared herself to her father, by surprising him with a very accurate and spirited delineation of three of the most precious articles in his cabinet; a compliment which so warmed the heart of the delighted old naturalist, that he declared he would give her five thousand pounds on the day of her marriage. No one doubted his ability to fulfil such a promise; for though he had squandered considerable sums on many useless baubles, he was, in all common articles of expence, so excellent a manager, that, instead of injuring, he had increased his fortune; and from this circumstance he was generally believed to be much richer than he really was. Theodora had now reached the age of nineteen, and, though not a beauty, she had an elegant person, and a countenance peculiarly expressive of sensible good-nature. Her heart was so very affectionate, that it not only led her to love her father most tenderly, but even to look upon his whimsical hobby-horse with a partial veneration. This singularity of sentiment

timent contributed very much to their mutual happiness and rendered our gentle and ingenious damsel not so eager to escape from the custody of a fanciful old father, as young ladies of fashion very frequently appear: Yet, happy as she was, Theodora admitted the visits of a lover, who had the address to ingratiate himself with Dr. Coral. This lover was a Mr. Blandford, a young man of acute understanding and polished manners, settled in London as a banker, and supposed to be wealthy. He had been introduced to Miss Coral at an assembly, and soon afterwards solicited the honour of her hand for life.

The doctor, who was remarkably frank in all pecuniary affairs, very candidly told the young gentleman, what he intended for his daughter, declaring, at the same time, that he left her entirely at her own disposal; but, either from the favourable opinion he entertained himself of Mr. Blandford, or perhaps from some expressions of approbation which had fallen from his daughter, the doctor was very firm in his belief, that the match would take place; and, being alert in all his transactions, he actually prepared his five thousand pounds for the bridegroom, before there was any immediate prospect of a wedding. Theodora was certainly prejudiced in favour of Mr. Blandford

Blandford; yet, whether she really felt a reluctance to forsake her indulgent father, or whether she considered it as dangerous to accept a husband on so short an acquaintance, she had hitherto given no other answer to his addresses, but that she thought herself too young to marry.

Blandford considered this reply as nothing more than a modest preliminary to a full surrender of her person, and continued his siege with increasing assiduity. In this very critical state of affairs, Dr. Coral was summoned to a distance by a letter from a friend, who announced to him the death of a brother virtuoso, with a hint that the Doctor might enrich himself by the purchase of a very choice collection of the most valuable rarities, which, if he was quick enough in his application, he might possibly obtain by a private contract. For this purpose, his correspondent had inclosed to him a letter of recommendation to the executors of the deceased collector.

This was a temptation that Dr. Coral could not resist. Without waiting for the return of his daughter, who was abroad on an evening visit, he threw himself into a post chaise, and travelled all night, to reach the mansion of his departed brother in the course of the following day. He was received very cordially by a relation of the deceased,

ceased, and surveyed with avidity and admiration innumerable curiosities, of which he panted to become the possessor. But as the collection was very various and extensive, the Doctor began to tremble at the idea of the sum, which the proprietors would unquestionably demand for so peerless a treasure. The delight, with which his whole frame was animated in surveying it, sufficiently proved that he had a high sense of its value, and precluded him from the use of that profound and ingenious art, so honourably practised by the most intelligent persons in every rank of life, I mean the art of vilifying the object which they design to purchase. Dr. Coral, after commending most of the prime articles with a generous admiration, demanded, with that degree of hesitation which anxiety produces, if any price had been settled for the whole collection. The gentleman, who attended him, enlarged on the great trouble and expence with which his departed relation had amassed this invaluable treasure, and concluded a very elaborate harangue in its praise, by informing the Doctor, that he might become the happy master of the whole on the immediate payment of three thousand five hundred pounds. The Doctor was more encouraged than dismayed by the mention of this sum; for, in the first place, the price was really moderate; and, secondly, he

had the comfortable knowledge, that he had the power of instantly securing to himself these manifold sources of delight. But the comfort arising from this assurance was immediately destroyed by the reflection, that all his ready money was devoted to the approaching marriage of his daughter; and his parental affection combating, with some little success, against his passion for curiosities, the good Doctor had almost resolved to relinquish all ideas of the purchase. Unluckily, he took a second survey of the choicest rarities, and met with an article which had been accidentally mislaid, and overlooked in his first view of the collection—perhaps its present effect upon him was the greater from this casual delay; certain it is, that this additional rarity fell with an amazing force on the wavering balance of his mind; it entirely overset his prudential affectionate resolution, and, hastily seizing a pen, which lay ready in a massive ink-stand of a curious and antique form, he instantly wrote a draught upon his banker for the three thousand five hundred pounds.

At this passage of my little work, I foresee that many an honest spinster, who may be reading it to her companions, will pause for a moment, and express an eager desire to know what this wonderful rarity could be. When I inform her it was a
very

very little box, containing the uneatable product of a tree, she may, perhaps, imagine it a pip of the very apple which tempted our inconsiderate grandmother:—Eve, indeed, may be said to have instituted the order of virtuoso, being the first of the many persons on record, who have ruined themselves and their families by a passion for rarities.

But to return to her legitimate descendant, the curious Dr. Coral. This gentleman considered, that if he neglected the present opportunity, he might never again be able to acquire the very scarce and marvellous production of nature, which he had long thirsted to possess, and which now stood before him,

Not to tease my fair readers with any longer suspense, I will directly tell them, the above-mentioned little box contained a vegetable poison, collected, with extreme hazard of life, from the celebrated upas-tree, in the island of Java. A Dutch surgeon had received this inestimable treasure from the sultan of Java himself, as a part of his reward for having preserved the life of a favourite beauty in the royal seraglio; and the surgeon, on his return to Europe, had gratefully presented it to the deceased virtuoso, who had been the generous patron of his youth.

Dr. Coral was inflamed with the keenest desire of beginning various experiments with this rarest of poisons, without suspecting that it might deprive his daughter of a husband; taking, therefore, this inestimable little box, with a few more of the most precious and portable articles in his new acquisition, and giving the necessary directions concerning some weighty cabinets of medals, and other more bulky rarities, he re-entered his post chaise with that triumphant festivity of mind, which can be conceived only by a successful collector.

As the Doctor delighted almost as much in the idea of buying a bargain, as in the possession of a rarity, he amused himself in his journey home, with various projects for the disposal of his ample treasure.

It was his plan, to select the articles which he particularly prized, and, by a judicious sale of the remainder, to regain almost the whole sum that he had so rapidly expended. Possessing a high opinion of his own judgment in affairs of this nature, he pleased himself with the apparent facility of his design, and, under the lively influence of these agreeable thoughts, he arrived at his own door. The affectionate Theodora flew with peculiar eagerness to receive him, having suffered no little anxiety

ety from his extraordinary absence. The sprightliness of his appearance soon relieved her from all her solicitude, and they entered the parlour very gaily together, where Theodora had just been making tea for a female relation, and the assiduous Mr. Blandford. The Doctor, like most people of a busy turn, had a particular pleasure in talking of whatever he did, as he never meant to do any thing that a man ought to blush for; and he now began to entertain his company with an account of his adventures: he enlarged with rapture on his purchase, intimating that it had cost a very large sum, and not mentioning his undigested scheme of re-paying himself.

Observing, however, that his narration produced a very striking and gloomy change in the countenance of Mr. Blandford, he withdrew with that gentleman into his study, and very candidly told him, that this recent and expensive transaction should make no material difference in the fortune of his daughter: He explained his intention of regaining the money by a partial sale of the collection, and added, that as this mode of replacing the sum expended might not be very expeditious, he should more than compensate for the deficiency by a bond for four thousand pounds, with full interest, and strict punctuality of payment.

Mr.

Mr. Blandford happened to be one of those adventurous gentlemen, who, as they tremble on the verge of bankruptcy, ingeniously disguise the shudderings of real fear under artful palpitations of pretended love, and endeavour to save themselves from falling down a tremendous precipice, by hastily catching at the hand of the first wealthy and benevolent virgin or widow, whom they suppose within their reach: He was a great projector in the management of ready money, and had raised many splendid visions on the expected fortune of Miss Coral; but the little box of poison, which the Doctor had brought home, converted his daughter, in the eyes of Mr. Blandford, into a second Pandora; and as that gentleman had all the Prometheus, he resolved, like the cautious son of Japetus, to have no connection with the lady offered to him as a bride, because he foresaw the evils included in her dower.

Mr. Blandford, on this occasion, thought proper to imitate the policy of those, who try to conceal a base purpose of their own, by accusing another person of baseness: He upbraided Dr. Coral for having shamefully disappointed his very just expectations, and, taking the subject in that key, he pursued it through all the note of high and artificial passion; which produced a superior burst of louder and more natural anger from the honest insulted virtuoso.

Poor

Poor Theodora, in passing the door of the study, heard the voice of her father so unusually violent that, from a sudden impulse of affectionate apprehension, she entered the room, where the two gentlemen were engaged in the most angry altercation. Mr. Blandford seized the opportunity of bidding his mistress an eternal adieu. While she stood motionless with surprise, he made his final bow with a sarcastic politeness, rushed eagerly out of the house, and decamped the very next day from the town, which contained the lovely object of his transient adoration.

The approach or miscarriage of an expected wedding is a favorite subject of general conversation in every country town, and the disunion of Mr. Blandford and Miss Coral was very amply discussed. The separated young pair were universally pitied, and the whole weight of popular reproach fell immediately on the head of the unfortunate naturalist. As he was a man, who, from the peculiarity of his pursuits, withdrew himself from cards and common company, the little parties of the town most eagerly seized an opportunity of attacking his character: As a humorist, he was ridiculed, perhaps, with some justice; as a man of unrivalled benevolence and active charity, he was the object of much secret envy and malice, and of course

course was very unjustly vilified. The good people, who arraigned him on the present occasion, did not scruple to represent him, even to his daughter, as an unnatural monster, who had sacrificed for a cockleshell the happiness of his child. Nor was the little box of gum from the upas-tree omitted in these charitable remarks.

One lady of peculiar spirit asserted, that if their father had robbed her of so handsome a husband, for the sake of purchasing such a rarity, she might have been tempted to anticipate the old gentleman in his experiments on the poison, by secretly preparing the first dose of it for himself. Happily for Theodora, she had such a gentleness and purity of heart, that every attempt to inflame her against her father served only to increase her filial affection. She reproved, with a becoming spirit, all those who insulted her by malignant observations on his conduct; and perceiving that he was deeply vexed by the late occurrences, and the comments of the neighbourhood upon them, she exerted all her powers, in the most endearing manner, to dissipate his vexation. "It is true," she said, as they were talking over the recent transaction; "it is true, that I began to feel a partial regard for Mr. Blandford; but his illiberal behaviour has so totally altered my idea of his character, that I consider the circumstances which divided us as the most fortunatea

nate event of my life. I have escaped from impending misery, instead of losing a happy establishment; and I have only to be thankful for this protection of Providence, if it pleases Heaven to continue to me the power which I have hitherto possessed, of promoting the happiness of my father."

As she uttered this judicious and tender sentiment, a few starting tears appeared in evidence of its truth; they melted the good Doctor, and converted all his chagrin into affectionate pride and delight. The justice of Theodora's observation was soon afterwards confirmed in a very striking manner, by the fate of Mr. Blandford, who plunging into all the hazardous iniquity of Change-alley, became at last a bankrupt, and, with such fraudulent appearances against him, that the compassion, which his misfortune might have inspired, was lost in the abhorrence of his treachery. Dr. Coral, who, by studying the inanimate wonders of the creation, had increased the natural piety of his mind, was now most devoutly thankful to Heaven for the escape of his child. The tender Theodora was still more confirmed in her partial attachment to the house of her father; she took a kind and sympathetic pleasure in assisting his fanciful pursuits; she persuaded him to retain every article in

his new purchase, which she observed him to contemplate with particular delight; she gave an air of uncommon elegance to the arrangement of all the curiosities which he determined to keep; and, by an incessant attention to the peace and pleasure of her father's life, most effectually established the felicity of her own. Their comfort and their amusements being founded on the purest and most permanent of human affections, have continued, without diminution, through several succeeding years. I should fill many pages in recording the several ingenious works and devices, by which Theodora has contrived to amuse herself, and to delight her father; let it suffice to say, that, being always engaged in occupations of benevolent ingenuity, she is never uneasy; and she has grown imperceptibly into an old maid, without entertaining a wish for the more honourable title of a wife. Her mild and gentle parent has secured himself from all the irksome infirmities of age, by long habits of temperance, exercise, and, what is perhaps still more salutary, universal benevolence: He is still in possession of all his faculties, at the age of eighty-seven; and, if he has not the satisfaction of seeing a numerous group of descendants, he beholds, however, with infinite delight, one virtuous and happy daughter, most tenderly
attached

attached to him, and wishing for no higher enjoyment than what arises from their reciprocal affection.

ANECDOTE

O F

Mrs. BELLAMY.

A NOBLEMAN who had a horse to run for the plate at York races, was at her house for some days. As his lordship was entitled by his rank to the seat of honour, he of course, during dinner time, sat at her right hand: But she could not help observing, that his eye was constantly and steadily fixed upon her. She took little notice of it at first, thinking it was occasioned by the attractive power of her charms, and that good manners would in time induce his lordship to behave with more decorum. Seeing, however, that her face was still the chief object to which his eye was directed, she grew much disconcerted and abashed. But having, at length recovered from the little prudery she had contracted in Ireland, she complained to Mr. Metham of the rudeness of his friend. He could not avoid smiling while she

made her complaint; and as a perfect acquittal of his lordship from any design to offend her, he informed her, that the eye which had been always so steadily fixed upon her, and excited her alarms, was only an innocent *glass eye*, and therefore could not convey any improper information, as it was immoveable all day, and rested at night very quietly upon the table. Her vanity received a check by the incident, and she joined in the laugh which it had occasioned.

FILIAL AFFECTION rewarded,

A MORAL TALE.

SOME of the closest enquirers into the behaviour between parents and children, have asserted, that the love of the first for the last is stronger than the affection of the latter for the former. They seem willing enough, indeed, to own that a more striking appearance of regard will now and then appear on the part of the child; but a thousand instances of this kind, they say, are not sufficient to destroy the justness of their general position. How pleasing, how delightful is it to behold a family-piece, in which it is hardly possible to say on which side the scale of affection preponderates!

In

In the happy house of Mons. de Mornay, a respectable and opulent merchant, in one of the richest provinces of France, it was no easy matter to tell whether *he* loved his children, or his children *him* best, such an equality of affection appeared in their deportment to each other. The harmony which subsisted among them all, distinguished them in such a manner, that they were rarely mentioned without being envied, as well as admired for their domestic happiness.

Upon the loss of a very amiable wife by the rapid progress of a putrid fever, which soon after carried off one of his daughters, also Mons. de Mornay, whose sensibility, on many occasions, was too acute for his peace would have, perhaps, sunk under the weight of his paternal and conjugal affection, had not the tender assiduities, and unwearied efforts of his remaining child, his excellent Adelaide, to administer consolation to him, prevented it from plunging him into an immovable melancholy. Fortunately her assiduities were rewarded, her efforts were successful; and she had the satisfaction to see her father in a condition to attend to his commercial affairs, properly resigned to the dispensations of providence, and receiving new pleasure from every attempt she made to render the remainder of his life comfortable. However,

ever, though he so far got the better of his dejection, as to be able to attend to the business of his counting-house, he began, in a short time, to be so much fatigued with his increasing commissions, that he determined to look out for a partner, that he might, by making temporary retreats to more rural scenes, return to his native city with recruited spirits.

Very soon after he had formed this resolution, he met with a young man brought up to his branch of commerce, but unable to set up for himself for want of a suitable capital, and of so promising a disposition, with an unblemished character, that he entered into a partnership with him, and took him into his house.

Riveau was, indeed, a youth of a very promising turn, he was active and diligent, a master of his business, and strictly attentive to it, averse to those pleasures commonly pursued by the young with more eagerness than discretion, and addicted to no vice—every body, therefore, applauded Mons. de Mornay for his choice, thinking that he could not have pitched upon a more proper man to enable him to enjoy his declining years, by a vigorous discharge of those duties from a strict attention to which he had derived so many substantial advantages.

Riveau

Riveau being a young fellow with an insinuating address, soon made himself so agreeable as well as useful to his worthy associate, that he could not help feeling something like a parental regard for him. By the softness of his manners, and the most artful exertion of his companionable talent, he strove to make an impression upon Adelaide's tender heart in his favour; he could not however, gain his point. She was thoroughly sensible of his merit, she had no dislike to his person, and she was greatly pleased with his conversation, but the man for her had not yet fallen in her way: she, therefore, could only behave to him (in return for the particular pains which he took to recommend himself to her) with a respectful politeness. This kind of behaviour gave him no room to find fault with it, but it was exceedingly mortifying to him, as he had, with too much presumption, supposed that his powers of captivation were sufficient to ensure him success whenever he thought fit to make a full display of them. His vanity was affronted, his pride was piqued, and his resentment, at last, grew to such a height, that he was barely civil to her. Yet though he was disappointed by her forbidding carriage to him, and though he resented it, he was not deterred by it from soliciting her father's consent to his marrying her: adding, with all the energy of a youthful

ful lover, "I cannot live a moment without her."

Mons. de Mornay, really imagining from the uniform propriety of Riveau's behaviour, that he would prove an exemplary husband to his Adelaide, very readily complied with his request, but at the same time added, that he should never think of disposing of his daughter in marriage without her consent. "I will acquaint her," continued he, with your wishes on her account, and if she approves of you for a husband, I shall have no objection."

No father in the world could have behaved with more consideration upon such an occasion; but Riveau was not quite satisfied with his concluding expressions. Having still, however, some hopes that the coolness which he had observed in Adelaide's behaviour to him, might have arisen from a delicate reserve, and not from any aversion to him, he thanked Mons. de Mornay in grateful terms for his approbation, and retired not absolutely in despair, though in a state of the most disagreeable suspense.

The considerate father went immediately to his amiable daughter, and informed her of what had passed, relating to her, between him and Riveau.

Adelaide,

Adelaide, who had always been accustomed to converse with her father as with her sincerest friend, as a man to whom she might disclose each secret of her heart with the utmost security, felt not the least inclination to make any concealments from him upon this very interesting occasion: she, therefore, with all her usual frankness, told him, after having repeatedly thanked him for his goodness in consulting her inclination, before he disposed of her hand, that she wished not to change her situation, that she was uncommonly happy in being under the protection of so indulgent a parent, and that she did not believe she could be happier in any other state.

Clasping her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, Mons. de Mornay assured his dutiful and affectionate daughter, that he should be ever ready to promote her happiness in any shape; and that if she had the smallest objection to an alliance with Riveau, he would not open his lips about it to her again.

Adelaide declared she had no particular aversion to him—touched with her father's kindness, she could not proceed—she paused.

Perhaps, replied Mons. de Mornay looking tenderly at her, another man has gained your affections:

affections: be frank, and tell me; and if no reasonable exception can be made to him, I will do all in my power to facilitate an union between you.

This speech produced fresh acknowledgments; after the delivery of which, Adelaide re-assured her father, that she wished to remain in the situation she was; adding, that she had not yet met with any man sufficiently attractive to make her desirous of being united to him; and that she had not the least inclination to risque the loss of the felicity which she enjoyed as a daughter, by appearing in the character of a wife.

When she had thus spoken, she left the room to superintend the domestic affairs in her apartment; and left her father more fondly attached to her, if possible, than ever.—How much are characters like these to be admired! what patterns are they for imitation!

Riveau though he had not been romantically in love with Adelaide, and though he was not rejected upon any other man's account, was considerably chagrined by the decisive answer which her father brought from her relating to him. Like a man who had a very high opinion of his own personal attractions, he was extremely vexed at her refusing

refusing to marry him: but like a man of spirit, he took an infinite deal of pains to conceal the vexations he felt. Actuated chiefly by interested motives, to fix himself in the de Mornay family by a marriage into it, the same motives urged him to look out for an alliance which might be equally advantageous, considered in a lucrative light.

Riveau was a very sensible young fellow, and his knowledge, practical as well as theoretical, concerning commerce, was extensive; but he was little acquainted with the traders (not always fair ones) in the female world. With too little knowledge of that world, and too much presumption with regard to his captivating powers, he became the dupe of one of the most artful women that ever lived.

The arrival of a lady at the city in which he resided who made a brilliant appearance, though she was not a phænomena, as there were several women of fortune in it, occasioned a no small commotion among those men who had any thoughts of improving their circumstances in the matrimonial way.

Mademoiselle Nivonne had past the prime of life, and was far from being handsome, but she had, notwithstanding an alluring countenance and

the graces which played about her mouth, whenever she opened her lips, were uncommonly seductive. Seducing, however, as she was with her dimples and her smiles, and winning as she was in her manners, her followers were chiefly those whose eyes were dazzled with the lustre of her fortune. To that their adoration was really paid, though they pretended to idolize her person, understanding, &c. and had recourse to the most refined flattery in order to recommend themselves to her favour. Had she been a weak woman, and actually possessed of a large fortune, she might, indeed, have given her professing admirers credit for every compliment she received from them, though ever so extravagant; but as she was a very knowing woman, with strong intellects, and had no foundation for the support of the figure she made, she thoroughly understood the precise value of every encomium addressed to her face or to her mind, and played her cards like a mistress of the game she had in view. She was, in two words, a Female Adventurer.

With this lady Riveau had, to his great satisfaction an interview much sooner than he expected, by the address of one of his servants, in conjunction with one of her domestics, and found her, to his increased satisfaction, after every conversation, still more favourable to his warmest wishes.

When

When he had enjoyed several encouraging conversations with his rich incognita (as he really thought her) he ventured (availing himself of what seemed to him a broad hint) to declare his passion for her in the tenderest terms.

Scarce, however, had he made his declaration, when he repented of his precipitance; for the lady, immediately drawing up, not a little disconcerted him, by asking him, sternly, what pretensions he had to a woman of her fortune, naming the sum.

Surprized at the sum she mentioned, far superior to his expectations, he was abashed; casting his eyes down upon the carpet, he humbled himself before her, and made the best apology he could think of, for having dared to aspire to an alliance with her.

To his still greater, but more agreeable surprise, she then, softening her features and her face, told him that she was perfectly satisfied with his apologies; adding, that she was prejudiced enough in his favour, to put herself, and all she had in the world, into his possession, whenever he was ready to accept of her person and fortune.

Delighted now, as much as he had been before disconcerted,

disconcerted, the sudden elevation of his spirits threw him into so rapturous a state, that the lady could not help gently correcting him for the intemperance of his transports; her corrections served only to make him still more enamoured with her, and to encrease the intoxication of his mind. To call such a woman, with a fortune of which a Fermier-general need not be ashamed, his own, was in his opinion, to be supremely blest.

When the day for his marriage with Mademoiselle Nivonne arrived, Riveau rose from the bed of celibacy with uncommon alacrity, and dressed himself to the greatest advantage. The bride, on her side having been very studious to appear in the most agreeable light, attracted all eyes in her approaches to the altar of Hymen. Every thing she wore was put on in so becoming a manner, and so much elegance, so much taste was conspicuous in every part of her drapery, that her whole figure gave pleasure to the mere gazers at a nuptial procession, and to the most celebrated connoisseurs: even they owned that they had never seen a woman more becomingly, more characteristically dressed. Riveau, highly flattered by the encomiums which flew about in whispers, concerning his bride, walked by her side to the priest in waiting, with additional spirit.

His

His feelings were too exquisite for description.

How short is the continuance of all earthly happiness! This is an exclamation frequently forced from our lips in our passage through this chequered world, and whenever it is forced from us, we should endeavour to arm ourselves against all sub-lunary disappointments: disappointments from which no human creature is free, and to which the greatest personages, as well as the lowest persons, are by the irreverfible decrees of providence exposed. In a month, in a little month after his marriage, Riveau found, that instead of having united himself to a woman with a splendid fortune, he had taken a woman to be his wife, who was not only deeply in debt, but of fo extravagant a disposition, that it was impossible for him to maintain her agreeable to her expensive taste: he had recourse, therefore, to expedients for the support of her grandeur, by which he plunged his partner into a very distressful situation.

From the fury of his creditors he saved himself by flight, leaving Mons. de Mornay to stand the shock of their demands, who, being unable to satisfy them, was thrown into prison.

At the time that Mons. de Mornay was hurried from his own house, to very ineligible apartments
Adelaide

Adelaide was upon a visit with a near relation of her mother's a few miles farther in the country. The moment she heard of her father's confinement, she determined to take every step in her power to release him; but fearful of having her design communicated to his creditors, she with more filial affection than worldly prudence, resolved to undertake the release of him herself, attended only by a faithful servant of her own sex, whose fidelity she had often tried, and by whom she had never been deceived.

Having prepared her father, by the most affectionate letter she had ever written to him, for his intended enlargement, Adelaide proceeded, at a very early hour, one morning (it was a summer one) to that part of the building in which he was lodged, and which she had sufficiently reconnoitred, with her trusty attendant, furnished with a ladder, and ropes to favour his escape.

While she was thus employed, the keeper of the prison, happening to have staid out longer than usual with his social friends, at a celebrated hotel, was, upon his return home, struck at the sight of two females so unexpectedly employed ——— he started.

Adelaide, at the sight of him not only started
but

but fainted. He ran, he flew to prevent her falling, but he was too late. Having soon, however, recovered her, after she had fallen to the ground, with the assistance of her servant, he soon also became acquainted with the cause of her appearance in that place, and at that hour. Charmed with her beauty, doubly charmed with her filial affection, he assured her that he would immediately give her father his liberty, telling her at the same time who he was. On casting his eye up to the window, at which Mons. de Mornay appeared, in order to acquaint him with his intentions, he heard a groan, which made him turn his head towards the place from whence (according to his ears) it issued.—Perceiving the prisoner at the grated window of his cell, who lamented his hard fate in the most doleful tones, he changed his purpose.

Not chusing, as master of the gaol, to be seen by any person in his custody, more than conniving at the escape of another in the same situation, nay actually giving him his freedom, he in another address to the heroic daughter, informed her of his reasons for delaying her father's releasement; but solemnly promised to procure it if possible in four and twenty hours.

Adelaide being extremely well satisfied with Mons. de Marigny's assurances, made him the most

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grateful

grateful acknowledgments, and upon his intreating her to let him see her safe to her own apartments, felt her prejudices in his favour as a man, too strong to permit her to refuse his polite offer.

Mons. de Marigny was as good as his word: he procured the enlargement of Mons. de Mornay (whose creditors behaved in the most generous manner on being acquainted with the uncommon attempt to rescue him) before the next night, and with his cordial consent made Adelaide his wife: an happy wife ; for she ever found in him the most indulgent of husbands.

The marriage of Adelaide with Mons. de Marigny, was attended with a train of pleasing consequences, and her felicity was completed by the bequest of the lady at whose house she heard of her father's distressed condition, which enabled him to act agreeably to his principles, that is, to pay all his debts: it enabled him also, when his creditors were thoroughly satisfied, to spend the remainder of his days, as he wished to spend them, in a peaceful retreat. In that retreat, however, though he was blest with a genteel competency, his happiest hours were those which he enjoyed in the society of his exemplary daughter.

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MEMOIRS OF
LEANDER and ASPASIA,
OR THE
RASH LOVER.

LEANDER, was heir to a considerable fortune in Northamptonshire, and his father had a seat in the senate, where he made a conspicuous figure in defence of the constitution of his country in general, and the rights of his constituents in particular. Biased by no party attachments, uninfluenced by any mercenary views, he acted solely as his conscience dictated, tutored by an upright heart and sound judgment. He did not oppose administration to clog the wheels of government, and oppose ministers merely because they were ministers: when he did not acquiesce in their measures, it was from a conviction that they were erroneous; but he always cheerfully promoted the interest of the common-wealth, and was ever happy to find that the premier (be he whom he might) had pursued such steps as led to the paths of honour and success; and he was constantly the foremost to give his plaudit upon these agreeable occasions.

B b 2

Such

Such was the out-line of good Benvolio's public character, his private one was the counterpart of it, as his tenants (whom he never rack rented) and his friends (whom he always sedulously endeavoured to serve) can testify.

Leander, his son, though he had not yet displayed in public his being a close imitator of Benvolio's bright example, seized every opportunity of testifying, in a more confined circle, the noble sentiments with which his bosom was actuated. Even from his infancy, his friendship was courted by all his school-fellows, and he never gave any one reason to repent the favourable sentiments they had entertained for him.

As he advanced towards maturity, these laudable notions expanded in a breast that was animated to glory. He requested of his father to obtain for him a pair of colours, which intreaty was complied with, though Benvolio could have wished he had confined his pursuits to civil life. However, having yielded to his natural impulse, and his regiment being ordered to America, he went over to that continent and distinguished himself, in the early part of the war, upon many occasions.

The death of his father, and his private affairs calling him home, he obtained leave of absence, and, after a speedy voyage, reached England.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, to avoid an apparent anachronism, we should have mentioned, that Benvolio had, some time before his departure for America, pitched upon a mate for life for his son ; but his heart being already pre-engaged in favour of the lovely Aspasia, he considered his going abroad in the service of his country peculiarly fortunate, as at the same time that it gave him an opportunity of displaying his valour and gaining laurels in his profession of arms, it furnished him with the means of avoiding giving a positive refusal to his father, of accepting the lady of his parent's choice.

The news of his arrival in England no sooner reached Northamptonshire, than Amelia, who waited for nothing with so much impatience as his return, and who flattered herself there would not be the smallest obstacle to their happy union, prepared to meet him on the road, and greet him on his safe arrival.

This intelligence soon got wind, and the charming Aspasia was amongst the foremost of those who heard this mortifying tale ; for she sincerely loved Leander, though she had hitherto concealed her passion, that she might not afford additional triumph to her rival, whom she had too much reason to think would prove successful.

Amelia

Amelia met Leander about half way from the capital, and with raptures went to the apartment of the inn where she learnt he was getting some refreshment; his surprise was very great, at seeing a person who had given him so much uneasiness, and prevented his offering his hand in an honourable way, to Aspasia. Nor could her astonishment be scarcely equalled at the coolness with which he received her, nor her mortification be paralleled, when after the first, common salutations prescribed by civility, he made very earnest and importunate inquiries concerning Aspasia's health, her situation, and particularly if she had disposed of her hand.

Nevertheless, as Amelia had discharged her carriage, and her business was now at an end, it was expedient for her, at all events, to return to Northampton; and she submitted to accept a slight invitation of part of Leander's post chaise. The remainder of the journey was very disagreeable to both parties; as the one was chagrined to the highest degree at the disappointment she had met with, and as his thoughts were solely occupied in contemplating in imagination the charms of the divine Aspasia.

One of his servants being dispatched before to make preparations for his reception at his house, the

the bells were set a ringing, and every one was presently acquainted with the cause. The arrival of Leander and Amelia (though in doleful triumph) did not prevent its being immediately circulated; that they had either been married on the road, or would be so the next day. Aspasia heard the unwelcome tidings and became almost a victim to despair; when lo! the much loved Leander, appeared, and throwing himself at her feet, almost devoured her hand with kisses, at the same time expressing his surprise at seeing her bathed in tears.

She had not power to speak for some time, but at length her pride got the better of her passion, and she upbraided him in the most reproachful terms, with coming to insult her, when he was already married, or betrothed to another.

The bitter accents that fell from her tongue petrified him, and he could scarce collect words to assure her of her mistake. Finding her inexorable, he was driven to rage and despair, and in a fit of phrenzy flew to the adjacent river, and there plunged himself in what he designed a watery grave.

The melancholy tale instantly reached Aspasia, and she flew on the wings of love, to prevent the fatal effects of that madness which she had created. Aspasia arrived at the banks of the flood whilst he
still

still breathed ; the scene shocked her to that degree, as to deprive her of all reason, and she was on the point of devoting her life as an atonement for the error she had committed. However, her attendant prevented her perpetrating the rash deed; and some fishermen coming by, dragged Leander on shore, whilst he had still marks of life remaining.

Every possible means were used to restore him to health, and finding Aspasia had sincerely repented what she had done, and was now convinced of his sincerity, these circumstances tended greatly to promote his recovery.

As soon as this was completed, Aspasia was easily prevailed upon to yield him her hand, and they have now for some time been happily united in wedlock to their mutual satisfaction, as their days roll on in uninterrupted felicity, which will most probably be terminated only with their lives.



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T H E
W H I T E L I E.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE are some moral philosophers so extremely rigid in their notions, with regard to right and wrong, that they will not allow the slightest deviations from truth, upon any account, to be defensible. To utter palpable falsehoods indeed at the instigation of malevolence, is to act in a manner by no means to be defended; but surely there are some occasions when the suppression of truth may be a venial crime; when a white lie (to adopt a fashionable mode of speaking) may be forgiven. However, as the most innocent lies are sometimes productive of consequences little expected by those who deliver them, and bring them into embarrassing, if not dangerous situations, the white liar should not wantonly sport with the characters or situations of his friends and acquaintance; for he may play off a lie with the best design imaginable, and find that design most unhappily defeated.

Dick Grisdale, a young fellow, with an infinite deal of good nature, and with parts rather brilliant than solid, told as many white lies, perhaps, as any

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man

man in England: he was certainly never guilty of black ones, because he did not deliberately intend by any of his lies to destroy the peace, or wound the reputation of a single creature breathing. His intentions were always laudable; but his proceedings, in consequence of them, were not always successful. To bring people whom he knew, and for whom he had a regard, at variance, amicably together, was the principal delight of his life: and in order to bring about a reconciliation, he did not scruple to tell each of them what the other never said. Having frequently succeeded by this species of pardonable falsehood, having never failed indeed of gaining his point, he persevered in his white lying with an increased self-approbation (arising from the consciousness of good intentions) and did not imagine that his manner of lying for the service of friends was in the least censurable, till he found himself involved in a very disagreeable affair by his benevolent officiousness.

Calling one day upon an intimate friend at his chambers for whom he had so great an esteem, that he would have served him at the risk of his life (there are some men still of this heroic disposition) he found him in a way in which he did not at all expect to see him: he found him discontented, and in a very ill humour.

Charles

Charles immediately enquired into the cause of his friend's uneasiness

"Take up that note," replied he, peevishly, and pointing at a table at a little distance from them, "It will fully account for the alteration you see in me."

Charles obeyed, read the note, and expressed his surprise as well as concern at the contents of it. "Some malicious devil," said he, throwing down the paper in a passion, "has been at work here. Your Amelia never would, I am persuaded, have written such a note, had she not been strongly induced, by the misrepresentations of malevolence, to see you in a new light,—in an unfavourable light. Whoever has attempted to lessen you in her eyes, by uttering a single syllable to your disadvantage, merits a severe correction."

Charles spoke these few last words, with such a warmth in his delivery, that his friend felt himself not a little pleased with it, though it was not sufficient to alleviate the pain which Amelia's cutting expressions had inflicted.

This friend of Charles's was a Mr. Morrison, a young student in one of the inns of court, and by his diligence co-operating with a very good capa-

city, promised to make a considerable figure in his profession. He was of a genteel family; but he had more flattering hopes of raising a fortune from his connections than from his relations.

Morrison read the books proper for his perusal; the books relating to jurisprudence with a laudable attention, but he did not pursue his studies with that unremitted perseverance, by which many slaves to Salkeld and Ventris injure their own constitutions, without being in the least serviceable to their country. He judiciously relieved his mind by temporary relaxations, and as those relaxations were not of an enfeebling nature, he returned to his learned volumes with no abatement of his assiduity.

As Morrison was not addicted to any vicious pursuits, he never spent the time which he allotted for amusement with the libertines of his own sex, or with the votaries of licentiousness among the other. Not having a violent passion for any public places, he generally passed his evenings in private families of his acquaintance.

Of all the families he visited upon an intimate footing, the Rowlands were particularly agreeable to him, because they were musical. Mr. Rowland played a good fiddle himself; several of his friends performed

performed very decently on various instruments, and his daughters, with melodious voices, sung with much taste.

It was not probable that Morrison could be intimate in such a family, without feeling a predilection for one of the syrens belonging to it: Amelia, the second daughter, was his favourite, and seemed very well pleased with his preferring her to her sisters, one of whom was soon thrown into a most disquieting situation by the progress which she made in her lover's heart.

Amelia's passion for Morrison was not less ardent for him than his was for her; but she with the greatest discretion prevented its appearing in an improper manner.

As Mr. Rowland had the highest regard for his Amelia's lover, because he was thoroughly acquainted with his intrinsic merit, and as he had sufficient reason to believe that he would, by his parts and patronage, rise to some post of eminence in the law, he rather forwarded than retarded the union of which he was so desirous. When his young friend therefore solicited his consent in form, he returned no discouraging answer: he only desired to withhold his absolute compliance, till he received his father's approbation.

Morrison,

Morrison, fully satisfied with that reply, having no doubt of his father's consent, wrote a dutiful letter without delay, on the subject which engrossed his attention, and waited with impatience for the return of the post.

It was during the conveyance of this letter to Mr. Morrison in the most northern part of England, that his son received the above mentioned note, occasioned by the base manoeuvres of Miss Rowland, who being passionately in love with the man by whom her sister had been distinguished, was furiously jealous, and resolved to do all in her power to supplant her.

Charles, who also visited the Rowland's, eager to serve his injured friend, hurried away, without mentioning his design to Amelia, and as soon as he saw her, told her that she had by her cruel note killed the most deserving man in the world.

Amelia, who by this time had sincerely repented of her rash note (in consequence of a discovery by which her lover was entirely cleared of the charge against him) and having naturally very weak nerves, fell into an hysterical fit.

Charles, the moment he had procured proper assistance for her, returned with precipitation to
his

his friend, and acquainted him with the situation in which he had left the mistress of his heart; encouraged him also to believe, while he alarmed him with this intelligence, that her love for him was excessive, and that his appearance before her would immediately, on her being sensible of it, extinguish all her resentment.

Morrison was very ready to fly to the woman he loved with the warmest affection, and whose unjust, injurious accusation, he sincerely pardoned. He flew to her; but there is no saying how he looked, there is no describing what he felt when he found her in the agonies of death.

OF THE SOUL.

IN REPLY TO MATERIALISTS.

IF mere matter has the power to think and to will, it follows that all portions of matter are absolutely thinking, or else, that it is matter which gives the thought. This is absurd.

The objection of the matter's thinking, with the necessary consequence of introducing the cogitating power into all portions of matter whatsoever, is so strong, that the philosophers, who, without

out being atheists, suppose matter capable of sentiment, have been obliged to elude this difficulty by forming the most ridiculous systems. Some have derived our perceptions from elementary causes, and have considered spirit as essential to matter.

Others have substituted for this spirit, a sensibility much more feeble, than what nature has given to animals the most stupid, and, indeed, the most approximate to dead matter. They call it a kind of dull, blunt feeling, which urged by a restless automaton, seeks out a convenient situation, in the same manner as an animal is disordered in its sleep, while the use of all its faculties are suspended, and tosses about till it finds a posture the most adapted to its repose. But if this is not nonsense, I do not know what is.

When one contemplates the diamond, the rock, a block of marble, and all the properties of matter, dead and inert, one sees plainly how chimerical is this dull and stupid feeling so much insisted on; nor had these systems ever been brought forth, had not their authors found it totally impossible to discover in matter the principles of sensation.

If thought appertains to matter, it must be, either because it is an assemblage and collection, or
that

that it is a property formed out of each substance. The body, as an assemblage and collection, cannot be the subject of thought. Shall we divide thought, between all the substances of which the body is composed? in which case, it cannot possibly be, that she is one indivisible perception. In the second place, we must reject this supposition, when thought is said to be formed out of a certain number of perceptions.

There are many observations to be made against the materialist, upon the subject of dreams.

When we have slept profoundly, we imagine we have ceased to think, because we cannot recollect to have had any dream during the repose. But this observation is very far from being demonstrative. It is sufficient that the dreams have been feeble and unimpressive. My conjecture is founded upon the following experience.—

Every body is convinced that from our waking in the morning, to our going to bed, we do not cease to think, at least during the time we remain awake. Nevertheless, I defy any man to recollect all the *suite* of ideas which have traversed his brain, during fifteen or sixteen hours of his being awake; at least, not every day.

He will remember only the most interesting ob-
jects

jects which have most powerfully engaged his attention. The same thing happens in sleeping, and the impressions being then more feeble, are no more recollected.

The pretended power of matter to fold again and to modify itself, is an hundred times more incomprehensible and more contrary to its essence, than if we admitted a possibility of annihilating the laws of motion, whose immutability is so well known to the advocates for materialism. As soon as we are able to prove that there is in nature a single action, or a single motion spontaneous, materialism must be destroyed. We perceive and feel that several sensations exist at the same time: we compare and form a judgment of them.

The principle of these actions is singular and indivisible, consequently it is not material; for a division or a dissection of thought implies a contradiction. From the several sensations which the soul compares at once, the result is, that the soul is the only being endued with sensations and ideas; for if, one part had one sensation, and another part another sensation, which of the two parts shall compare? How is a motive able to determine and act upon a machine? All the effects of matter are divisible as itself. On the contrary, the operations

tions of the soul, the thought, the sentiment, and the will, are indivisible.

They all emanate from a substance, simple, indivisible, immaterial: not subject like the body, either to dissolution or decay. It does not follow from hence that man is double; the two substances of which he is compounded, are strictly united.

The laws of motion, whose certitude is by no one controverted, are the consequences of that inertia primitively and fundamentally attached to matter: but man is by no means obedient to the same laws. Every thing about him indicate an obedience to laws diametrically opposite. Inertia supposes in the body a resistance to changing the state: but the faculty of thinking, supposes in man an effort even to change.

Contrary laws are essential to these contrary effects: for although we are not acquainted with all the qualities of matter, reason forbids us to attribute to it any palpable contradictions.

The being who actuates, and who exists by himself, finds it equally easy to move the whole world as to move an atom; but every being who derives his activity from another, can only possess activity in the measure and degree it is given: and if he is

actuated by the means of certain organs, he can be influenced no otherwise than those organs permit.

The variety of our thoughts, the rapidity of our desires, the extension of our projects, and the immensity of our hopes, attest at once the dignity of our origin, and the grandeur of our destiny. The dominion we have over mere matter, makes us feel how much we are superior to it! The whole of the argument leads to the following fact: man is here placed in a sort of intellectual twilight, he discovers few objects tolerably, and none perfectly: yet even the intellectual twilight, this darkness visible of reason, makes us discover the dawn, which at once proves and leads to the existence of day the most brilliant.

A N

American Anecdote,

*Relating to a young English Officer among the
Abenakee Savages.*

DURING the last war in America, a band of savages having surprised and defeated a party of the English, such of those as were not actually killed on the spot, had very little chance
of

of getting away from enemies who were much more swift footed than they; and who, pursuing them with unrelenting fury, used those whom they overtook with a barbarity almost without example, even in their own uncivilized nations.

A young English officer, pressed by two savages who were aiming at him with their uplifted hatchets, had not the least hope of escaping death, and thought of nothing but to sell his life as dearly as he could. At that moment an old savage armed with a bow drew near him, in order to pierce him with an arrow; but after having pointed it at him, he dropped it on a sudden, and ran to throw himself between the young Englishman and the two barbarians, who were going to murder him.

The blood-thirsty pair shrunk back out of respect to the motions of the old warrior, who with signs of peace took the officer by the hand, and after having moved his apprehensions by friendly gestures, carried him to his hut. There he treated him with great humanity and mildness, more like a companion indeed than a captive. He taught him the Abenakee language, and the coarse arts in use among his countrymen. They lived very well satisfied with each other: there was but one part of the old man's behaviour which gave the young officer any uneasiness; he now and then surprised the

the savage fixing his eyes upon him, and sometimes saw them after a long and steady fixtue, bathed in tears.

However, on the return of the spring, the Abenakees took the field again and proceeded in quest of the English.

The old man, who had still remaining vigour enough to bear the fatigues of war, went along with his countrymen, not forgetting to take his prisoner with him.

They made a march of above two hundred leagues, through the trackless wilds and forests of that country, till they came at length within view of a plain, in which they discovered an English camp. This the old savage shewed to his young companion, looking very earnestly at him, and marking his countenance with particular attention.

There (said he) are thy brothers waiting to give us battle; what say'st thou? I preserved thee from death; I have taught thee to build canoes; to make bows and arrows, to catch the deer of the forest; to wield the hatchet, with all our arts of war.

What wast thou when I took thee to my dwelling? Thy hands were as the hands of a mere child

child: they could serve thee but little for thy defence; and less yet for providing the means of sustenance. Thy soul was in the dark: thou wert a stranger to all necessary knowledge. To me thou owest life, the means of life, every thing. Couldst thou then be ungrateful enough to go over to join thy countrymen, and to lift up the hatchet against us?"

The young Englishman made answer, that he should, it was true, feel a just repugnance to the carrying arms against those of his own nation, but that he would never turn them against the Abenakees, whom, so long as he should live, he would consider as his brethren.

At this the savage held his head down, and raising his hands, he covered his face with them, as if he was in a profound meditation. After having remained some time in this attitude of recollection, he looked earnestly at the English officer, and said to him, in a tone of grief, mixed with tenderness, "Hast thou a father?" He was alive," replied the young man, when I left my country:"—— "Oh! how unhappy must he be!" said the savage——adding, after a moment's pause—— "Dost thou not know that I too was once a father!——Alas! I am no longer one. No: I am no longer a father——I saw my son fall in battle——

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He fought by the side of me. I saw him die like a man, die, covered with wounds, as he fell——
But I revenged his death.”

While he pronounced these words in the most pathetic and emphatical manner, he shuddered; he seemed to breathe with pain; choaked with inward groans, which he was endeavouring to suppress. By degrees, the violence of his passion subsided, he grew calm, and turning towards the east, pointed to the rising sun. “Seest thou yon beauteous luminary?” said he to the Englishman: “The sun in all its splendor? Does the sight of it afford thee any pleasure?”——“Undoubtedly,” answered the officer, “who can behold so fine a day without delight.” And yet to me it no longer gives any, “replied the savage——After having uttered these words, he turned, and casting his eye on a bush in full flower——“See, said he, young man, does not that gay appearance of flowers give thee a sort of joy to look at it?”——“It does, indeed replied the officer: “And yet said the old man, “it delights not me,” adding with some impetuosity, “haste, depart——fly to yon camp of thy friends.——Get home that thy father may still see, with pleasure, the rising of the sun, and the flowers of the spring.

THE

SLAVE to LIBERTY.

A MORAL TALE.

WARM in the cause of freedom, and as great a foe to slavery as Wilkes himself can possibly be, I cannot, however, help thinking that too many of my countrymen have, concerning liberty, the most absurd and indefensible ideas. With regard to the press, liberty there is particularly absurd. To retain it, *hoc opus, hic labor est*. Heavily as we complain of its abuses, no Englishman will, I imagine, wish to find an enquiry into ways and means for the restriction of it, attended with any inquisitorial proceedings.

The abuses of liberty are various : they are by no means confined to the walls of a printing-house. Every man who supposes himself licensed to speak his mind upon all occasions, without limitation, and to act agreeable to his own standard of right and wrong, totally inattentive to the suggestions of prudence or propriety, is better acquainted with the letter than the spirit of freedom ; and his disappointments, or his distresses resulting from his misconception of that flattering word, so often articulated with exultation, so little, so very little understood, are hardly entitled to compassion.

No man was ever less acquainted with the precise meaning of the word liberty than the only son of a worthy citizen (a Mr. Harris) whose heart he broke by his free-speaking, and free-living: and whom he saw carried to his grave with the sensations a gamester deeply interested in a rubber would experience on the decision of it in his favour.

Ned Harris, though his father was very indulgent to him, and paid off his debts several times, did not feel himself so much at liberty as he wished to be: he was cramped in his circumstances: his annual allowance was scarce sufficient for the exigencies of a month: he wanted to take possession of all the money which his frugal parent had been heaping up for him, and was frequently so free of speech as to tell him (in the language of the intriguing chamber maid) that he was villainously old.

Mr. Harris, though his ears were shocked whenever such undutiful expressions were addressed to him, doated on the ungrateful boy too fondly to bequeath his fortune to a more deserving relation, or to a charitable institution. Accordingly, at the decease of his father, Liberty Ned, (as his companions commonly called him, because he was always bragging of his liberty) found himself in very affluent circumstances. "Now I am quite
a free

a free man," said he, when he signed the transfer books at the bank: "I can live entirely as I like, and care not a farthing for the greatest man in the kingdom."

There was freedom enough in this speech: but there was no prudence. He had spoken his mind, however, and was as well satisfied with what he had said, as every person, within his hearing, was displeased with it. The words themselves were sufficiently unguarded: the tones in which they were delivered were insufferably disgusting.

Ned, after having engaged in a number of quarrels, by speaking his mind, and by his too passionate attachment to liberty, which made him too proud to be governed by any prudential considerations, met with a paragraph one morning at the coffee-house, in the Gazetteer, that occasioned violent emotions in him, and provoked him to undertake a very Quixotic expedition.

The paragraph by which Ned felt himself so violently agitated, was concerning a married lady in Yorkshire, whose husband, in a fit of jealousy, had not only confined her, according to his intelligence, to her apartment, but treated her with an unpardonable severity.

To the imprisoned lady, Ned was indeed personally not a stranger; but as the merits of the cause were totally unknown to him, and as the authenticity of the information was disputable, he would not perhaps have posted to Yorkshire, in the character of a distressed lady's champion, had he not been a slave to liberty.

Many of his friends to whom he communicated his design, blamed him for his knight-errantry; and many treated his eagerness to interest himself in a quarrel between a man and his wife with the utmost contempt: they all dissuaded him, in the strongest terms, from the execution of his purpose. "No, no," replied Ned, "Mrs. D—— is a d—— fine woman. It was confoundedly wrong indeed, I will allow, in her to marry a man old enough to be her father; but she ought not to lose her liberty, because she has played the fool. D—— has no right to lock her up; and I shall think I do a very laudable action by releasing her from her confinement."

Ned left London, thinking too much of the end of his journey, to make any reflections on the length of it. The delivery of a handsome woman from her despotic husband was the grand point he had in view, and he was determined to carry his design into execution.

Ned,

Ned, though a steady friend to freedom, was of too fickle a disposition to adhere, with constancy, to any schemes which he had concerted. In a journey to Yorkshire, it was highly probable that he would meet with incidents to put his ruling passion to a trial; and every body who knew him was pretty well assured that he would not let slip any opportunity, during his progress, to distinguish himself as a hero in the cause of liberty. With a spirit truly romantic, he voluntarily offered to assist all those who seemed to groan beneath the yoke of despotism: but he frequently announced his readiness to redress wrongs with so much zeal, and so little judgment, that while his intentions were defeated, his vanity was suspected.

Those who prophesied that Ned would meet with some adventure upon the road sufficient to draw him off from his first design, were not out in their predictions. Before he had finished his first day's journey, his attention was powerfully attracted by a company of strollers in a cart, many of them in their theatrical dress, which had evidently never figured in the wardrobes of Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, or the Hay-Market. Upon making an enquiry into their precipitation, (for they were carried along at a pretty brisk rate) he found that they were hurrying themselves from the malevolence

levolence of a neighbouring justice, who, being of an amorous constitution, and disappointed by the resistance one of the chaste heroines made to his overture, had resolved to punish the whole corps as vagabonds, though he had before not only winked at, but encouraged their dramatic performances.

Ned without considering the Thespian troop in the light in which they appeared in the eye of the law, glowed with resentment, and heroically declared that if they received the least interruption in their removal, he would defend them at the hazard of his life. He had scarce uttered these words in a very spirited and resolute tone, when the terrified justice, mounted on the fleetest horse in his stable, and attended by a brace of his mirmidons, as well provided for expedition, made their appearance.

Unluckily, just at that moment the theatrical cart, or to speak more genteelly, carriage was suddenly stopped by the flying off of one of the wheels. In consequence of this accident, several of the illustrious personages tumbled out: and those who were not ejected, were too much frightened at the appearance of the formidable magistrate, to be in any condition to oppose him. Not so frightened by his appearance was Ned: instead of being intimidated by his presence, he rode up to the inflamed justice on his giving orders to seize the
the

the lawless crew, and intrepidly asked him, what he meant by so arbitrary a proceeding. " I mean," said the justice, " to send these impudent wretches to prison for having dared to act loose plays in my jurisdictions."

Ned was not at all satisfied with this answer: his reply produced a blow; and a bloody battle ensued: in that battle the slave to liberty lost his life.



ANECDOTE

OF THE

Dutchess of K——ton.

WHEN the dutchess of K—was Miss C—h, she was disappointed in love, and her admirer having married another lady, she grieved so much, that she kept her bed for some weeks. Her physician ordered her a prescription, which, by an error of the apothecary, was composed of a great quantity of laudanum, which threw her into a sleep of two days and two nights. The ill-natured world gave out that she had poisoned herself; but Lord Chesterfield, who always vindicated her, contradicted

acted the report wherever he went, and hear-
 her false lover relate the story, he told him,
 My lord, you have endeavoured to poison every
 hour of the life of so amiable a woman, but in vain,
 and you are now mean enough to stab her reputa-
 tion."

THE PERPLEXED WIFE.

A MORAL TALE.

POPE, in his Essay on the characters of women,
 tells us, that two ruling passions almost divide
 the third, and that

Those only fix'd, they first or last obey
 The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

It may be affirmed because experience warrants
 the affirmation, that the fair sex are in general,
 extremely fond of pleasure and of power, but
 though these passions may justly enough be called
 ruling ones, there is a third by which they are
 sometimes over-ruled: the *love of play*: by the in-
 fligation of this passion, they not only throw
 themselves often into painful situations, but into
 situations in which they lose all their power, and
 are obliged to appear in the most humiliat-
 ing meanness of their submissions.

Bred up in a very private way. in a romantic and unpopulous part of the kingdom, under the tuition of her exemplary parents, who could not afford to support the expences of a genteel boarding-school, Lætitia Bendish improved her mind and her person so much by a close adherence to their instructions, that few women, with all the advantages of the most fashionable education, acquitted themselves with greater propriety in the politest circles.

With a fine understanding, and a striking exterior, she had a considerable share of good nature and sensibility. As Mr. and Mrs. Bendish doated on their daughter, they did every thing in their power to promote the concurrence of her inclination with her duty, and she sincerely loved them, while she honoured and obeyed them. Happy in the affection of her parents, she only sighed when she could not relieve the wants of those whose distresses strongly moved her pity, and demanded her assistance. For no selfish gratifications did she wish for affluence; she was contented with her little sphere of life; she only envied the rich for the opportunities they had to employ their wealth in acts of liberality.

While she was growing up every day more and more amiable in the partial eyes of those who gave

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her

her birth, Lætitia received a shock, which violently agitated her whole frame, being of a very delicate constitution, as well as keenly susceptible of the tenderest impressions. This shock was occasioned by the death of her mother, and it was hardly supportable—a mother for whom she ever had felt the highest esteem, the most affectionate regard.

When the first effusions of her poignant grief were over; when she had loudly lamented her irreparable loss in the most animated language, she sunk into a melancholy, from which all the efforts of her half-distracted father, and a few select friends, could not rouse her.

Mr. Bendish had always loved his daughter with a fondness of which no man but a father can have a proper idea: that fondness increased when he recollected the last words of a wife, whose separation from him he felt as painfully, perhaps, as if every limb of his body had been amputated. She was every thing to him while she lived: in her he found the wife, the mistress, and the friend, most happily united. Unspeakably wretched, was he, therefore, without her: doubly wretched, as his dear Lætitia, deeply affected by the blow which had destroyed his peace, was utterly unable to administer any consolation to him. Time, however,
at

at length dispelled the gloom which had hung over her, since her mother's death. Time, also, reconciled her father to his fate : and they both endeavoured to make each other's life comfortable to the utmost of their abilities.

Mr. Bendish, having been of a musical turn from his cradle, acquired a considerable deal of musical knowledge very early in life; and as that knowledge increased with his encreasing years, he was sufficiently qualified to be his daughter's instructor, when she discovered a desire to be acquainted with a science to which her genius strongly pointed her. At the time of her mother's decease, she played upon her harpsichord in a very masterly manner, and gave no small pleasure to those who heard her instrumental performances, especially when she accompanied them with a voice of which every tone was melodious. When her mother died,

“ Her taste for music then was o'er,”

But time, by restoring her to the full exertion of her faculties, restored also her musical taste, and in consequence of that restoration, the melancholy reflections which now and then rose in her mind had less and less power to disturb its tranquillity.

To change the scene and to throw her thoughts into a quite new channel, Mr. Bendish carried his Lætitia to a watering place not many miles from his private peaceful habitation ; not doubting but that the situation of the place itself, and the genteel company who frequented it in the season, would greatly tend to promote the total removal of all depressing ideas.

Mr. Bendish, very soon after his arrival at Buxton, found—and with pleasure—that his daughter was not a little admired for her person : he was, however, more flattered by the encomiums bestowed upon her accomplishments, having, himself, largely contributed to the consequence she derived from them. The satisfaction which he felt upon this occasion, was considerably heightened by the propriety of her whole deportment, on her first public appearance, and his declared approbation of her conduct in the most encouraging terms, served to render her additionally attentive to every part of her behaviour.

In the train of Lætitia's admirers was a Baronet, young and sensible : his figure was engaging : he was happy in his address, and perfectly well bred. To Lætitia he behaved in the most respectful style, but he could not help taking pains, at the
same

same time, to make her see that he distinguished her from every other woman in the place.

Lætitia had sagacity enough to see the conquest she had made, and she felt the importance of it; but conducted herself with the nicest discretion, and neither by her looks nor any unguarded expressions, gave Sir James Halton reason to suppose that she beheld him in the light of a lover. She treated him merely as a young fellow who deemed it necessary to flirt with every girl he met with, to shew his gallantry; and by so treating him, had the pleasure to be assured that all her conjectures concerning the particularity of his carriage to her were confirmed.

Mr. Bendish plainly perceived that Sir James behaved to Lætitia as if he had very strong prepossessions in her favour: he also as plainly perceived that Lætitia's heart felt strong sensations in his behalf; but he kept the remarks which he made on the behavior of them both to himself; not without wishing, for his daughter's sake, that Sir James would come to the point about her, as she evidently longed for a regular declaration of that passion which his eyes very forcibly discovered for her.

Lætitia was naturally of a delicate, timid disposition, and having been educated in the most private

vate manner, had not acquired any of those airs and graces which women of the world commonly adopt, in order to set themselves off to the greatest advantage. Conscious of these deficiencies, not a little depressed too by the striking difference between her station in life and that of her admirer, she could not make that spirited display of her attainments (which were really considerable) that she would have done, perhaps, had she found herself in a higher sphere : or had the man who flattered her with his attentions and assiduities moved in a lower one.

In this situation, deeply in love with Sir James, almost dreading a disappointment, and ashamed to acquaint her father with the tumults in her tender bosom, she waited with all the anxiety of impatience for an event on which the happiness of her future life in a great measure, depended. Her feelings were doubly painful while she strove to confine them to her own breast, to conceal them from her father : she did not indeed communicate them to him with her lips, but his penetration enabled him to dive into her soul, and explore its most secret recesses. Pity was the first passion which his discoveries, in consequence of his discernment, excited ; terror was the second : for Lætitia, injured by grief arising from the conceal-

men,

ment of her Love, and the oppression of her despair, appeared to be in a declining state of health, and by her altered looks exceedingly alarmed the fondest of parents.

Terrified at the condition to which Lætitia's partialities in favour of Sir James, and the uncertainty occasioned by Sir James's silence, had reduced her, Mr. Bendish could not behold her in that condition without the sincerest concern, and the most distressing apprehensions. By repeated requests he prevailed on her to confess the cause of the pitiable change he had for some time observed in her; but her confession only served to increase his disquiet on her account, as he was afraid to expect the wished-for removal of it, and as he could not decently, he thought, take any steps towards the accomplishment of his desires, and the dismissal of his doubts.

While the good Mr. Bendish, and his deserving daughter, were thus unhappily situated, the latter drooping every day more and more under the pressure of her tender sorrows, and the former most affectionately lamenting the havock which those sorrows had made in her constitution, they were both suddenly relieved from their respective miseries by the frank and generous behaviour of Sir James, by which he gave a happy turn to their
spirits

spirits, and exhibited himself in a light equally amiable and engaging.

It was some time indeed before Lætitia, (after what she had suffered, during the agonies of suspense,) recovered her health; she was, however, in a little while restored to the full enjoyment of it. With the tranquillity of her mind, the beauty of her person returned; and it was, indeed, so much heightened by the happiness of her heart, that Sir James grew more enamoured of her than he had ever been: and as her conversation also improved upon him, with the increasing freedom which his generous proposal had produced, he could not restrain himself from urging with all the eagerness of an impatient lover to fix a near day for the completion of his felicity. With all the delicacy ever becoming her sex, particularly so upon such an occasion, she discovered the pleasure which his eagerness gave her; with equal delicacy she left the nomination of her wedding day to him.

The delay on Sir James's side, with regard to the disclosure of that passion for Lætitia which she had certainly kindled in his bosom, did not arise from a diminution of it, in consequence of any impropriety in her conduct: it resulted entirely from the stimulating desire he felt to be assured his passion was returned; having never, in all his connections

nections with the female part of the human species, seen or conversed with a woman alluring enough to make a conquest of his heart. Accustomed, from his rank, his fortune, and his great alliances, to appear chiefly in the higher walks of life, he had with too much attention marked the behaviour of women of fashion to wish to have any matrimonial transactions with them.

Boldness and affectation were two acquired accomplishments in the fair sex which he never admired; and as those females who, in other respects, were most attractive in his eyes, distinguished themselves in those accomplishments, he found in himself no propensity to figure in the character of a married man.

Sir James's appearance at Buxton, at that time, was merely accidental: he had no intention to visit that place when he left London, in order to make some improvements upon his Derbyshire estate: it was in compliance with the particular request of an old friend whom he overtook a few miles from the above mentioned town, that he accompanied him to the place to which he was going for the benefit of his health. When he was at the Wells, he was indeed sufficiently satisfied with the company he met there, not to repent of the change

he had made in his travelling plan; but little did he imagine, that among the ladies assembled at Buxton he should find one sufficiently engaging to render herself necessary to his happiness.

To the happiness of Sir James, Lætitia became absolutely necessary soon after his arrival at Buxton: she appeared to him in every respect a woman formed to make an unexceptionable wife; and the moment he thought he could depend upon her being as much in love with him, as he was with her, he avowed his passion in the most flattering overtures.

As the friend whom Sir James had overtaken upon the road was the minister of a neighbouring parish, the nuptial ceremony was performed by him in his own church.

When all the previous preparations were finished, the happy pair, with Mr. Bendish, not less happy, though in a different way, then set out thoroughly pleased with the business of the morning to Halton farm.

Lætitia, upon her arrival at the farm, not only found a very elegant house very pleasantly situated, but she also found every accommodation which she wished for to make life agreeable. No woman ever entered into the marriage state with
more

more transporting prospects : no woman ever was more deserving of all the felicity which that state can bestow.

On the approach of winter, Sir James carried his Lætitia to London, not without some triumphant sensations, believing that he had, in her, a wife as much superior to the common run of married women in point of conjugal merit, as she appeared in his eyes superior to most women married or single, in point of personal beauty. Allowances should ever be made—and ever will be made by candid people—for the uxorious effusions of a doating husband ; but Sir James Halton met with very few friends in the *great* world ready to bear the overflowings of his enraptured heart : they thought his behaviour to Lady Halton extremely ridiculous ; and almost every female of his acquaintance, especially the unmarried ladies, and those who had hoped to share his tide with him, exclaimed against his choice of a wife in pretty smart expressions, mixing with their satire as much wit as they could muster up upon so provoking an occasion.

Those, however, who saw her elevation with the greatest disquiet, behaved to her with the greatest politeness : and very naturally thinking that they could not so effectually alienate her hus-

band's affections from her, as by inspiring her with the passion which he beheld in all women with abhorrence. This passion was gaming; and her seducers were too successful.

Lady Halton, before the winter was over, grew so much devoted to the card table, that Sir James began to be both wretched and alarmed: wretched, as her attachment to play had evidently weakened her attachment to him: alarmed as her losses were considerably and frequently repeated: his peace was destroyed, and he was not quite easy about his honour. In hopes of recovering the first, and of preventing any injury to the last, he, with every payment of her honourable debts, endeavoured to prevail on her in the mildest and most soothing language never to touch another card. Lætitia could not help feeling the justice of his remonstrances, but her heart was untouched by the persuasions of his lips: the four aces had taken possession of it, and all his eloquence was insufficient to dislodge them.

After many fruitless efforts to gain the point he fervently wished for, Sir James peremptorily assured Lætitia one day, that if she ever played again a separation should immediately follow. Startled at this assurance, delivered with unusual warmth, she implored his forgiveness, and positively declared

clared that she would act for the future in every respect, agreeably to his desire and commands.

As this reply was accompanied with tears, Sir James was melted. With fondness he embraced her; pitied, loved; and pardoned.

The very next night Lætitia's evil genius carried her to Lady Sweepwell's rout. There she plunged herself deeply in Lord Fleecer's debt, and was obliged, before she left the room, to give him a solemn promise that she would on the third day afterwards either produce the money he had won, or pay him in the mode he had proposed for the cancelling of his winnings.

From this night to that preceding the day appointed for the adjustment of her account with Lord Fleecer, Lætitia's mind was in the most painful state to be conceived, and its agony every moment increased. Terrified at the thoughts of being separated from Sir James, (for whom all her conjugal affection now returned, and with violence) and dreading the interview with her formidable creditor, she was tortured in the extreme. Sir James over-hearing a dialogue between her and her woman, was in spite of all he had said concerning a separation, so affected by her sorrow and contrition, that he rushed into the room, pressed her

her with ardour to his bosom, forgave her, and put it into her power to defeat Lord Fleecer's infamous designs.

Lætitia, struck with her husband's generosity at the very time she felt herself totally unworthy of his esteem, became a new woman, a new wife, and to prevent a return of a passion which had nearly proved fatal to her, never played cards again.



T H E

POWER of LOVE.

I.

AS arrows fly from bended yew,
So swift to meet my love I flew ;
I sought her through each shady grove,
The haunt of wisdom and of love.

II.

But ah! in vain was all my care,
To find my lovely cruel fair ;
She treads, alas! a distant plain,
And all my sighs and tears are vain.

Tir'd

III.

Tir'd with the search, I back return'd,
And all the way in silence mourn'd;
Then bow'd devout at Bacchus' shrine,
And thought to drown my cares in wine:

IV.

But all in vain; the potent juice
Did no such wond'rous change produce;
My tortur'd brain, my throbbing breast,
Its boundless potent power confess'd.

V.

But love within my breast remain'd,
And o'er my heart imperious reign'd;
My soul dissolv'd with fierce desire,
Like Etna scorched with inward fire.

VI.

I tried sweet music's magic sounds,
To cure love's deep and bleeding wounds;
But every note and soothing strain,
Did but increase my inward pain.

VII.

Tho' every muse had try'd her power,
My mind's lost peace quick to restore,
Not all their strains my pain could move,
I still must live the slave of love.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

OF

VOLTAIRE.

WHEN Voltaire was in England, he was highly careffed by all the English nobility; but by none more than Lord Chesterfield. His lordship gave him a general invitation to his table, and always accused the bard of inattention when he did not dine with him. Voltaire frequently excused himself in the most polite terms: but being one day a little hard run at White's upon the occasion, the poet replied with some acrimony, " My lord, I always consider it as a singular honour to be in company with a nobleman of your lordship's genius and abilities; but really, my lord, when I find how much you prostitute the gifts of nature by entertaining sharpers and adventurers, I pity your judgment, and admire my own abilities." His lordship turned upon his heel, and retorted, "*F'aime l'esprit meme grand je le trouve dans un coquin.*" Voltaire did not rejoin.

THE

THE

FATAL ELOPEMENT.

A MORAL TALE.

WITH much propriety, as well as pathos,
does Romeo exclaim,

"Fathers have flinty hearts!"

When parents, by whatever motives they are actuated, drive their children into the most binding connections, abhorred by them, are they not answerable for all the unhappiness which those children endure, resulting from their compulsive obedience? The decisions of reason are strongly against the tyrannical exercise of parental authority; and filial disobedience is surely, when that authority is abused, a venial crime, if indeed it can fairly be considered in a criminal light.

Mr. Ruffet, a country gentleman, with a much larger estate than he deserved, was upon all occasions, as absurd a being as ever existed; but he was, in his parental character, particularly reprehensible. He had lately buried an exemplary wife, whom he hurried out of the world by his brutality, and had only a daughter living. With violent passions, he had a very weak understanding; but,

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though extremely illiterate, he had so high an opinion of his own intellects, that he thought himself sufficiently qualified to speak in a decisive tone upon every subject in the discussion of which he was engaged.

Miss Ruffet, in her person, ranked among the *agreeables*; there was nothing striking in her figure or her face; but as she was naturally graceful in all her motions, and always looked good humoured, few people saw her without feeling prejudices in her favour. Had her father bestowed a liberal or polite education on her, she would probably have shone with the first women of the age; but in spite of all the disadvantages under which she laboured, in consequence of her father's narrow way of thinking, absurd way of acting, and inherent rusticity, she improved herself in such a manner as to render her appearance engaging, and her conversation courted. Her behaviour was, upon every occasion, under the direction of propriety.

Ruffet, by having a daughter who never did any thing to displease him intentionally, who made it her whole study to give him pleasure, had a treasure in his possession; but he was totally ignorant of its value. Often indeed did he seem to be extravagantly fond of her; but if she discovered,

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at any time even by her looks the slightest opposition to his will (and he frequently required compliances which revolted against her inclination) his eyes flashed indignation, and he poured out his resentment in the severest, rarely in the most decent language. Yet the harshness of his expressions, never drew from her an undutiful word; she was either silently submissive or endeavoured, by the mildest modes of utterance, to appease the storm of paternal anger.

Ruffet was a great politician, or rather a violent partyman; for he really knew no more about the political state of his country than one of his pointers.

Having heard from his cradle, (as his father was a furious anti-courtier), the severest reflections on ministerial measures, he grew up with a mortal aversion to all the proceedings of the cabinet, and strictly opposed them, without giving himself time to consider whether they might not be, if candidly examined, as beneficial to the nation, as he deemed them precipitately pernicious. At every county meeting he never failed to discover the littleness of his mind, by railing at the premier for the time being, and as certainly at an election supported, with all his interest, the candidate against whom the minister exerted his temporary power.

Ever ready to support a man whom the minister opposed, he was particularly animated—inflamed indeed—with the spirit of opposition, when a neighbouring gentleman, extremely offensive to him on many accounts, offered himself to be a Representative for the nearest town to which they both resided.

Mr. Ruffet's violent opposition to Mr. Greening gave no small uneasiness to his amiable daughter, as she had unluckily settled her affections on that gentleman's only son, a very agreeable and accomplished young fellow, lately arrived from France; additionally accomplished by foreign travel, without having left any of his English virtues upon the Continent.

Young Greening, though he had seen none so attractive in his eyes in every respect; and it was with the sincerest pleasure that he perceived he was far from being an object of indifference in her eyes. Having frequently conversed with each other at a neutral house in the neighbourhood, at the house of a benevolent lady, who had a great regard for Miss Ruffet, and no less esteem for the whole Greening family, they became too strongly prepossessed in each other's favour not to wish for an indissoluble union. Their hearts, indeed, were united: but they dared not to think of an hymeneal connection.

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The good lady, who was visited both by Mr. Greening and Mr. Ruffet—tho' never at the same time—took great pains to make them prefer the happiness of their children to the gratification of their party passions; but all her efforts were fruitless; they would not hear of the alliance forcibly recommended between their families, and at length, carried their mutual resentment so far as to forbid the fond lovers to meet again at the house of her whom they now looked upon no longer in a neutral light, but as a person who, being zealous for a marriage of which they highly disapproved, would probably take some steps to bring about the consummation of it.

To prevent his son from having any more interviews with Clara Ruffet, Mr. Greening sent him into the North, to transact an affair of a singular nature for him. Mr. Ruffet was extremely well pleased with George's removal, but still more when the younger son of the Earl of B—— came down to oppose Mr. Greening.

As Lord S—— was the son of a patriotic earl, he came sufficiently recommended to Mr. Ruffet; and he interested himself so much in his lordship's behalf, that he carried his election with a high hand. To increase Mr. Ruffet's transports upon the joyful occasion, Lord S—— begged he might have

have the honour of being allied to him by marrying his daughter.

Ruffet, when Lord S——made so flattering a request, was almost delirious with delight; to marry his daughter to a man who had ever shewn the strongest desire to oppose all ministerial measures, and the son of an earl too—the thoughts of such a brilliant marriage half distracted him.

Poor Clara, whose soul doated on her George, received the addresses of Lord S—— with tears, and the commands of her father to accept of them with terror. For a long time she hesitated, not knowing how to act in so cruel, as well as critical, a situation; but at last, the dreadful apprehensions with which her mind was harrowed, when she reflected on the excruciating miseries which numbers of her sex have endured in consequence of their filial disobedience, urged her to give her hand to her noble lover; but her heart falsified the language of her lips while she repeated the irrevocable words.

In a few weeks after his marriage, Lord S——, hearing of the arrival of a sister of his at Paris, and of her confinement there (by the return of a disorder, under the pressure of which she had been greatly relieved by the waters of Baregès) set out
for

for that capital, and carried Clara with him; not, however, in the character of an affectionate husband, who loved his wife better than any woman in the world—No; he carried her in the character of a jealous husband. The truth is, he had, soon after his marriage, very broad hints directed to him concerning Lady S——’s attachment to George Greening, and the coldness of her whole behaviour to him left him no room to question it. He never had felt, indeed, much love for the woman he married; as he was a younger brother, and slightly, as he thought, provided for, he availed himself of Ruffet’s vanity and pride to improve his circumstances by a lucrative alliance with him.

It is impossible to describe the state of George’s mind when he, in the midst of the business he was transacting for his father, heard of the marriage of the mistress of his heart. He behaved rather like a madman than a rational creature, and hurried home with the utmost expedition, in order to seize an opportunity to expostulate with his Clara on her desertion, after having promised so faithfully to be his alone.

By travelling with more precipitation than prudence, he was, by the time he arrived at his father’s house, in a high fever.

Lady

Lady S——, when she was acquainted with the arrival, and with the situation of him whom she still loved (though she often blamed herself severely for indulging a passion which could not be cherished by her with discretion) was but a few miles from him, and preparing for her little voyage. She wept at the melancholy intelligence, and even reproached herself for having been the eventual cause of it. The attempt to see her deserted lover would, she knew, be a wild one; yet she could not refrain from writing an affectionate note to him, full of pity, full of contrition, replete with the sincerest wishes for his welfare in general; replete with the most fervent prayers for his recovery in particular.

The perusal of this note, dispatched by Lady S—— to him by a confidential messenger, did more towards his recovery than all the medicines which his physicians had prescribed for him.

“She is to be pitied,” said he, kissing the note, and pressing it to his bosom; “she is truly to be pitied—What a brute is that father who dooms his daughter to perpetual wretchedness, by compelling her to marry a man whom she cannot love!”

Such soliloquies as these frequently burst from him, during the recovery of his strength and spirits.

When

When his health was re-established enough to permit him to travel, he set out for France with redoubled ardour, as a friend of his there informed him that Lord S—— had not only treated his Clara with the greatest unkindness, since her departure from England, but had kept her so closely confined at a chateau he had hired for the summer near Paris, as to render her apartment a prison.

George had been very rightly informed concerning the injurious treatment which Lady S—— had met with from her jealous husband (a treatment she had by no means merited, as she had not, though she could not behold him with the eyes of affection, given him any reason to suspect her fidelity to him) but he certainly made a resolution not to be defended, when he resolved to deliver her from her captivity. Impelled by love, he was deaf to the voice of discretion.

Lord S—— being no stranger to Clara's prior attachment, often upbraided her, in the bitterest terms, for having married him; and was, indeed, not a little apprehensive of George's making some attempts to get at the idol of his heart, before he heard of his embarkation at Dover. As soon as he received that intelligence, his behaviour to Lady S—— was still more unkind and he ordered

her to be watched with a vigilance which would, he thought, sufficiently frustrate any designs formed by his rival to procure an interview with her.

George, on his arrival at Paris, went immediately to the friend who had acquainted him, from time to time, with his Clara's distressful situation, and consulted him how to proceed in a manner the most likely to be attended with success. The active jealousy of his lordship, and his extreme vigilance, seemed to place unsurmountable bars in his way; but the point he had in view made so deep an impression upon him, that he was not deterred from the execution of his designs by the difficulties which threatened him. His friend, indeed, talked to him very strongly in the dissuasive stile; but his dissuasions were slighted.

While he was projecting the deliverance of his Clara, he received a letter from her which contained so pathetic an account of her confinement, that he was doubly animated to undertake her release.

In a short time afterwards, with the assistance of a faithful servant, a fellow of great dexterity who artfully introduced himself into Lord S——'s family, he projected the deliverance of his dear Clara. In consequence of her being permitted to walk every day in the garden, when the weather was

was favourable, and of being attended by a new duenna, who luckily pitied her unhappy condition, she agreed to meet her lover in a field adjoining to it; and both of them, when they had fixed the important interview, waited for the appointed moment, with the utmost impatience. They met, they embraced, and proceeded with mutual delight to the asylum ready for their reception; but just when they were within sight of it, they were surprised by Lord S—— attended by several of his domestics.

George, for a while, though unsupported, endeavoured to protect Lady S—— against her husband, and his myrmidons: his efforts were vigorous; but they were the efforts of a Quixote; they could not possibly prove successful. He had the cutting mortification to see the mistress of his heart hurried away from him, and he was additionally grieved to think that he should, probably, never have it again in his power to rescue her from the arms of her tyrant. Slight, however, was the mortification, and that grief, compared to the agonies he felt when he was informed, in a few weeks afterwards, that Lord S——'s increasing ill usage had put a period to his Clara's existence.

George on the decease of a woman whom he could not cease to love with the greatest ardour, though he knew that his passion for her became

criminal as soon as she was the wife of another man, hastened to England, being unable to remain in a place in which he had been so cruelly disappointed, and so severely distressed. On his return home, and acquainting his father with the affliction of his heart, he met with a reception which he little expected. Mr. Greening, having been previously informed of his son's rash, indefensible proceedings, instead of giving him an affectionate welcome, reprimanded him in the sharpest accents for his precipitate behaviour; to which, he added, Lady S—'s death might fairly be attributed to him, as her husband's ill usage had been redoubled by her inconsiderate elopement with him. George when he came to think seriously on what his father had said to him, felt all the force and justness of his reprehensions. Looking upon himself as the immediate cause of his Clara's untimely death, he was harrassed with the most painful reflections, and those reflections threw him into a melancholy, which no applications, physical or moral could remove.



WINTER.

WINTER
A Tempestuous Night.

L O! Winter's direful glooms appear!
Foul vapours taint the lucid air,
And fable tinctures glow;
The joyless rains, portending floods,
Loud boisterous winds untop the woods,
That grumbling wave below.

When Sol the western ocean seeks,
And æther stains with fiery streaks,
The clouds uncertain roll;
Till from the leaden-colour'd east
Pale Luna rises from her rest,
But holds a short controul.

See through the fluctuating air,
Obtuse, the glitt'ring stars appear,
Or shooting quick, exhale:
Snatch'd in short eddies plays the leaf;
The conscious heifer snuffs, with grief,
The threat'ning stormy gale.

The plummy race its changes speak,
In thicken'd groves they shelter seek,
To shun tempestuous night:
The screech-owl plies its doleful strains;
The clam'rous rooks, in blacken'd trains,
Thick urge their weary flight,

In barren fields the cattle fed
With fodder seek the kinder shed,
With most anxious care ;
Forth from the rustling forests high
The solemn sounding whirlwinds fly,
And bids the world prepare.

In sudden burst the tempest pours ;
The rolling clouds its heavy show'rs
In rapid torrents send :
The crack'ling thunder knows no bound ;
Fierce light'nings skim along the ground,
In desolation end.

The breathless trav'ler, all aghast,
Shrinks to the ground beneath the blast,
That o'er him now shall glide :
The harmless flocks, that graze the plain,
The floods now sweep into the main ;
Huge uproar lords it wide.

All nature reels. A shocking scene !
'Till the Almighty Power Supreme
Bids the rude world be still.
Then straight, by his command suppress'd,
The boist'rous winds retire to rest,
At his Omniscient Will.

A
CURIOUS INSTANCE
OF
FRENCH PERFIDY.

AS every method, consistent with truth and justice, should be pursued to impregnate our minds with the idea of Gallic Perfidy, so every consolation that a well grounded hope can present to us, ought to be administered to our countrymen, to cheer up their spirits under the present gloom in the political atmosphere; and as nothing can be more conducive to that salutary end than an extract from well-attested facts in history, the following instance will shew that the friendship of France has always been fatal and unlucky to those who have made trial of it.

We shall proceed to consider one of the deepest and most cruel tragedies that ever was acted upon the stage of Europe: a tragedy it was, that will fix an eternal blemish upon the memory of Louis the Great, and serve as a warning to all posterity how they trust to the friendship of a Prince who sacrifices honour, faith, and all that ought to be accounted most sacred among men, to his ambition and his interest. I mean the affair of Messina, which happened in the following manner:

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Though by the contract of marriage between Louis the Fourteenth and the King of Spain's sister confirmed by the treaty of the Pyrenees, in the year 1660, the French King had entered into a firm alliance with his brother-in-law, and formally renounced all right to the succession of the crown of Spain, and whatever pretensions he might have to his territories, in case of his Catholic Majesty's decease; yet, notwithstanding that treaty, and contrary even to common generosity, Louis the Fourteenth had well nigh stripped his brother-in-law, who was scarce turned of infancy, of one of his finest kingdoms, that of Sicily. Ever since that island became part of the dominions of Spain, the city of Messina had made a very considerable figure, and obtained such ample and advantageous privileges, that she seemed rather a Republic within her little district, than a town under the subjection of a Monarchy. Very few cities went beyond her for trade; she therein excelled most of the Empires in the world: nor was there any of her bigness in the Mediterranean that pretended to come up with her in riches. Such was Messina; and such, perhaps, she might have remained to this day, but for the fatal friendship of Louis the Great, who plunged her into deep ruin, without resource.

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The Viceroy having laid new duties upon certain merchandizes, the Messinese exclaimed against that imposition, as an injury done them. Nor were the Agents and Pensioners of France wanting on that occasion to blow the coal into such a flame, that at last they obliged those unhappy people, by their flattering promises and sly insinuations, to shake off the Spanish yoke, and put themselves under the protection of France.

But it was not long before the Messinese repented the folly they had committed. Neither were the arms of a minor King, whom they had abandoned, so much the subject of their repentance, as the insolences continually offered them by the French garrison and governor, whom they had received. In a word, the French behaving themselves like masters, and not like protectors, convinced the Messinese, but too late, that they had leaped out of the frying pan into the fire. Nevertheless, the poor people, conscious to themselves that they had given the King of Spain no cause of complaint, and finding on the other hand that it was impossible for them to disengage themselves from the French, shut their eyes against the rigours with which they were treated by those masters, and resolved to make their new slavery as easy to them as possible. After they had thus

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groaned for some years under the French yoke, at last an end was put to their unspeakable misery.

Monfieur de la Feuillade arriving at Messina the 20th of February, 1678, with a confiderable fleet of men of war, was received by the Meffinefe with all poffible tokens of joy, affumed the title of Viceroy, and took a public oath to defend the city againft all who fhould attack it. On the laft day of the fame February, that gentleman affembled the inhabitants, and told them that he had orders from his mafter to undertake fomething of importance, in order to procure them a very confiderable advantage. This the deluded people immediately took to be at leaft the reduction of Syracufe, and the reft of the ifland; and the better to keep them in their blindnefs and ignorance, Monfieur de la Feuillade ordered a great number of waggons, mules, and oxen, to be got ready, as if he defigned to transport provifions by land, caufed the French garrifon of Messina, confifting of about 6000 men, to be re-embarked the 9th of March, fhipped off feveral pieces of heavy artillery, juft as if he had intended to put this great enterprize in execution; fet out from Messina with loud acclamations of the betrayed inhabitants, and failed direftly for France, abandoning the poor wretches to the mercy of the incensed Spaniards.

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The next day the French fleet, meeting with a violent storm, was obliged to return into the bay of Messina; and the citizens still persuaded of the sincerity of the men who betrayed them, presented the admiral with a consecrated flag to set up at his ship's stern; but the wind coming fair the 15th of March, and the French soldiers, who had landed, embarked again in the greatest hurry, with all that ever they had left behind them at their first embarkation, made the Messinese at last suspect, all of a sudden, they were betrayed; insomuch, that the people running to Monsieur de la Feuillade, just as he was upon the point of leaving them, obliged him to return to the town house, where he made a speech to the Messinese, transported with rage and fury, concluding with these mortifying expressions: "In a word, I am commanded by my master to carry my troops back to France; you must therefore endeavour to defend yourselves for two months, at the expiration of which time I shall return; mean while if any of you have a mind to go to France, you may, provided you do it in good order."

This thunderclap struck the Messinese with such a general consternation, that of all the citizens only 112 of the richest had the resolution to accept of the offer. And indeed they had no time

to prepare for their departure, for the French fleet hoisted sail the next day, leaving Messina never to see it more.

A singular example this of the generosity, and faith, and friendship, of Louis the Fourteenth; who thereby ruined one of the richest cities in Europe, and condemned to the gibbet above 300 of her principal inhabitants, whom the Spaniards sacrificed to their resentment as soon as they had retaken Messina; and one of the unhappy gentlemen, whom Monsieur de la Feuillade carried off, who had been Consul of the place, and one of the wealthiest merchants in the Levant, was afterwards forced to beg his bread in France.

T H E

Romantic Daughters :

OR,

A PLEASANT REVENGE.

“WAS there ever such treatment?” said Mr. Trueman to his friend Worthy, as they came together from the house of old Mr. Meanwright, who was an honest farmer, and at the opportunity

portunity of his daughters, had come to town to treat the girls with a sight of London. These two gentlemen, Trueman and Worthy, were his country neighbours, two wealthy Esquires, who paid court to his daughters with designs of the most honourable nature. They accompanied the farmer up to town, to make the party more agreeable; but the girls had no sooner got into London, than they put on London airs, recollected all the nonsense they had picked out of romances, and commenced all at once persons of infinite taste and condition. As to their old country lovers, they were now out of the question, forsooth. No, no; they must have something more refined—more *ton*—more every thing that belongs to London!

“ Was there ever such treatment?” said Mr. Trueman; “ why the girls will scarce deign to give us a civil answer. My Moll and your Bett are quite in metamorphose. Odds, honesty, my friend, was there ever such a change! Why, they affect to whisper, to gape, to loll, to leer, to hear a little, to see less; and, in fine, they do not chuse to know either us or themselves. However, this may be all very fine; but if you will come into my scheme, I will play on their exalted Ladyships a trick of retaliation, that shall make them remember their infidelity and coquetish airs as long as they

they live. I know a couple of cunning, shrewd fellows, who will aid our plot charmingly; and it is a project that will, I dare say, not only make them love us hereafter the better for it, but make them excellent stay at-home women for the future."

Just at the period of the departure of these two angry lovers, the honest farmer met them going out of the door. "Whither so fast gentlemen?" said he. But, without deigning to answer, they both pulled off their hats, and brushed by hastily. This conduct nettled the old man, who went directly to his daughters, and demanded to know what they had done to the young men, in order to send them out of the house in such a huff.

"Lord, papa," said the eldest of them, adjusting her hair at the glass, "I wonder you call one from the duties of the *toylitte*, to answer such nonsense. As to those young men, I am surprized they can have the assurance to suppose we can attend to their sighs and nonsense, now we are got to London. Besides, it is the very bottomless pit of ill-breeding, papa, to talk bluntly, as they do, of love and matrimony, without preparing one for it: for every body knows that marriage is the last thing, after a thousand other charming ceremonies, which, by little and little, lead us to it. Oh, Heavens,

vens, papa! it is proper that lovers of two such girls as we, should exercise their wits a thousand ways to please us; and even at last the declaration should not be given, unless in a harbour, or else in a private chamber, and always with tears in their eyes, upon their knees. Then, after this, papa, come on difficulties, persecutions, pains, penalties, false suspicions, complaints, hopes, despairs, quarrels, reconciliations, according to the laws of every well-written romance in the English language. Then the dress of Trueman and Worthy!—Did ever two such woeful-looking lovers appear in London before?—No, papa, they may do for dirty places in the Hundreds of Essex; but, for any thing else a little more delicate, they are insupportable. To say the truth, papa, I wish you would do us the credit, to dress a little more like Mr. Somebody.”

Poor Mr. Meanwright lifted up his hands, and exclaimed furiously that he did not comprehend one syllable of their nonsense, but that he insisted upon their behaving to Trueman and Worthy as usual. “I tell you, you jades,” said the old man, “they are men of worth and wealth: I know their families, their friends, their aunts, cousins, and characters. I know all about them; and if you use them so again, as I have reason to believe you have

have of late, I will never own you for my daughters again."

At the end of this speech, however, Lady Moll and Madam Bett repaired again to the glass, and began again the business of powdering, curling, frizzing, and pomatuming

In the mean time, Worthy and Trueman were putting their little plot of revenge in execution, or rather *preparing* it. They had knowledge of two lads of London, who were equal to every frolic that could possibly be started, and who, indeed, seemed to rejoice in every thing that looked like a piece of roguery. They were in a low station, the one being a cobbler, and the other a currier; but they answered the present purpose, as the reader will see, to a miracle. But I must not too much anticipate.

While the honest farmer went out to the lodgings of his two young neighbours, in order to be heartily reconciled to them, the farmer's country servant, Robin, came into the ladies room, and, in his awkward way, told them that there was a monstrous great man dressed *nation fine*, come to wait upon them. This information put the girls into a great flurry; and ere they could well adjust themselves, in came a Mr. Somebody, under the character

character of my Lord Dazzlebutton, humming an Italian air with as absolute an assurance and consciousness as if he was really a nobleman. " My name, is Dazzlebutton ! I am the richest man in London : I lead the world : and I am drawn by the report of your beauty, which I find even *greater* than reported, to pay my adoration to your charms.

While the girls were preparing a complimentary reply to this Pindaricifm, in came another Mr. Somebody ; who after many scrapes and writhings of the body, announced himself to be the Earl of Star and Garter. The two Lords paid due homage to each other : they flattered ; they fidgeted ; they picked their teeth ; they talked scandal. They were excellent representatives of very, very fine gentlemen indeed !

The girls were so wholly taken up with their new guests, that they neither thought of their father, nor their lovers. They imagined that, by a kind enchantment, they were to be led forth into palaces, and chariots, and that all the universe was to be changed upon them for the better. The mock Lords continued to lord it to admiration, and had by heart the whole routine of the mode. And that this degree of perfection may not astonish the reader, it may be proper to let him know

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that

that these two young fellows had formerly served as valets to two of those sparks, whose whole business is comprized in the first arts of conversation and non-entity. How after such an easy, doing nothing situation, the one of these lads could stoop to cobble a shoe, and the other to curry a hide, the God of changes and revolutions alone can tell : so it was.

Having carried this farce on till the very heads and hearts of the girls was on fire, Mr. Meanwright knocked at the door ; but on his entering the room, how am I to describe the good man's amazement, upon seeing two such flaming heroes ! He retired back a few paces, and held his hat in his hand. The Nobles persisted in their importance ; but, upon being told by Lady Moll *that* was their father, they were graciously pleased to desire he would sit down. This he did, after great scruple and hesitation, not yet having sufficient courage to ask who he had the honour to entertain.

To relieve him however, from this irksome situation, Trueman and Worthy, the two masters of the scene, gave a furious knock, and entered the apartment just as Lord Dazzlebutton had proposed to the Earl of Star and Garter that they should make a party to the play, just to give a squint at
the

the boxes, and so off again to Almacks. The Earls had, however, their cue. No sooner did they perceive Trueman and Worthy enter the room, than they rose from their seats, and pretended to pay them the utmost respect.

The girls were chagrined at this. The farmer sat in silent astonishment. "Oh, now I think of it," said Trueman to one of the noblemen, "Pray, have you done heel-tapping my shoe Mr. Bristle?" "Heel-tapping your shoe!" cried Lady Bett, blushing: Do you know what you say? Silence, man, that is my Lord Dazzlebutton, the richest man in town, and who came here on purpose to pay his devoirs to our charms!" "Is it" said Trueman: "I beg his Lordship's pardon; but, notwithstanding that, if my shoes are not brought home to my lodgings very stoutly soled and heeled, his Lordship and I shall have a fore quarrel, I doubt."

Before the amazement occasioned by this discourse had time to go off, Mr. Worthy, on the other part, encreased it, by asking the Earl of Star and Garter, alias Mr. Skinner, the currier, whether he found dog's skin or calf skin take the tan best?" "What the deuce is all this!" said the farmer, rising. The Ladies were at a stand. "Well, but here, gentlemen," said Trueman to the mock

Lords, "here's a crown a-piece for your trouble : your Lordships may now descend again into your own private characters. Our design is fully answered: the clothes you will be so good to leave in our lodgings, that we may return them to the proprietor in Monmouth-Street. In our rooms, Mr. Skinner, you will find your jerkin ; and you, Mr. Bristle, will find your leathern apron. Farewell : when you go next in a great character, may you be equally successful ! I have the honour to wish your Lordship a very good day."

"That may be, Mr. Trueman, said the currier, who was the archest of the two—"that may be ; but if you ordered us to push the matter as far as it would go, we should have put your nose out of joint, I can tell you that ; for both the Ladies would have married our clothes and titles with all the pleasure in the world ; and, o'my conscience, I believe if you had staid a little longer, the currier and the cobbler had fairly put to flight all the pretensions of the 'Squire and the estate in the country." "How, Ladies!" said Trueman, "is this true?" "For shame, for shame!" exclaimed the father : "A'n't you fine ladies to play these pranks ! What, you must have Lords, must you ! Honest men, and well to live, won't do for you dainty ones ! Mr. Trueman, give me your hand ;
I like

I like your scheme of all things." "But then the unfortunate consequence, my good Sir!" said Worthy, affecting surprize; the consequence!" "What consequence!" cried the girls trembling. "Why, the whole affair will be all over the town by to-morrow night: there is nothing done in London, of this kind, that does not creep into the news-papers; and by this means both your daughters, farmer, will be hooted at as they pass along the streets. This London is a most dreadful town for that."

"Here's a fine piece of work for you!" cried the father. "Oh, what a curse it is upon an honest man to have two unmarried girls upon his hands!" "I shall die with shame!" said Lady Moll. "I shall sink into the earth!" said Lady Bett. — "And is there no way to screen our heads, and even eyes and ears, from this infamy?" said the old man, whose ignorance of the town made him really think the news-paper strokes true. "Is there no way, Master Worthy?" "Yes," said Worthy, very gravely, "I think there is." "What is it? What is it?" cried the girls eagerly. "To return again into the country by day-break, and never mention the affair again. When you are not seen about town, the thing will soon be blown over, and forgotten. This is the
the

the only remedy to save you from ruin.—Will you consent?" "Consent!" said the girls, heartily humiliated, "We will consent to set off in the middle of the night; and we here both of us promise, upon our knees, never to make such fools of ourselves again, nor never to mention a Lord's name, for the time to come, without trembling."

"That the matter may be more complete, (continued Bett,) I am on my knees also, in order to say, that if Worthy will take me, and Trueman my sister, after our romance, I will be unto him a faithful wife; and we will sooner think of drinking up the ocean, than of ever desiring another journey to London." "A match!" cried Trueman. "A match!" echoed Worthy. "I am then the happiest old man in all Essex!" cried the father, and wiped away the water that came into his eyes.

The scheme succeeded. They left London: they married. They now and then mentioned Lord Star and Garter, and Lord Dazzlebutton's adventure over their own fire-side,—but their utmost excursion is now, once a year, to a neighbouring fair, and perhaps a hop at farmer Dive-gale's on Martlemas-Day.

A REMARKABLE STORY
OF A
HERMIT.

A CERTAIN holy hermit named Parnhe, being upon the road to meet his bishop who had sent for him, met a lady most magnificently dressed, whose incomparable beauty drew the eyes of every body on her. The saint, having looked at her, and being himself struck with astonishment, immediately burst into tears. Those who were with him wondering to see him weep, demanded the cause of his grief.

“ I have two reasons, replied he, for my tears; I weep to think how fatal an impression that woman makes on all who behold her; and I am touched with sorrow when I reflect that I, for my salvation, and to please God, have never taken one tenth part of the pains which this woman has taken to please men alone.”



ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

MAURICE SUCKLING.

WHEN Mr. Suckling was a young man; he was remarkable for a foppishness of dress, and effeminacy of manners, which rendered him extremely ridiculous, particularly among his brother tars, who gave him the appellation of FINE BONES; however, the anecdote we are going to relate of him, affords a striking instance that military men are not always to be judged of by appearances. When Captain Suckling commanded a ship under the late Commodore Forest, they were cruising, three in company, off the island of Hispaniola, when being observed by FIVE French ships of SUPERIOR force then lying at Cape Francois, they immediately got under weigh with a view of capturing the British ships. The Commodore judged it adviseable to make the signal for the other two ships to come within hail, in order to consult their Captains on what was best to be done.—The brave Suckling without hesitation replied,—“ WHY, ENGAGE THEM TO BE SURE.” This so much astonished the ship’s company, that they voluntarily gave FINE BONES three hearty cheers.—

cheers.—He then called his first Lieutenant to him, and said, “ Sir, I am sensible there are many reflections and prejudices against my character; if therefore any part of my conduct during the approaching engagement, should betray the least marks of impropriety or fear; I desire you will send me forthwith below deck; and take the command of the ship.” In short, Captain Suekling behaved with the utmost intrepidity throughout the action; and this little squadron gave the haughty MONSIEURS so severe a drubbing, that they returned in the most shattered condition to the Cape, to the great mortification of the inhabitants of Hispaniola, who had prepared a grand entertainment for the reception of the British prisoners. Commodore Forest’s squadron had scarcely a mast standing when they put into port.



THE WILL,

A GRECIAN STORY.

ATHENDORUS lived at Athens. He punctually discharged the duties of a good citizen. His fortune was below mediocrity. A small patrimony had scarcely sufficed for the expences of his education. His fidelity to his friends, his tenderness to his parents, his taste for the sciences, his genius and strict integrity, merited, and acquired him the love and respect of his fellow citizens: While young he had given salutary counsels to his country, and had served it with distinction in its wars. The different sects of philosophers, contended amongst themselves for the honour of having him for a disciple. Athendorus refused to make a choice. Perhaps he was deterred by their perpetual disputes; it may be he was afraid, that by joining one sect he would give offence to the rest; or perhaps he was contented to conduct himself through life like a true philosopher without being ambitious of the title. The wealthiest citizens of Athens were his friends. They were in vain desirous of making him amends for the injustice of fortune. Philocles was the only person from whom he would receive the smallest favour, even when struggling with extreme

extreme penury. Monimia, a young Athenian, indigent, but beautiful, gentle, modest, and virtuous, touched his heart; she was equally charmed with Athendorus. The horrors of poverty did not terrify them: their souls were mingled, and determined to join their hands. Content with little, honest industry supplied all their wants. They found a thousand pleasing means of rendering their burthen more light, and they mutually aided each other in supporting it. Happiness so pure would never have suffered abatement; but death, cruel death! snatched Athendorus, from the arms of his inconsolable wife. He left her as a pledge of love, a daughter too young as yet to be sensible of her misfortune; and for a jointure—a will. Monimia, her head covered with a veil which hardly concealed the excess of her grief, holding her daughter in one hand and the will of her departed husband in the other, was conducted before the assembly of the Areopagus, in the presence of a multitude of citizens, anxious to hear read the will of a philosopher who had nothing to bequeath. They opened it, and found therein these words; “ I demise to Philocles the dearest of my friends, my wife and daughter, and desire him to marry the one, and educate and portion the other.” So singular a will, a legacy so little calculated to enrich the legatee, occasioned many pointed plea-

satiries. The Athenians, vivacious and satirical, exercised that poignant wit so peculiar to them, in ridiculing the memory of Athendorus. But their mirth was interrupted by the arrival of Philocles, who, eagerly breaking through the crowd, presented himself before the judges, his temples crowned with flowers and bearing in his hand the cup of libation. O Athenians! cried he, penetrated with grief for the death of Athendorus, I went to his tomb; I ornamented it with those funeral gifts with which we decorate the sepulchres of those who are immaturesly torn from us. In the fullness of my sorrow, prostrate on the tomb of my friend, I bathed it with my tears, I uttered groans and sighs; all the faculties of my soul suspended; nay, there were some moments when I imagined that my spirit was going to follow that of him whom I lamented.

Suddenly, I heard a secret voice at the bottom of my heart which said to me; Is it by cries, groans, tears and unavailing superfluous sorrow, thou meanest to honour the ashes of thy friend? Athendorus was benign, he feared the Gods, avoided the wicked, eschewed evil and acted uprightly. His virtues have entitled him to the reward destined for the just. His soul at this moment actually enjoys the purest pleasures of Elysium. And
 thinkest

thinkest thou that in those mansions of unclouded bliss his gentle spirit can feel a wish to disturb the quiet of his friend? Dost thou imagine that he requires thee to follow him into the grave! did he not leave thee some duties to fulfil? watch over his disconsolate widow, be a father to his orphan daughter: cherish and love those, who while on earth he cherished and loved. Imitate him and perpetuate the remembrance of his virtues by practising them. Thus will thou fulfil the real intentions of Athendorus. These words revived my sinking spirits, I felt myself reanimated. Arising with precipitation and in a kind of extacy, I carried away the funeral gifts which shaded the tomb of Athendorus; I have covered it with flowers, I have replenished my cup with sparkling wine, I have made the usual libation. I know, O Athenians, the contents of Athendorus's will, I will obey his last commands. Then approaching Monimia and her daughter, and embracing them tenderly, wife of my friend, cried he, thou shalt be mine, I have one daughter, the fruit of a former marriage, thy daughter shall be reared with her, and I will make no distinction between them. I mean not, O Monimia, to endeavour to make you forget your husband; imprinted on our hearts in characters not to be effaced, we will always preserve a sweet and tender remembrance of him.

His

His fidelity to his friends, his tenderness to his family, his love for his country, his patience, his courage, shall be the constant themes of our conversations, and the object of admiration. We will never forget his virtue, we will endeavour to imitate them, and leave them as precedents to those who shall survive us. The words of Philocles moved the hearts of the Athenians, who only replied by acclamations. That volatile people, to whom it was only necessary to point out the path of rectitude, to engage them to pursue it, heaped praises on Philocles, and conducted him to his house with every demonstration of joy. Philocles religiously observed his promise; he married Monimia and made her happy: he spared no expence on the education of the daughter of Athendorus; and when she attained her sixteenth year, he assigned her a portion, and left her at liberty in the choice of a husband.



A ROMAN THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

THE people of Rome enraged against Augustus, on account of certain oppressive laws by him imposed upon them, but more, for having banished Pylades the comedian, were so infatuated, that they submitted to the former, for the sake of obtaining the recall of the latter.

This passage is cited by Montesquieu, on the authority of Dio Cassius; and, according to what may be collected from the concurring evidence of the same author, Xiphilinus his abridger, Sallust in Vit Augusti, and Macrobius.

The occasion of this important incident was as follows: Pylades, full of himself, and sure of a strong party to espouse all he said or did, pointed, contemptuously, with his finger from the stage, to a citizen who took the liberty of the theatre to hiss him. This was suitably resented: the audience divided; part declared for the player, part for the citizen. A sedition ensued; the pretor interposed; and on the behalf of the citizen brought the cause before Augustus. Augustus, also, taking the same side, which appeared to be the strongest, not only reprimanded Pylades, but, as it should seem,

seem, reflected on the stage itself, as having a strong tendency to disturb, as well as to amuse the people. Pylades, on the other hand, more shrewdly than modestly, replied: " 'Tis for your interest, Cæsar, they should be amused any way." Banishment ensued. His decree at court only served to increase factions, and, consequently, his importance every where else; insomuch that the city was never at peace, till he was recalled, on the ignominious terms specified above.



INTERESTING
ANECDOTES,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:
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1797.

once for all. He accordingly called on the Doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made! "How so, Jack?" says the Doctor.—"Why," says Jack, "the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange *penchant* for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East-Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out there, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The Doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him.—But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, "that if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude." The Doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch,

and

and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he sent to borrow another half-guinea from him on his death bed, which the Doctor very generously sent him.

THE
WHIMSICAL INTERVIEW.

A GENUINE STORY.

SIR James Freelove is a person of very considerable property in the funds, besides being in possession of a landed estate of near ten thousand a year. He nevertheless makes no saving, nor ever thinks of improving his estate, or racking his tenants. The sole object of his life is pleasure, and as he entertains that erroneous opinion in common with many debauchees, that every female has her price, he has relinquished all thoughts of matrimony, and looks upon the beautiful part of the whole sex as his sultanas.—In this opinion he frequently expends very considerable sums in chimerical pursuits, and is often the dupe of his own vanity.

He has a trusty valet who possesses those talents that justly entitle him to be stiled an excellent pimp; indeed his genius is very fertile in negotiations of this kind. As he has a smattering of poetry, and writes tolerable English, he is Sir James's laureat and secretary in all his amorous correspondence, as well as his personal negociator upon these occasions. It is true this is frequently a business of danger; but he has courage enough to brave it, and as he is *un homme à tout faire*, he sticks at nothing that will promote the business.

As a specimen of his abilities in this line, we shall mention a few anecdotes that have come to our knowledge, which will tend to illustrate the character of this trusty valet, master Martin. It may be necessary to premise that he is about thirty, genteel in his person, and possesses a volubility of speech, which never fails him.—Some months since he had intelligence of a very pretty farmer's daughter near Hertford; he went down *incog.* (for strange as it may appear, a valet may be *incog.*) and passed for a rich farmer in the North of England. He was equipped at all points to support the deception, and among other requisites a bag, with a considerable sum in it was not omitted. He soon found
out

out the public house the farmer frequented in the neighbourhood, and failed not to resort thither.

A bowl of punch is very apt to declare the secrets of the mind, and among other things he informed Martin that he had a very handsome daughter, and if he could but fix her marriage, his heart would be at ease, and all his troubles in this world would be at an end.

It is very common for old men to dwell upon favourite subjects, and the former failed not to expatiate upon his daughter's virtues and excellencies; nay, he went farther, he invited Martin to go home with him, taste his ale, and see his daughter. The invitation it may easily be imagined, was readily accepted, and they set forth, the one to exhibit, the other to reconnoitre the young gentlewoman's charms.—Martin was amazingly struck with her beauty, he was almost inclined to make love to her in earnest, in behalf of his own dear person; but interest prevailed over his passion, and he was resolved to act as a faithful servant. He wrote to his master that very night, giving him a description of Miss P——, and requesting his immediate presence to have ocular proof of his

his judicious choice. The Baronet immediately attended, and was enamoured with the charming simplicity of Miss P——. Martin now exhausted his imagination for an expedient to carry her off, but Old Argus was too attentive. The farmer had more than sufficient reason to suspect his design, and after Martin had paid Miss P—— several visits, in which he paid the most ardent declaration of his passion in a stile superior to that of a rustic, and to which her father had often listened, the latter came to this short explanation, “if he meant honourably to declare himself at once.” A categorical answer was required immediately, and Martin found himself so circumstanced, that he must either give up his prize, or submit to the hard terms prescribed. He boldly accepted, and they were actually married.

They set out to consummate their nuptials at Hertford, where Sir James was planted.— After supper the bride and bridegroom retired to rest, and when the candles were extinguished, the Baronet came forward from his retreat in an adjacent room, and supplied Martin’s place.— The deluded fair one found too late the deception. Martin decamped early in the morning, and left his master in possession of his prey.—
Terrified

Terrified and ashamed at her situation, overwhelmed with sorrow, she had not fortitude to resist the tempting offers the Baronet made her, and yielded to his proposal of retiring to a pleasant villa he had in that neighbourhood.

Martin was not always successful in these infamous pursuits, as the following story will prove. Miss M——, a beautiful young lady, had not long been married to Mr. D——n, a gentleman of small fortune, whose chief expectations were founded on levee dangling, hitherto without success. Sir James thought he should find an easy conquest in Mrs. D——n, and having written a passionate epistle to her, in which he gave her a *carte blanche*, Martin was dispatched with it to attend her. By dint of bribery he gained admission in the absence of her husband and brother. Mrs. D——n was at first greatly astonished at the contents of the letter; but having recovered her presence of mind, bid him return in an hour, when she would give him an answer. Martin highly elated at this imaginary success, flew to his master with the joyful tidings, and returned most punctually at the time appointed. A trusty servant in the house was admitted into the secret, and Martin was introduced to the lady
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in the presence of her husband and brother.—
 “ Sir,” said she to Martin, who was greatly confounded, pointing to her husband, “ this is my secretary, with whom I entrust all my secrets, and he will give you a proper answer.” Mr. D——n now produced the letter, and asked him if he had not delivered that paper to his wife. Martin instantly fell upon his knees, and implored mercy, declared he was ignorant of the contents of the billet, or he would certainly never have brought it; but this palliation had no effect, the servants were called, and he received a proper chastisement for his insolence and villainy, which now confines him to his bed, where he may probably remain some weeks; and Mr. D——n is in search of Sir James, in order to bestow a similar reward on him.

CRUELTY.

ALEXANDER LEIGHTON, a Doctor of Divinity, a Scotchman, and a zealous Puritan, by desire of some of his friends had written and published a book, entitled, “ Zion’s Plea against Prelacy.” It contained some warm imprudent invectives against the prelates, and the

the conduct of those in power. Soon after the publication of the work, without an information upon oath, or legal proof who was the author, Leighton, as he was coming from church, was arrested by two high commissioned pursuivants. They dragged him to the house of Laud, where he was kept till seven in the evening without food. Laud returning at this time in great pomp and state, with Corbet, Bishop of Oxford, Leighton demanded to be heard. The haughty Laud did not deign to see him, but sent him to Newgate. He was clapped into irons, and confined in an uninhabitable apartment, where, notwithstanding the weather was cold, and snow and rain beat in, there was no convenient place to make a fire. From Tuesday night to Thursday noon he was unsupplied with food, and in this infernal dwelling was kept fifteen weeks, without any friend, not even his wife being suffered to come near him. His own house was in the mean time rifled by the officers of the high-commissioned court, his wife and children treated by these ruffians with great barbarity, himself denied a copy of the commitment, and the Sheriffs of London refused to bail him, at his wife's petition. At the end of fifteen weeks he was served with a subpœna. Keath, the Attorney General, on an assurance that he should

come off well, extorted a confession from him that he was the author of the book. An information was immediately lodged against him in the star-chamber, by Heath. He confessed the writing of the book, but with no such intention as the information suggested. He pleaded, that his aim was to remonstrate against certain grievances in church and state, under which the people suffered, to the end that the parliament might take them into consideration, and give such redress, as might be for the honour of the King, the quiet of the people, and the peace of the church. This answer not being admitted as satisfactory, the following cruel sentence was, by this tyrannical court, pronounced against him, though sick and absent, viz.

“ That he should pay a fine of ten thousand pounds to his majesty’s use ; and in respect that the defendant had heretofore entered into the ministry, and the court of star-chamber did not use to inflict any corporal or ignominious punishment upon any person so long as they continued in orders, the court referred him to the high commission, there to be degraded of his ministry ; that done, for farther punishment, and example to others, the delinquent to be brought to the pillory at Westminster (the
court

court sitting) there whipped ; after his whipping, to be set in the pillory for some convenient space ; to have his ears cut off, his nose slit, and to be brandished in the face with S. S. for a sower of sedition ; then to be carried to the Fleet prison ; and at some convenient time afterwards to be carried to the pillory at Cheapside upon a market day, to be there likewise whipped, then set in the pillory, have his other ear cut off, and then be carried back to the prison of the Fleet, there to remain during life, unless his majesty be graciously pleased to enlarge him."

On Friday, November the 16th, part of his sentence was put in execution in this manner: in the New Palace-Yard at Westminster, in term time, he was severely whipped, then put in the pillory, where he had one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, brandished on the cheek with a red-hot iron, with the letters S. S. and afterwards carried back to the Fleet, to be kept in close custody. On that day seven-night, his sores upon his back, ears, nose, and face, not being cured, he was whipped again at the pillory, in Cheapside, and there had the remainder of his sentence executed upon him, by cutting off the other ear, slitting the other side of the nose, and brandishing the other cheek,

Dr.

Dr. Leighton, in his own account of this horrid execution, adds, that the hangman was made half drunk, and enjoined to perform his office with ferocity; that he stood, after receiving the punishment of the lash, almost two hours in the pillory, exposed to frost and snow, and there suffered the rest: that being with these miseries disabled from walking, he was denied the benefit of a coach, and carried back to prison by water, to the farther endangering his life.

A N E C D O T E

OF

VOLTAIRE.

WHEN Voltaire was in England, some years ago, Lord Chesterfield (who was extremely fond of his company, and who corresponded with that bard till his death) invited him to dinner, which invitation he accepted, but finding the *vails* he was obliged to give the servants much more than would have paid for a dinner at a tavern, he declined the second, and even the third invitation, being always previously engaged; when Lord Chesterfield meet-
ing

ing him one day in the Park, he pressed him strongly to come and eat soup with him, but Voltaire still declined it, saying, "Upon my word, my Lord, I cannot afford it." His lordship was astonished at first, but an explanation taking place, Lord Chesterfield ordered, on pain of losing their places, all his servants to refuse taking of vails. This was the first example given for reforming this evil, which has been followed by most of the nobility, who make a proper allowance to their domestics in lieu of this perquisite.

DRUSILLA;

OR, THE FATE OF HAROLD.

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

WHILE yet the hardy sons of Britain groaned beneath the Danish yoke; long ere the immortal Alfred rose, like the resplendent God of Day, to animate this drooping nation, and warm each patriotic bosom with ardour, to seek the emancipation of it's country; on an elevated and advantageous spot, near which the majestick Frome now winds its way through
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the fertile Dorsetian meadows, Harold, a potent and ambitious Dane, held a strong and well-fortified castle; and stretched over all the adjacent country the iron rod of unfeeling despotism.— In the plenitude of unopposed power, he became notorious for those acts of violence and oppression, which rendered his unhappy vassals ever uneasy and insecure, even in possession of the simple rights of nature.

On the verge of his ample dominions, in the most distant and intricate recess of an extensive and gloomy forest, the oppressed Edmund, though descended from a long race of worthy Britons, fixed his humble residence, removed as far as possible from the vicinage of his imperious Lord, to whom he failed not to pay due homage, and customary tribute. But tyranny is ever the same; restless and insatiable; not content with wresting from its victims their rightful possessions, and dearest privileges, it is ever ill at ease, while they enjoy the least, the meanest domestick comfort, or consolation!

Among the peasants, who preferred this retirement with Edmund, was his only brother Edgar, a youth of the most manly figure, and engaging deportment. Harold had selected all
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the finest youth of his domains, of whom were composed the guards of his castle. Edgar, therefore was enrolled in the number; and, with the greatest reluctance, doomed to waste his prime, confined within the fortress, subservient to the mandates of the wretch he despised. The aroused indignation of the honest plebeians was scarcely restrained from bursting forth into action, by the whispers of caution, or the admonitions of prudence. Yet cruel destiny waited to inflict a deeper wound on the peace of Edmund! Drusilla, the adorned partner of his bed, was confessedly one of the most lovely women of her day; in her, to a beautiful face, an intelligent mind, and a sweet disposition, were united a superiority of figure, and most exact symmetry of features.

*" Grace was in all ber steps, Heav'n in-ber eye,
 " In every gesture, dignity and love!"*

The fame of this accomplished female could not fail to reach and interest the ear of such a voluptuary as Harold. By his authoritative command, the fair victim was torn from the arms of her distracted husband, in order to gratify the lawless appetite of that tyrant. On her arrival at the castle, the beauties of her person,
 and

and the firmness of her behaviour, impressed a kind of reverential awe and astonishment on all who saw her. Such dauntless and intrepid virtue confounded even Harold himself; who sought in vain, to win her to his desires, by the most specious arts, and seductive promises; determining if possible, to conciliate her favour by kind and gentle means, rather than force her inclination by austerity and violence. Day after day, he repeated his interviews, and redoubled his fruitless solicitations; during which time, she experienced the greatest marks of respect, and was allowed every indulgence, save that of liberty, and the society of a beloved husband, whose dear idea was ever present to her mind, and whose fate she mourned with inconsolable anguish.

Meanwhile, the generous Edwin, unknown to Drusilla, with great difficulty and danger, had found means to give information to Edmund, and concert a scheme for the delivery of the fair captive. Many of the guard were in his interest; and, as their Lord was held in equal detestation, many others waited only for an opportunity to do justice to themselves, their friends, and their country, by launching the bolt of vengeance on the devoted head of the common enemy.

Edmund was much esteemed by the little circle of his friends; and, fired with resentment for the injuries he had sustained, they vowed to espouse his cause and assist his enterprize.

Things at the castle now began to wear a more serious aspect. Impatient of repeated repulses in his illicit pursuit, Harold, growing irritated and enraged, commanded Drusilla to be confined to the dungeon, with a view to enforce that compliance, which kindness and artifice had attempted in vain; and she was given to understand, that he had fixed a time, beyond which his forbearance would be no longer dallied with.

The important day, destined for the sacrifice of virtue, at length arrived. Drusilla had prepared herself for the issue. She had concealed, under her flowing robe, a dagger, which she had fortunately secured, and resolved to have recourse to, if reduced to such an exigence, in defence of her honour.

The evening closed dark and tempestuous; the country was hushed to rest; not a sound was heard, save that of the driving storm, howling through the surrounding elms, and beating against the gloomy battlements, when she re-

D

ceived

ceived the dreaded, though not unexpected, summons. She was conducted, in respectful silence, to the great hall of the castle, where the haughty chieftain waited to receive her.— He was seated on a throne of state; and the apartment was hung around with all the pompous insignia of war, the victorious trophies of his conquering ancestors. Every appearance seemed adapted to impress terror, and demand submission.

The guards were ordered to withdraw; when, with his own hand, he bolted the massy folding-doors, while his eyes sparkled with libidinous triumph.

As the long pursued stag, after having forded the rapid river, scaled the lofty cliff, and penetrated the thickest wood, finding every expedient ineffectual, stands at bay, and fiercely turns his antled front on his blood-thirsty foes, so stood the dauntless heroine, alone, collecting all her fortitude to oppose the assailant of her virtue.

“Rash and inconsiderate fair one!” cried Harold, “you are not unacquainted with the purport of this interview. You have hitherto
expe-

experienced my clemency only; consider me now no more in the character of an amorous suppliant, but of an absolute Lord. I will be no longer the dupe of equivocation: if you judiciously yield to my wishes, you and your family shall share my protection, and taste my bounty; but, if you remain inflexible, take the consequences of your folly! this night your boasted virtue expires; and, before to-morrow's sun has run his course, the solitudes of your beloved Edmund shall cease for ever! "Tyrant!" exclaimed the fearless female, "I despise thy threats, as I scorn thy favours! let sordid souls strike at thy specious lure, bid thy slaves tremble at thy frown: know, I have a mind superior to either! "I dare—" "enough, bold woman!" interrupted Harold, "power and opportunity are mine: by the gods, I will no longer abuse them!" he said; and, rushing forwards to seize her, she snatched the fatal weapon from beneath her robe, and plunged it into his bosom. He recoiled a few paces; planted his hands on the wound; sunk down, and, with a deep groan, expired. As stood the patriotick Brutus over the murdered body of the mighty Cæsar, on Rome's ever memorable day; so stood the well avenged Drusilla over her prostrate enemy, from whose mortal wound the crimson tide yet freely flowed;

for

*" True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
 " That justice warrants, and due vengeance guides."*

She had scarcely leisure to reflect on her critical situation, before her ears were assailed with sounds of tumult and confusion; from which she immediately conjectured, that the catastrophe was by some means discovered, and she expected no less than to be dragged to instantaneous execution. The sounds approached still nearer; the doors were violently agitated; and, in a moment flew open. A number of armed men rushed in. With an exultant mien, and a mind superior to dread, she exclaimed " Vassals of a tyrant! behold your Lord! My triumph is complete! Here—here, wreak all your rage! But spare my Edmund! Spare—" " Best, and bravest of women," cried Edmund, rushing forward, and clasping her to his breast, " spare thy solitudes; even in this place thou art safe. These, all these, are our common friends; they are no longer the panders of vice, but the protectors of virtue; to these I owe my introduction to this impregnable fortress; Edwin's courage and conduct inspired them with ardour to let down the draw-bridge, and force these strong doors; and, had not thy valorous hand anticipated the deed, even now the
 tyrant

tyrant had fallen, amidst his own guards, by the arms of those on whom he relied for protection. This very spot is now become the seat of Liberty! On these walls we fix her flowing banners!"

Mutual joy, congratulations, and unfeigned vows of eternal concord and amity, concluded the scene; when, loaded with spoils, and exulting in their recovered freedom, the united bands sought the impenetrable recesses of the forest; and, in defiance of every opposition, long enjoyed the blessings which their heroism had so nobly procured. So may the hand of Providence ever interpose in the cause of oppressed virtue and injured innocence.

" Thus perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow,

" At other's good, nor melt at others woe;

" So, unlamented, pass the proud away,

" The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!"

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E
OF
MARSHAL TALLARD.

WHEN Marshal Tallard was confined a prisoner of war at Nottingham, he gave several balls to the ladies in the neighbourhood, and danced one evening with a young lady, who was a parson's daughter. She was extremely amiable, and made a great impression upon the Marshal.

His secretary, who was a man of easy morals, and had observed his master's agitation of mind, and the cause of it, thinking to recommend himself to the Marshal's favour, threw out several hints, that there would be no great difficulty of obtaining the young lady upon his own terms; but the Marshal replied, with magnanimity of soul that did him the greatest honour, "Sir, if I were one-and-twenty, and of the same religion as the lady, I should think it no discredit to offer her my hand in an honourable manner; but to ruin a virtuous young woman, for a momentary gratification, I should think it a far greater dishonour, than to be defeated and taken prisoner by the Duke of Marlborough."

GENUINE

GENUINE ANECDOTE.

AT the commencement of the late war, when the French appeared inclined to take part with the Americans, but had not openly declared themselves, Sir Joseph Yorke, then our Ambassador at the Hague, meeting the French Ambassador, censured his court for interfering in the dispute, and taking so ungenerous a part. "You have been guilty, said he, of a dishonourable act, no less than that of *debauching* our daughter." I am sorry, replied the French Ambassador, that your Excellency should put so severe a construction on the matter.—She made the first advances, and absolutely threw herself into our arms; but rather than forfeit your friendship, if matrimony will make any atonement, we are ready to act honourably, and to *marry your daughter*."

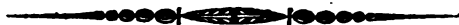
 ANECDOTE

OF

LORD HALLIFAX.

AT the beginning of the revolution, several persons of rank, who had been zealously serviceable

serviceable in bringing about this event, but who at the same time had no great abilities, applied for some of the most considerable employments under government; when the Earl of Hallifax being consulted on the propriety of admitting those claims—"I remember," said his Lordship, "to have read in history, that Rome was saved by the *Geese*, but do not recollect that those geese were made *Consuls*."



THE HISTORY
OF THE
SIEUR D'ANGLADE.

THE Count of Montgomery rented part of an hotel in the Rue Royale at Paris. The ground floor and first floor were occupied by him; the second and third by the *Sieur d'Anglade*. The Count and Countess de Montgomery had an establishment suitable to their rank; they kept an almoner, and several male and female servants, and their horses and equipage were numerous in proportion: *Monsieur d'Anglade* (who was a gentleman, though of inferior rank to the Count) and his wife lived with less splendour,
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but yet with elegance and decency suitable to their situation in life. They had a carriage and were admitted into the best companies, where probably d'Anglade increased his income by play; but, on the strictest enquiry, it did not appear that any dishonourable actions could be imputed to him. The Count and Countess de Montgomery lived on a footing of neighbourly civility with Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade; and without being very intimate, were always on friendly terms. Some time in September 1687, the Count and Countess proposed passing a few days at Villebousin, one of their country houses; they informed Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade of their design, and invited them to be of the party, they accepted it; but the evening before they were to go, they for some reason or other (probably, because Madame d'Anglade was not very well) begged leave to decline the honour, and the Count and Countess set out without them, leaving in their lodgings one of the Countess's women, four girls whom she employed to work for her in embroidery, and a boy who was kept to help the footman. They took with them the priest Father Gagnard, who was their almoner, and all their other servants.

The Count pretended that a strange presenti-

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ment of impending evil hung over him, and determined him to return to Paris a day sooner than he intended. Certain it is, that instead of staying till Thursday, as they proposed, they came back on Wednesday evening. On their coming to their hotel a few moments before their servants (who followed them on horse-back) they observed that the door of a room on the ground floor, where their men servants slept, was ajar, though the almoner, who always kept the key, had double-locked it when he went away. Monsieur d'Anglade, who was out when they came home, returned to his lodgings about eleven o'clock, bringing with him two friends, with whom he had supped at the President Roberts's. On entering, he was told that the Count and Countess were returned, at which, it is said, he seemed much surprized.—However, he went into the apartment where they were, to pay his compliments. They desired him to sit down, and sent to beg Madame d'Anglade would join them; she did so, and they passed some time in conversation, after which they parted.

The next morning the Count de Montgomery discovered that the lock of his strong box had been opened by a false key, from which had
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been taken thirteen small sacks, each containing a thousand livres in silver; eleven thousand five hundred livres in gold, being double pistoles, and an hundred louis d'ors, of a new coinage called *au C'ordon*, together with a pearl necklace, worth four thousand livres.

The Count as soon as he made the discovery, went to the Police and preferred his complaint, describing the sums taken from him, and the species in which those sums were. The Lieutenant of the Police went directly to the hotel; where, from some circumstances it clearly appeared, that the robbery must have been committed by some one who belonged to the house. Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade earnestly desired to have their apartments and their servants examined; and from some observations he then made, or some prejudice he had before entertained against Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade, the Lieutenant of the Police seems to have conceived the most disadvantageous opinion of them, and to have been so far prepossessed with an idea of their guilt, that he did not sufficiently investigate the looks and the conduct of others. In pursuance, however, of their desire to have their rooms searched, he followed them thither, and looked narrowly into their drawers, closets,

and boxes; unmade the beds, and searched the mattresses and the paillasses. On the floor they themselves inhabited, nothing was found: he then proposed ascending to the attic story, to which Monsieur d'Anglade readily consented. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from attending, saying that she was ill and weak. However her husband went up with the officer of justice, and all was readily submitted to his inspection. In looking into an old trunk, filled with clothes, remnants, and parchments, he found a rouleau of seventy louis d'ors, *au C'ordon*, wrapt in a printed paper, which paper was a genealogical table, which the Count said was his.

This seems to have been the circumstance which so far confirmed the before groundless and slight suspicions of the Lieutenant of the Police, that it occasioned the ruin of these unfortunate people.

As soon as these seventy louis d'ors were brought to light, the Count de Montgomery insisted upon it that they were his; though, as they were in common circulation, it was as impossible for him to swear to *them* as to any other coin. He declared, however, that he had no
doubt

doubt but that Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade had robbed him; and said that he would answer for the honesty of all his own people, and that on this occasion he could not but recollect that the Sieur Grimaudet, who had before occupied this hotel, which Monsieur d'Anglade had inhabited at the same time, had lost a valuable piece of plate. It was therefore, the Count said, very probable that d'Anglade had been guilty of both the robberies, which had happened in the same place while he inhabited it.

On this rouleau of seventy louis d'ors, the Lieutenant of the Police seized. He bid Monsieur d'Anglade count them; he did so, but terrified at the imputation of guilt, and of the fatal consequence which in France often follows the imputation only, his hand trembled as he did it; he was sensible of it, and said—"I tremble." This emotion, so natural even to innocence appeared, in the eyes of the Count and the Lieutenant, a corroboration of his guilt.

After this examination, they descended to the ground floor, where the almoner, the page, and the valet de chambre were accustomed to sleep together, in a small room. Madame d'Anglade desired the officer of the Police to
remark

remark, that the door of this apartment had been left open, and that the valet de chambre probably knew why; of whom, therefore, enquiry should be made. Nothing was more natural than this observation, yet to minds already prepossessed with an opinion of the guilt of d'Anglade and his wife, this remark seemed to confirm it: when in a corner of this room, where the wall formed a little recess, five of the sacks were discovered, which the Count had lost; in each of which was a thousand livres; and a sack, from which upwards of two hundred had been taken.

After this no farther enquiry was made, nor any of the servants examined. The guilt of Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade was ascertained, in the opinion of the Lieutenant of the Police and the Count de Montgomery; and, on no stronger grounds than the circumstance of finding the seventy louis d'ors, the emotion shewn by d'Anglade while he counted them, and the remark made by his wife, were these unfortunate people committed to prison. Their effects were seized. Monsieur d'Anglade was thrown into a dungeon in the Chatelet; and his wife who was with child, and her little girl about four years old, were sent to l'Eveque; while
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the strictest orders were given that no person whatever should be admitted to speak to them. The prosecution now commenced, and the Lieutenant of the Police, who had committed the unhappy man, was to be his judge.—D'Anglade appealed, and attempted to institute a suit against him, and make him a party, in order to prevent his being competent to give judgment; but this attempt failed, and served only to add personal animosity to the prejudice this officer had before taken against d'Anglade.—Witnesses were examined, but, far from their being heard with impartiality, their evidence was twisted to the purpose of those, who desired to prove guilty the man they were determined to believe so. The almoner, Francis Gagnard, who was the really guilty person, was among those whose evidence was now admitted against d'Anglade: and this wretch had effrontery enough to conceal the emotions of his soul, and to perform a mass, which the Count ordered to be said at St. Esprit, for the discovery of the culprits.

The Lieutenant of the Police, elated with his triumph over the miserable prisoner, pushed on the prosecution with all the avidity which malice and revenge could inspire in a vindictive spirit.

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In spite, however, of all he could do, the proofs were insufficient; therefore he determined to have him put to the torture, in hopes of bringing him to confess the crime; d'Anglade appealed, but the parliament confirmed the order, and the poor man underwent the question ordinary and extraordinary; when, notwithstanding his acute sufferings, he continued firmly to protest his innocence, till, covered with wounds, his limbs dislocated, and his mind enduring yet more than his body, he was carried back to his dungeon. Disgrace and ruin overwhelmed him, his fortune and effects were sold for less than a tenth of their value, as it is always the case where law presses with its iron hand, his character was blasted, his health was ruined. Not naturally robust, and always accustomed, not only to the comforts, but the elegances of life, a long confinement in a noisome and unwholesome dungeon had reduced him to the lowest state of weakness. In such a situation he was dragged forth to torture, and then plunged again into the damp and dark cavern from whence he came, without food, medicine, or assistance of any kind, though it is usual for those who suffer the torture to have medical help and refreshment after it. This excess of severity could be imputed only to the malignant influence of the officer of justice, in whose power he now was.

From the same influence it happened, that the Sieur d'Anglade, amidst the most dreadful pains, had steadily protested his innocence—and though the evidence against him was extremely defective, sentence was given to this effect:—That d'Anglade should be condemned to serve in the galleys for nine years; that his wife should for the like term be banished from Paris, and its jurisdiction; that they should pay three thousand livres reparation to the Count de Montgomery as damages, and make restitution of twenty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-three livres, and either return the pearl necklace, or pay four thousand livres more.

From this sum the five thousand seven hundred and eighty livres, found in the sacks in the servants' room, were to be deducted, together with the seventy louis d'ors found in the box, of which the officer of justice had taken possession, and also a double Spanish pistole, and seventeen louis d'ors, found on the person of d'Anglade, which was his own money.

Severe as this sentence was, and founded on slight presumption, it was put immediately into execution. D'Anglade, whose constitution was already sinking under the heavy pressure of his

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misfortunes, whose limbs were contracted by the dampness of his prison, and who had undergone the most excruciating tortures, was sent to the tower of Montgomery, there to remain, without assistance or consolation, till the convicts condemned to the galleys were ready to go. He was then chained with them; a situation how dreadful! for a gentleman, whose sensibility of mind was extreme, and who had never suffered the least hardship or difficulty till then; when he was plunged at once into the lowest abyss of misery, chained among felons, and condemned to the most hopeless confinement and the severest labour, without any support, but what he could procure from the pity of those who saw him; for of his own he had now nothing! Yet, dreadful as these evils were, he supported them with patient firmness, which nothing but conscious innocence could have produced. Reduced to the extreme of human wretchedness, he felt not for himself; but when he reflected on the situation of his wife, and infant daughter, his fortitude forsook him. A fever had, from his first confinement, preyed on his frame; its progress grew more rapid, and he felt his death inevitable.—When the galley slaves being collected to depart, he besought leave to see his wife, and to give his last blessing to his child—
but

but it was denied him!—He submitted, and prepared to go; but being too weak to stand, he was put into a waggon, whence he was lifted off at night, when they stopped, and laid on straw, in a barn or out-house, and the next morning carried again between two men to the waggon to continue his journey. In this manner, and believing every hour would be his last, the unhappy man arrived at Marseilles.

It was asserted, but for the honour of human nature should not be believed, that the Count de Montgomery pressed his departure, notwithstanding the deplorable condition he was in, and even waited on the road to see him pass, and enjoy the horrid spectacle of his sufferings. The unhappy wife of this injured man had not been treated with more humanity. She had been dragged to prison, separate from that of her husband, and confined in a dungeon. She was with child, and the terror she had undergone occasioned her to miscarry.—Long fainting fits succeeded; and she had no help but that of her little girl, who, young as she was, endeavoured to recall her dying mother by bathing her temples, and by making her smell to bread dipped in wine. But as she believed that every fainting fit would be her last, she implored the

jailor to allow her a confessor: after much delay he sent one; and by his means the poor woman received succour and sustenance: but while she slowly gathered strength her little girl grew ill. The noisome damp, the want of proper food, and of fresh air, overcame the tender frame of the poor child; and then it was that the distraction and despair of the mother was at its height. In the middle of a rigorous winter, they were in a cavern, where no air could enter, and where the damp only lined the walls; a little charcoal, in an earthen pot, was all the fire they had, and the smoke was so offensive and dangerous, that it increased rather than diminished their sufferings. In this dismal place the mother saw her child sinking under a disease for which she had no remedies. Cold sweats accompanied it, and she had neither clean linen for her, or fire to warm her; and as even her food depended on charity, and they were not allowed to see any body, they had no relief but what the priest from time to time procured them. At length, and as a great favour, they were removed to a place less damp, to which there was a little window; but the window was stopped, and the fumes of the charcoal were as noxious here as in the cavern they had left. Here they remained, however, (Providence

vidence having prolonged their lives) for four or five months.

Monsieur d'Anglade, not being in a condition to be chained to the oar, was sent to the hospital of the convicts, at Marseilles; his disease still preyed on the poor remains of a ruined constitution, but his sufferings were lengthened out beyond what his weaknesses seemed to promise. It was near four months after his arrival at Marseilles, that being totally exhausted, he felt his last moments approach, and desired to receive the sacraments.—Before they were administered to him, he solemnly declared, as he hoped to be received into the presence of the Searcher of Hearts, that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge; that he forgave his inexorable prosecutor, and his partial judge, and felt no other regret in quitting the world, than that of leaving his wife and his child exposed to the miseries of poverty, and the disgrace of his imputed crime; but he trusted his vindication to God, who had, he said, lent him fortitude to endure the sufferings he had not deserved: and then after having received the Eucharist with piety and composure, he expired; a martyr to unjust suspicion, and hasty or malicious judgment.

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He had been dead only a few weeks, when several persons who had known him, received anonymous letters.—The letters signified that the person who wrote them, was on the point of hiding himself in a convent for the rest of his life; but before he did so, his conscience obliged him to inform whom it might concern, that the *Sieur d'Anglade* was innocent of the robbery committed in the apartments of the *Count de Montgomery*; that the perpetrators were one *Vincent Belestre*, the son of a tanner at *Mans*, and a priest named *Gagnard*, a native also of *Mans*, who had been the *Count's* almoner.—The letters added, that a woman of the name of *De la Comble* could give light into the whole affair.

One of these letters was sent to the *Countess de Montgomery*, who however had not generosity enough to shew it; but the *Sieur Loy-sillon*, and some others, who had received at the same time the same kind of letters, determined to enquire into the affair; while the friends of the *Count de Montgomery*, who began to apprehend that he would be disagreeably situated if his prosecution of *d'Anglade* should be found unjust, pretended to discover that these letters were dictated by *Madame d'Anglade*,
 who

who hoped by that artifice to deliver her husband's memory from the odium that rested on it, and herself and her child from the dungeon in which they were still confined.

An enquiry was set on foot after Belestre and Gagnard, who had some time before quitted the Count's service. It was found that Belestre was a consummate villain, who had, in the early part of his life been engaged in an assassination, for which he was obliged to fly from his native place; that he had been a soldier, had killed his serjeant in a quarrel, and deserted; then returning to his native country, had been a wandering vagabond, going by different names, and practising every species of roguery;—that he had sometimes been a beggar, and sometimes a bully, about the streets of Paris, but always much acquainted and connected with Gagnard, his countryman; and that suddenly, from the lowest indigence, he had appeared to be in affluence; he had bought himself rich cloaths, had shewn various sums of money, and had purchased an estate near Mans, for which he had paid between nine and ten thousand livres.

Gagnard, who was the son of the jailor at Mans, had come to Paris without either cloaths
or

or money, and had subsisted on charity, or by saying masses at St. Esprit, by which he hardly gained enough to keep him alive, when the Count de Montgomery took him. It was impossible what he got in his service, as wages, could enrich him, yet, immediately after quitting it, he was seen cloathed neatly in his clerical habit; his expences for his entertainment were excessive; he had plenty of money in his pocket; and had taken a woman out of the street, whom he had established in handsome lodgings, and cloathed with the greatest profusion of finery. These observations alone, had they been made in time, were sufficient to have opened the way to a discovery which might have saved the life, and redeemed the honour of the unfortunate d'Anglade. Late as it was, justice was now ready to overtake them, and the hand of Providence itself seemed to assist. Gagnard being in a tavern, in the street St. Andre des Ares, was present at a quarrel wherein a man was killed, he was sent to prison, with the rest of the people in the house; and about the same time, a man who had been robbed and cheated by Belestre, near three years before, met him, watched him to his lodgings, and put him into the hands of the Marechaussee. These two wretches being thus in the hands of justice for other crimes, under-

went

went an examination relative to the robbery of the Count de Montgomery; they betrayed themselves by inconsistent answers. Their accomplices were apprehended, and the whole affair appeared so clear, that it was only astonishing how the criminals could ever have been mistaken. The guardians of Constantia Guillemot, the daughter of d'Anglade, now desired to be admitted parties in the suit, on behalf of their ward; that the guilt of Belastre and Gagnard might be proved, and the memory of Monsieur d'Anglade, and the character of his widow justified; as well as that she might, by fixing the guilt on those who were really culpable, obtain restitution of her father's effects, and amends from the Count de Montgomery. She became, through her guardians, prosecutrix of the two villains; the principal witness against whom was a man called the Abbe de Fontpierre, who had belonged to the association of thieves of which Belastre was a member. This man said that he had written the anonymous letters which had led to the discovery: for that after the death of d'Anglade, his conscience reproached him with being privy to so enormous a crime. He swore that Belastre had obtained from Gagnard the impression of the Count's keys in wax, by which means he had others made that opened the locks. He said,

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that soon after the condemnation of d'Anglade to the galleys, he was in a room adjoining to one where Belastre and Gagnard were drinking and feasting; that he heard the former say to the latter, " Come, my friend, let us drink and enjoy ourselves while this fine fellow the Marquis d'Anglade is at the galleys."—To which Gagnard replied with a sigh, " Poor man, I cannot help being sorry for him; he was a good kind of a man, and always very civil and obliging to me." Belastre then exclaimed with a laugh, " Sorry! what sorry for a man who has secured us from suspicion, and made our fortune?"—Much other discourse of the same kind he repeated. And De la Comble deposed that Belsatre had shewn her great sums of money, and a beautiful pearl necklace; and when she asked him where he got all this? he answered that he had won it at play. These and many other circumstances related by this woman, confirmed his guilt beyond all doubt. In his pocket were found a Gazette of Holland, in which he had (it was supposed) caused to be inserted, that the men who had been guilty of the robbery, for which the Sieur d'Anglade had been condemned, were executed for some other crime at Orleans, hoping by this means to stop any farther enquiry. A letter was also found on him from
Gagnard,

Gagnard, which advised him of the rumours which were spread from the anonymous letters; and desiring him to find some means to quiet or get rid of the Abbe Fontpierre.

The proof of the criminality of these two men being fully established, they were condemned to death; and, being previously made to undergo the question ordinary and extraordinary, they confessed, Gagnard upon the rack, and Belastre at the place of execution, that they had committed the robbery. Gagnard declared, that if the Lieutenant of the Police had pressed him with questions the day d'Anglade and his wife were taken up, he was in such confusion, he should have confessed all.

These infamous men having suffered the punishment of their crime, Constantia Guille-mot d'Anglade continued to prosecute the suit against the Count de Montgomery, for the unjust accusation he had made; who endeavoured by the chicane his fortune gave him the power to command to evade the restitution: at length, after a very long process, the Court decided—“ That the Count de Montgomery should restore to the widow and daughter of d'Anglade, the sum which their effects, and all the property that was seized, had produced—that he should farther pay them a certain sum, as amends for

the damages and injuries they had sustained, and that their condemnation should be erased, and their honours restored; which, though it was all the reparation that could now be made ~~them~~, could not bind up the incurable wounds they had suffered in this unjust and cruel prosecution."

Mademoiselle d'Anglade, whose destiny excited universal commiseration, was taken into the protection of some generous persons about the Court, who raised for her a subscription, which at length amounted to an hundred thousand livres; which together with the restitution of her father's effects, made a handsome provision for her: and she was married to Monsieur des Essarts, a Counsellor of Parliament.

HEROIC FRIENDSHIP.

A MORAL TALE.

WE now and then, even in these degenerate days, meet with male and female friendships which could not be excelled by the most exalted ones which we read of in the heroic ages. Such friendships, indeed, are not common; but they are sufficient to make us give credit

credit to the ancient historians, (and poets too, though professed dealers in fiction) for the striking and captivating pictures they have drawn of the most affectionate attachments between two persons of the same sex. Such attachments are to be found in modern times, and whenever they are found, they make human nature appear in the most amiable light.

Prompted by a strong desire to distinguish himself by military achievements, Monsieur Brisac, a sprightly young fellow, threw himself into the army, though possessed of a very handsome paternal estate. Not into the service of his own monarch, however, did he enter as a soldier, as he happened at that time to have no employment for his heroism; he went to fight under a foreign standard; and under that standard he fought with redoubled ardour, as religion and honour combined to push him on to the performance of valorous exploits: he was a Christian, and he drew his sword against the Turks. By the exertion of his courage he proved himself a brave man; but having been nursed in the lap of superstition, his exultations on every advantage gained over his turbaned adversaries, did not mark him for a good one. However, as his triumphs were only the triumphs of a weak, and not a wicked mind, they

they were venial; and the gallant behaviour of the intrepid warrior, sufficiently apologized for the uncharitable effusions of the rigid religionist. He had certainly, with all his failings, many virtues: as a relation, as a friend, as a master, he shone. In the character of a friend, indeed, he appeared with a particular lustre.

Brisac, soon after his entrance into the Russian service, was pleased to find a young countryman of his in the same corps. With him, as he seemed to be of the same disposition, as well as age, he soon contracted an acquaintance, and in consequence of the similitude between their years, and ways of thinking, they were linked closer and closer to each other by the ties of friendship: they were in a short time taken notice of by their mutual attachment, and by all who had ever felt the pleasures arising from a reciprocal regard, highly esteemed.

The young officer, in whose favour Brisac felt such strong prepossessions, on his first becoming acquainted with him, and who improved upon him every hour, was Monsieur Dumonton, a gentleman of a very good family, and extremely well connected.

Dumonton had been in several engagements before Brisac's arrival, and had always acquitted himself

himself much to the satisfaction of his commander, both by his courage and his conduct.

Dumonton, though he received great pleasure from his increasing connection with his friend, could not help appearing now and then exceedingly dejected. Brisac, feeling himself too deeply interested in his dejection to see it unconcerned, intreated him one day (after having several times denied himself the indulgence of his curiosity, to avoid the imputation of impertinence) to inform him of the cause: his intreaty produced an immediate compliance, and his friend opened his heart to him in the following manner.

“ I am not in the least surprised, my dear Brisac, at your curiosity, with regard to the dejection with which you see me oppressed: I will hasten to gratify it. Know then that my dejection chiefly results from the ill success I have met with since my appearing in a military character.

“ How!” cried Brisac, interrupting him: “ ill success! have you not been fortunate in all your manœuvres, and gained a considerable deal of glory.”

“ Tis true my dear friend, my little efforts have raised my reputation here, but as I never marched against the enemy without wishing to
fall

fall in battle, I have been I think, particularly unfortunate in escaping that death which I courted. You look full of wonder to hear me talk in this strain; but your wonder will, perhaps, be accompanied with pity, before I have finished my narrative. It was a severe disappointment in love which occasioned my entering into this way of life; a disappointment not arising from the behaviour of the amiable girl with whom I was desperately enamoured: she returned my passion with all the fervor I could desire: but from the cruel behaviour of an inexorable father, who, in order to prevent our union, moved off suddenly with her one night, and they have not been heard of since by any of their friends in the place where I first knew them. Poor Louisa! but it is to no purpose to complain! existence became a burthen to me, yet I shuddered at the idea of suicide. In hopes of being snatched from a world in which all my happiness was at an end, I earnestly requested an uncle, who was also my guardian, to let me enter into the Russian service; a service which I chose entirely because it promised to be an active one. Active, indeed, I have been, since my arrival in this country, but the supreme wish of my heart is not yet accomplished: I live."

"Long may you live, my dear friend," said

Brisac,

Brisac, really concerned at his eagerness to be slain, " and ———

Here he was hindered from proceeding by the arrival of a messenger, who informed the two friends that the General desired to see them both immediately in his tent.

To that tent they repaired without delay, and in consequence of their interview with the General, they were entrusted with commissions which would have been every way agreeable to them, had they not required a separation. They readily, however, undertook the business pointed out to them, and after having taken leave of each other in the most affectionate manner, in language too nearly similar to that in the parting scene between Brutus and Cassius, in Shakespear's Julius Cæsar, they set out upon their respective expeditions.

The two friends were equally brave; but Dumontion being thoroughly weary of his life, often exposed his person with an impetuosity bordering upon rashness. In every engagement with the enemy, he fought with a furor not to be described, without receiving the decisive blow: he still lived.

While his friend was performing the most heroic exploits on the spot to which he was dispatched, Brisac discovered as much prowess on

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his side. Upon his taking possession of a town, which, though small, was a town of importance by its situation, he had a singular opportunity to shew his humanity as well as his gallantry. It was midnight when his men were completely victorious over their opponents, and they were so intoxicated with their success, having met with an obstinate resistance, that they were, in spite of all their commander's severe prohibitions, guilty of the most wanton intemperance. Brisac, not being able to check their lawless career, was obliged to let them give an unlimited indulgence to all the passions which the different scenes before them excited; but he thought himself particularly happy in rescuing a lovely female from the rough embraces of one of his own soldiers.

The lady whom Brisac delivered from the hands of her ravisher, was in a Turkish dress; but she proved to be a French lady, and on a nearer view, she appeared doubly beautiful: her beauty charmed his eye, her distressed appearance melted his soul. As soon as he had conveyed her safely to the house which he had chosen for his temporary residence, he begged to be acquainted with her story.

His curiosity was sufficiently gratified by her compliance with his request, but her narrative gave

gave him, upon the whole, more disquietude than delight, as he found that she was the long-lost mistress of his much-loved friend.

In a few days afterwards he received the news of his friend's death.

This intelligence at first shocked him extremely; but when he began to consider that Louisa, though sincerely affected by it, might be prevailed on to substitute him in her deceased lover's room, he gradually consoled himself, and determined to take every method in his power to supply Dumonton's place in her gentle heart.

Unwearied were his endeavours to make her listen to his addresses; but though they were unsuccessful, she had no reason to believe them dishonourable: she was indeed highly flattered by them. She thought him, in every shape, deserving of her esteem, (to her gratitude he was incontestibly entitled) yet she could not look upon him with the eyes of love. Dumonton had first won her affections, and she felt no tender prepossessions in favour of any other man.

Brisac, having executed the commission with which he had been entrusted, very much to his General's satisfaction, returned to the main army, more and more pleased with the conver-

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sation of his fair companion; but with small hopes of inspiring her breast with feelings similar to those in his. Soon after he had joined it, he received a letter from France, which rendered his appearance there absolutely necessary, as the person whom he had left to superintend his affairs during his absence, had greatly abused the confidence reposed in him. He was not at all willing to quit the paths leading to military glory, in which he had so brilliantly distinguished himself; but fond as he was of that glory, he did not by any means chuse to have his paternal estate treacherously wrested from him; he, therefore, having easily procured his dismissal, set out for his native country, accompanied by the amiable Louisa.

By his unexpected arrival, he considerably disconcerted his perfidious agent: by his immediate procedures, equally spirited and prudent, he defeated all his infamous machinations, and saw him punished in the manner he deserved for his iniquitous actions.

When Brisac had turned his affairs into their proper channel again, he renewed his assiduities to Louisa, but still remained in a hopeless situation. The impression which her first lover had made upon her tender heart was too deep to be erased by the most vigorous efforts of a second. She was inflexible.

Louisa, though she could not love Brisac, felt the truest regard for him. She felt herself under indelible obligations to him, as her deliverer, her protector, and even sighed sometimes because she could not reward him for his most generous behaviour to her in the way he wished. Impatience and anxiety preyed upon his spirits, and injured his health. She beheld the change in his person occasioned by her inflexibility, with a real concern, and strove, by a thousand little soothing arts, to restore him to his usual appearance, but all her little arts were ineffectual; he drooped, and by his increasing dejection, made her apprehensive of his falling into an immoveable melancholy. Agitated by such an apprehension, she pressed him perpetually to go to public places, and to amuse his mind by a succession of new objects. Ever ready to close with all her friendly and well-meant proposals, he attended her to crowded scenes, yet without gaining any relief from the remedies recommended to him.—Instead of being diverted by the various entertainments which Paris afforded, he was a frigid spectator of them; and the most comic piece had no power to exhilarate his countenance.

While he was walking home slowly one evening, from the opera, (he lived at a small distance

tance from the Opera-House) with Louisa, after having been more pleased than he had been for some time, as there were several pathetic passages in the composition which coincided with his own feelings, two men, disguised, suddenly separated him from his companion, and then attempted to force her away from him: they were obliged, however, to retire without her, and one of them with a wound in his side from Brisac's active sword.

Louisa was exceedingly terrified at being rudely torn from the side of her generous benefactor; she was not much less so when she found herself again in his protecting arms; she could hardly believe him, when he assured her that he was not in the least hurt, as she saw blood upon his linen and cloaths: she was not quite at ease about his safety, till she, at home, by a more accurate employment of her eyes, was convinced that he had not been wounded in her defence.

The next morning, when Brisac went to the coffee-house which he frequented, he heard the whole room engaged in a conversation about the rencountre of the preceding evening. Finding that nobody there suspected him of having been an actor in it, he listened with great avidity, and was informed by the first person of whom he

he enquired after particulars, that the wounded assailant proved to be a French officer, in the Russian service, just arrived from Constantinople, having been taken prisoner by the Turks, in one of their most capital battles.

This intelligence raised his attention still more, and he immediately asked his informer if he knew the officer's name. His name he could not learn, but he was directed to his apartments. To them he went, without delay, impelled by some flattering hopes of seeing again the very man of whose death he had received an account several months before, as he had dreamt often of his being alive, and was superstitious enough to be influenced by the visions of the night.

As soon as he entered the apartment to which he was introduced, he beheld Dumontou sitting in a chair, attended by several gentlemen. He started, and, for a moment, stood rooted to the floor in astonishment. Then springing forwards, he fell on his knees before him, and in that attitude, while he expressed the joy he felt at seeing him again, he declared also in the most forcible terms, the anguish he endured on having been provoked to draw his sword against the man whose life was as dear to him as his own.

Dumontou, prompted by the strong feelings
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of friendship, stirring at that instant in his generous bosom, attempted to get up, but the pain occasioned by the wound in his side would not permit him to quit his seat. He, therefore, leaning forward a little, intreated his friend to rise, and to make himself quite easy with regard to the wound he had given him.

“ I was entirely to blame, my dear Brisac,” continued he. “ Flushed with the wine I had drank, I was stimulated by one of my companions, in consequence of a considerable wager, to sally forth, masked, with him, and to carry off in triumph the first woman we met with in our walks. I am now heartily ashamed of my folly, I heartily repent of it, and will take care never to set out again upon so mad an adventure.”

“ You attempted then to carry off my companion, without knowing who she was ?” said Brisac.

“ I certainly did.”

“ Had you known her, you would have acted in a different manner, I imagine. Should you not be surprised to hear that the woman whom you forced from my arms last night, was your Louisa ?”

“ Louisa !” exclaimed he, “ Louisa ! Is it possible ?” added he, falling back in his chair. Soon recovering himself, “ do you not deceive me ?” said he.

" I do not indeed."

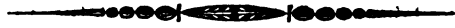
The rest of the dialogue between the two friends, it may be supposed, was highly interesting. Brisac concluded it in the following manner: " Louisa is the most amiable of her sex. Various were the misfortunes which she met with, according to her own distressful narrative, before she fell into my hands: I have done every thing in my power to render her new situation agreeable to her, and shall with the greatest pleasure put her under your protection. I have been a father to her, a guardian, and a friend."

With the last word he would not add lover, because he would not give his friend any pain by seeming to do a violence to his inclination in the surrender of Louisa; he took his leave, assuring him that he should soon be completely blessed in the possession of her, whose gentle heart throbbed only for him.

Brisac, on his return home, acquainted Louisa with the important discovery he had made; but though he communicated his unexpected, his extraordinary intelligence, with the greatest address, it affected her spirits so much that she fainted in his arms.

Her recovery was attended with the happiest consequences; but she was almost ready to sink under the weight of her gratitude, when her

amiable deliverer, whom she could not love, presented her a very handsome fortune on the day of her marriage with his friend.



ANECDOTE
OF
LORD CHANCELLOR NORTHINGTON
AND A QUAKER.

WHILE the late Lord Chancellor Northington continued at the Bar, he went the Western Circuit; and being of lively parts, and a warm temper, he was like some other lawyers, too apt to take indecent liberties in examining witnesses. An extraordinary instance of this kind happened at Bristol. In a cause of some consequence, Mr. Reeve, a considerable merchant, and one of the people called Quakers, was cross-examined by him with much raillery and ridicule. Mr. Reeve complained of it at the time, and when the Court had adjourned, and the lawyers were altogether at the White-Lion, Mr. Reeve sent one of the waiters to let Mr. Henley know, that a gentleman wanted to speak to him in a room adjoining. As soon as Mr. Henley

Henley had entered the room, Mr. Reeve locked the door, and put the key into his pocket. ‘ Friend Henley,’ said he, ‘ I cannot call thee; for thou hast used me most scurrilously. Thou mightest think, perhaps, that a Quaker might be insulted with impunity; but I am a man of spirit, and am come to demand satisfaction. Here are two swords; here are two pistols: choose thy weapons, or fight me at fist-cuffs if thou hadst rather; for fight me thou shalt before thou leavest the room, or beg my pardon.’ Mr. Henley pleaded in excuse, “ that it was nothing more than the usual language of the Bar, that what was said in Court should not be questioned out of Court; lawyers sometimes advanced things to serve their client, perhaps beyond the truth; but such speeches died in speaking: he was so far from intending any insult or injury, that he had really forgotten what he had said, and hoped the other would not remember it: upon his word and honour he never meant to give the least offence; but if, undesignedly, he had offended him, he was sorry for it, and was ready to beg his pardon, which was a gentleman’s satisfaction.” ‘ Well,’ said Mr. Reeve, as the affront was public, the reparation must be so too. If thou wilt not fight, but beg my pardon, thou must beg my pardon before the company in the next room.’

Mr. Henley, after some difficulty and some delay, submitted to the condition; and thus the fray ended.

No farther notice was taken on either side, till, after some years, the Lord Chancellor wrote a letter to Mr. Reeve, informing him that such a ship was coming into the port of Bristol, with a couple of pipes of madeira on board, consigned to him. He therefore begged Mr. Reeve to pay the freight and duty, and cause the casks to be put into a waggon, and sent to the Grange; and he would take the first opportunity of defraying all charges, and should think himself infinitely obliged to him.

All this was done as desired; and the winter following, when Mr. Reeve was in town, he dined at the Chancellor's, with several of the nobility and gentry. After dinner, the Chancellor related the whole story of his first acquaintance with his friend Reeve, and of every particular that had passed between them, with great good-humour and pleasantry, and to the no small diversion of the company.

ON

HUMAN LIFE.

ONE eve as by myself alone,
In melancholy mood,
I musing sate of life below,
And ev'ry mutual good.

In infancy, thought I, we're pleas'd
With ev'ry trifling toy;
And things as small, which come across,
As soon damp all our joy.

The froward youth thinks he'd be blest,
If he could 'scape from school;
But little dreams of woes to come,
When he himself doth rule.

But when arriv'd at man's estate,
He cannot flee from sorrow;
Still hope suggests (though not to day)
He shall be blest to-morrow.

The miser's happiness is all
In heaps of gold enshrin'd;
But wrinkled care, and pallid fear,
Destroy his peace of mind.

The soldier seeks thro' war and toils,
To gain a deathless name;

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But finds, too late, that heart-felt joy,
Is not dispens'd by fame.

The drunkard fancies ev'ry good,
And ev'ry joy in drinking;
To him the greatest punishment,
Is soberness and thinking.

The wild and thoughtless libertine,
Tho' he is ever changing,
Still finds variety will cloy,
And he's fatigu'd with ranging.

'Tis pleasure then with ev'ry one
By diff'rent paths pursue,
But yet, alas! how few they are
Who find the bliss that's true.

Would you be happy? then on heav'n
Let all your hopes depend;
And be assur'd the gracious pow'r
Will ev'ry blessing send.

Is calm 'content the thing you seek?
Be not to vice inclin'd;
But cultivate fair piety,
And purity of mind.

The virtuous man can bear, unmov'd,
The storms of adverse fate;
He knows that happiness does not
On human beings wait.

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That perfect bliss is not bestow'd
 On any here below;
 Therefore to heav'n his wishes point,
 Far from the reach of woe.

A N E C D O T E.

A Person, remarkable for riding a fine horse in a nobleman's land, excited his lordship to enquire who he was; when being informed he was a miller, and rented a mill of his lordship, desired his steward to raise his rent, urging, if he could afford to ride such a horse, he must have a good bargain of the mill. The miller, however, rode as usual; when the nobleman enquired of his steward if he had obeyed his orders; on being answered in the affirmative, he told him to double his rent.—Still the miller hunted. When some accidental circumstance brought the parties in conversation, his lordship mentioned, that he was informed, that he rented a mill of him, and believed that his steward had raised his rent twice lately. “Yes, and please your lordship, pretty handsomely.” “Well, and can you afford to pay so much?” “O yes, my Lord, it makes no odds to me, it is your tenants

tenants pay for it." "How so!" "Why, when your steward first raised my rent, I took a little more toll from them, and when he doubled it, I did the same." "O, if that's the case, answer'd his lordship, pray take the mill at the old rent,"



ANECDOTE
OF
DEAN SWIFT.

MR. Sheridan relates a remarkable incident, occasioned by Wood's halfpence, which he says was communicated to him by Mr. Hoff-sleger, a native of Germany, then a resident merchant of some eminence in Dublin, who was present when it happened. The day after the proclamation was issued out against the author (Dean Swift) of the Drapier's Fourth Letter, there was a full levee at the castle.—The Lord Lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the croud, never stopped till he got within the circle; where, with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, he addressed the Lord Lieutenant with
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the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room, " So, my Lord Lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shop-keeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for, from your government.— I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you, for this service done to Wood." He then went on, for a long time, inveighing in the bitterest terms against the patent, and displaying, in the strongest colours all the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly were struck mute with wonder, at this unprecedented scene. The titled slaves, and vassals of power, felt, and shrunk into their own littleness, in the presence of this man of virtue. He stood super-eminent among them, like his own Gulliver amid a circle of Lilliputians. For some time a profound silence ensued: when Lord Cartaret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, made this fine reply, in a line of Virgil's:

*' Res duræ, & regni novitas me talia cogunt
' Moliri.'*

*' Hard fortune, and the newness of my reign,
' compel me to such measures.'*

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The whole assembly was struck with the beauty of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour, some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the Lord Lieutenant's answer.



AN ESSAY
ON
THE PASSIONS.

TWO or three days ago I dined at a village a few miles from London, and in the evening walked to town with a gentleman, between whom and myself a strong friendship has subsisted ever since we went to school together; and, I doubt not will subsist through life, as we are exactly of the same turn of mind. The evening was fine, and the agreeable conversation related to the use and abuse of the passions.—When I sat down in my study, what had passed between my friend and me, suggested the following reflections.

The various passions implanted in the human mind, were given for the greatest and most exalted purposes, by the great Creator, whose
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sole aim in forming man, and giving him these passions, was to render him happy, wise, and good. The passions, when properly used, lead us to every good and laudable action; they excite us to excel others in virtue, and make us emulous to surpass the rest of our fellow-creatures: when abused, they ruin our constitution, impair our health and intellects, and from being the most noble of nature's works, degrade and render us inferior to the brute creation.

It is evident, therefore, that what was intended for our use and advantage, is often prevented and abused, even by the best and most virtuous men; for all have abused them in some measure. Since this is the case, it is the duty of every man to govern and restrain his passions with the utmost care and diligence, to keep them under as tight a rein as possible, which he will find no easy task. For the passions may be well compared to a wild and fiery steed, which, if not restrained, will fly to the top of a precipice, and plunge the horseman into destruction; but if kept under by a skilful rider, will carry him to the wished for goal in safety.— Thus the passions, when unskilfully guided, lead a man into the paths of misery and ruin; but when directed by reason and virtue, carry him safely through the rocks and shallows of a trou-

blesome life, and bear him to the eternal haven, crowned with peace, honour, and happiness.

It may be said, since it is so difficult a task to restrain and govern our passions, it would be better for us, if they had never been planted in our breasts: but it is far otherwise; for the passions are the greatest blessings of life, and though they act so different upon different men, yet without them our lives would be mere blanks, as we should never be impelled to perform any good or virtuous action. We have instances of very opposite passions actuating the same men by turns; but if we could govern our own passions, the whole world, and every thing in it, would move calmly and uniformly before our eyes.

The best way to govern them is, by following the dictates of reason and virtue, calling to our aid perseverance and fortitude. Reason, when we apply to her, will point out the way to the temple of virtue, who will open her arms wide to receive us; when we once begin our journey, fortitude and resolution will kindly grant their assistance, if we solicit it, and are desirous of accepting it. We often display great constancy in order to compass trifling pleasures, and insignificant pursuits; why can we not then exert the same resolution to attain what will conduce
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to our comfort, ease, and happiness here; and will enable us to quit this bustling stage with heart-felt satisfaction?

I can assure you these are not the sentiments of an enthusiast, but one who would wish to be serviceable to his fellow-creatures.



ANECDOTES

OF

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

THE Commissioners of Excise had condemned a common soldier to pay a fine of ten thousand crowns for smuggling, and this sentence, according to the usual mode of procedure, having been laid before the King, his Majesty wrote in the margin—"Before I confirm this sentence, I wish to know how it will be possible to make a common soldier pay ten thousand crowns!!"

Soon after another soldier of the Roman Catholic persuasion, was accused and condemned for robbing an image of the *Virgin Mary* of some of its costly decorations.—The poor soldier uniformly maintained, that the Virgin, in consideration

deration of his poverty and devotion, had made him a present of the articles in question; and this defence was delivered into the King with his sentence. His Majesty immediately summoned the principal professors of that religion, and asked them if the allegations of the poor soldier was possible. They returned for answer, that it was certainly very unusual, but not impossible. On this Frederick pronounced that as the chiefs of his religion had considered his plea as possible, he should reverse his sentence of condemnation for this time; but he cautioned him against accepting presents in future from the *Virgin Mary*, or any other virgin, in that clandestine manner.



ANECDOTE

OF

KING WILLIAM.

HONOUR is so essential to a man of quality, that by our constitution, no stronger averment is required of him, than *upon his honour*. But who would trust the *honour* of a man, who has basely forfeited the reputation of his

his integrity, and confidence, by receiving a bribe?

King William having insisted on Lord H—— giving him his *honour* not to fight a man who had given him *a box on the ear*, his Lordship was obliged seemingly to comply; but as soon as he was out of the King's presence, he fought the man. The King was, at first, highly incensed at his breaking his word with him, and asked him, "How he came to do so, when he had just given him his *honour*?"

"Sire," replied my Lord, "you was in the wrong to take such a pledge, for at the time I gave it you, I had no *honour* to give."

ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN

AND A

CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

WHEN Doctor Franklin and a certain noble Lord were playing the supposed *political* game of chess, which made so much noise, in a letter from Cato to Catiline, and was re-echoed by his Lordship within the walls of St. Stephen's chapel, his Lordship moved
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king guarded—"Why then, said the Doctor, *check*."—"No, said his Lordship, you must first *electrify* the whole Congress, and all Washington's army, to make good that move."

REPARTEE OF JOHN W—S.

UPON the death of this Gentleman's mother, a particular friend of his congratulated him upon the bequest made him in that lady's will, and concluded, that "Johnny might now think himself quite snug." "Not at all, replied W—, for since I endeavoured to hum the French taylor's widow, there is not another in all Europe who will trust me with a suit of mourning to laugh in my sleeve."

FALSE PRIDE:

OR

THE HISTORY OF HARRIOT WHITTON.

A MORAL TALE.

MRS. Whitton having been accustomed to live in a genteel style during her husband's

band's life, who had a good place under government, but who was of too extravagant a turn to lay up any thing for his family out of the emoluments arising from it, found herself in very strait circumstances at his death, having only the interest upon a few thousands in the funds for her own and her daughter's subsistence. Being too proud, however, to lessen her appearance in the world, she made numberless contemptible shifts at home in order to keep up her consequences abroad; and was even ridiculous enough to throw out pretty strong hints that she could live in a very different manner, if she did not think it more prudent to encrease her daughter's fortune. Harriot Whifton was extremely agreeable in her person, without being a perfect beauty, or having any thing remarkable enough to make a minute description of it necessary; and as she was a sensible girl, had been genteely educated, and had mixed a good deal in the polite world, her manners were sufficiently elegant for the first circle in the kingdom. Harriot, however having been early taught by her mother to have a high opinion of herself, and to make the most of the advantage which she had received from nature and from art, listened but too attentively, and adhered but too closely to the instructions almost

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daily repeated to her, for she grew up so conceited and so proud that her behaviour generally repelled those whom her pleasing exterior attracted. If proud people would consider a little how very despicable they make themselves as well as disagreeable by the haughtiness of their behaviour, they would, I am willing to believe, take pains to acquire an affable carriage, which is so universally bewitching in the fair sex in particular, who fall under this censure. I would earnestly recommend the carriage of the highest lady in the nation, who is allowed by all to be as much distinguished for her affability as for her rank.

It is no easy matter to say whether the mother or the daughter had the greater share of pride; but of the two the former made herself rather a more ridiculous character by the airs of importance which she assumed, because though she was the widow of a gentleman by birth as well as by his employment, she was the daughter of a shopkeeper not far from the Royal Exchange, and discovered on almost every occasion the vulgarisms which she had contracted at a cheap and pleibian boarding school: vulgarisms by which she never would have recommended herself to Mr. Whitton; but the truth is, he was very young when he made his addresses to her,
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having fallen in love with her at a lord mayor's ball. He had only a small place in the office in which he afterwards rose by seniority, to a lucrative post, when he asked her father's consent to marry her; but as Mr. Minikin had vanity enough to be flattered with the addresses of a gentleman to his Kitty, he gave his consent very readily, and with it, a pretty fortune.—Mrs. Whitton, when she was removed from Cornhill to Whitehall, soon became a different creature, shook off all her city acquaintance, and could hardly bring herself to visit even her father while he lived. Such a sort of woman was Mrs. Whitton; and Harriot though in a more elegant style, was not less deserving of laughter and the scorn which her behaviour excited.

Mrs. Whitton and Harriot being one night in the front boxes, (they would not have appeared either in the pit or the gallery upon any account,) an agreeable young gentleman, but in a plain dress took his seat behind them.

Harriot, though she thought him a pleasing figure, and genteel in his carriage, was not struck at the sight of him, because his companion, by the richness of his cloaths, outshone him. However, as the plain dressed gentleman seemed extremely attentive to *her*, and the other was quite otherwise, she was naturally

induced to direct her eyes to him, whenever she turned about, and she contrived frequently to throw them upon a level with *bis*.

When the play was over, Mrs. Whitton sat till few people remained in the house, and nobody in the box she was in but her daughter and the gentleman who had been so much struck with her. After having looked frequently towards the door, as if she waited for her servant, but really from being ashamed to leave her seat without the appearance of an attendant, the gentleman very politely asked her if she would permit him to wait on her to her carriage.—This question embarrassed her a little; however, she soon recovered herself, and told him that she and her daughter came in chairs.

“ I will then, Madam, if you please, as your servant has disappointed you, supply his place.”

Mrs. Whitton was too proud to undeceive him about the servant; but however, he insisted upon walking home with them, to their great mortification, as their lodgings were rather shabby. When they were set down, he was in hopes of introducing himself into the house, but as Mrs. Whitton only wished him a good night, with a ceremonious civility, he had nothing to do but to take his leave, which he did in the politest manner.

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When Mrs. Whitton and Harriot were by themselves, they naturally talked of the behaviour of the gentleman who had accompanied their chairs.—“ If he is really as much struck with you, Harriot,” said Mrs. Whitton, “ as I think he is, he will certainly contrive to make us a visit soon; and if he should prove to be a man of character and fortune, for notwithstanding the plainness of his dress, he has very much the air of a man of fashion, he will be worthy of your attention.”

“ If he is a man of fortune, Madam,” replied Harriot, “ he certainly will merit my attention, for I am quite sick of living in this puddling way; one may as well be out of the world as make no figure in it.”

The sentiments of half the fair sex are, perhaps, contained in that speech.

“ Well, my dear—I wish you success, and shall be very glad to live in another style myself.”

In such kind of chat they passed the time till they retired to rest.

The gentleman who was so charmed with Miss Whitton, was a Mr. Bromley, the son of an eminent grocer in the Borough, and in partnership with his father. As he was walking home he felt somebody clap him on the shoulder, and turning round, saw an intimate acquaintance

quaintance of his, who had been also at the play, and at the same house:

“ So, Bromley,” said he, “ you are thinking of Harriot Whitton, I suppose.”

“ Who is she?” replied Bromley.

“ The girl who attracted your attention so much this evening in one of the front boxes at Covent-Garden. She is a fine creature, faithful, and if you are disposed to marry without standing upon a fortune, for I know you are too sober a fellow to keep a girl, you may have a charming companion, *morning, noon, and night*, whenever you please; for Harriot seems to be as much taken with you as you are with her; and will be very ready to make rather more *flash* than she can at present afford to do.”

Bromley, after having received some farther information concerning Mrs. Whitton and her daughter, determined to wait on them the next day.—He did so, and was immediately admitted.

After he had paid a few visits, having no reason to expect a refusal from the young lady, or to meet with the disapprobation of the old one, he made his proposals, which were accepted.—He then left them in order to give instructions to his lawyer.

Soon after his departure, a very high-bred girl, with whom Harriot was intimately acquainted,

quainted, one of her *dear friends*, but who had as small pretensions to high airs as herself, called upon her, and with a malicious satisfaction wished her joy on having made so capital a conquest.

Harriot's eyes glistened with pleasure, but she chose affectedly to conceal her joy, by saying "Shu! my dear!"

"Nay, my dear," added her friend, "Mr. Bromley is actually reckoned the prettiest fellow in the Borough."

"In the Borough!" said Harriot, staring, full of astonishment.

"Ay, child; and when his father dies he will, perhaps, be the richest grocer in London.—But I can't stay any longer now—I have fifty places to call at, and so *bon jour*."

Mrs. Whitton and Harriot sat for some moments after Miss Fletcher had quitted the room, looking at each other without speaking a word. At last the former exclaimed, "a grocer!" with a contemptuous tone, to which the latter echoed, "a grocer!" with a voice equally expressive of the haughtiness of her heart.—"However, madam," said Harriot, "disappointed as I own I am, by this intelligence, it gives me at the same time no small satisfaction, for I would rather die than be the wife of a tradesman."

"I

"I commend you child," said Mrs. Whitton; "I should be extremely sorry to see you in so vulgar a light." Never were two people more surprised; for they had concluded, from his generous behaviour, that he was a gentleman of fortune, and did not care to affront him by a close enquiry into his situation in life.

When Mr. Bromley came the next day he was admitted, indeed; but the reception that he met with was very unexpected.

Mrs. Whitton, only, made her appearance. Harriot was so much mortified at her disappointment, that she would not come down to him. "Well, madam, said Bromley, with lively accents, I have put things in a train, and I hope Miss Whitton will hurry matters on as much on her side, as I shall on mine."

"She is in no hurry, Sir, to be the wife of a tradesman," answered she, swelling with false pride, "I must therefore desire you not to give yourself the trouble of coming here again."

With these words she flounced out of the room with an inflamed countenance, leaving Mr. Bromley to find his way out of the house by himself: and he quitted it full of indignation at the treatment which he had received, but long before he reached the Borough, he considered his dismissal as an event rather to be remembered with pleasure than with pain.

Willing, however, after having calmly reflected upon his dismissal, to know whether Harriot was so ridiculously proud as to reject him merely on account of his being concerned in trade, or whether Mrs. Whitton had not answered too precipitately for her daughter, because she was herself offended, he dispatched his servant with a note to Miss Whitton, in order to have the unexpected procedure of the foregoing day thoroughly cleared up.

The answer to this note was short but decisive.

“ Sir,

“ My mother told you the truth when she said I was in no hurry to be married to a tradesman.”

“ Harriot Whitton.”



ANECDOTE
OF
CHARLES THE SECOND.

IN a conversation between Gourville and Charles the Second, Gourville observed, “ that a King of England, who was content to be the man of his people, was the greatest man in the
M world;

world; but that if he endeavoured to be more, he was nothing.”—“ Then I (returned Charles) will be the man of the people.” A King of England who is beloved, may indeed justly pretend to such a qualification; but it is surely the highest degree of presumption in any private individual, either to assume it himself, or suffer it to be applied to him by another.



ANECDOTE

OF

THE LATE LORD HEATHFIELD.

THE late Lord Heathfield paid so great a regard to military discipline, as even to enforce its observance in the person of his footman, who was always noticed by the spectators to be remarkably uniform in the manner of holding out his arm, while assisting the veteran from his carriage, the footstep of which hung three down. The man usually called out, in a military tone—*one—two—three—the ground.*

A SIN-

A SINGULAR INSTANCE
OF
GENEROSITY IN A BROTHER.

MR. Bailly, late wine-merchant to the Queen of France, who was long celebrated for his œconomy and industry, by which he had acquired a very capital fortune, is lately dead.—Being taken suddenly ill, he declared that he was not married to the lady who lived with him, and whom the world always thought to have been his wife: in consequence of which, the two children he had by her were not his heirs, and his wealth returned into his family; but he left by his will to the lady an annuity of twenty thousand livres, and to each of his children twelve thousand; particularly entreating the Chevalier Bailly, his brother, who is a Knight of the order of St. Lewis, not to oppose this part of his testament.

The Chevalier was shocked at this disposal of the fortune, and felt the strongest sensations of the future shame that must be fixed on his brother's memory, if he left without the name and fortune those whom the world esteemed as his brother's wife and children, and whom he always

loved with the affection of a brother and an uncle. He remonstrated to his brother on the injustice of depriving them of his wealth, and assured him that he should look upon himself as a robber, if he, by the laws of succession, took any part of the property from them. He intreated him to alter his resolution; told him there was sufficient time betwixt that and death to repair his fault, by immediately marrying her, which the Chevalier very solemnly and earnestly entreated him to do; but Mr. Bailly would not listen to these remonstrances.

The Chevalier would not give up this point: he continually urged his brother to an act of honour and justice. Mrs. Bailly, his mother, who could not leave her house, wrote to him the most pressing letters, begging of him, in the most supplicating manner, not to give so great a stab to her delicacy, as to let a woman and her children live in dishonour, who hitherto had been always respected and esteemed, and pressed him to consider that the children were his.

Mrs. Bailly, the supposed wife, was desired by her friends to unite with their's her personal entreaties. "Me!" replied this lady, "I should be sorry so to do, as it would give him more trouble; he has enough now on his mind; he is already but too ill, and this would make him
more

more so." Mr. Bailly at last gave way to the prayers of his brother; the time required dispatch. The Chevalier repaired to the Archbishop, who, on hearing the story, said, " Mr. Bailly has lived in a state of concubinage. It is only his illness that induces him to repent of this crime, and he must expect the event."—" But (said the Chevalier) the illness hastily increases; tomorrow my brother will be dead, and then cannot make any atonement." The Archbishop was inflexible, though Mr. Bailly had consented.

Death being near at hand, the Chevalier went and again importuned the Archbishop, who by his solicitations, joined to the importunities of the Chevalier's friends, granted a dispensation for the marriage, and a permission for the Chevalier to divest himself of the immense wealth left him by his brother. The marriage was immediately performed, and Mr. Bailly died the same day. The other relations and legatees, who took no part in the praise-worthy action of the Chevalier, attacked the marriage by a suit at law, pretending it was not legal, and declaring themselves Mr. Bailly's inheritors.

These further embarrassments for the Chevalier gave him more occasion for the display of the magnanimity of his soul. He solicited
the

the judges; he spared neither pains nor expence, and discovered as much warmth and zeal to deprive himself of riches, as his opponents took to possess themselves of it. Mr. Bailly's mother also, with equal zeal, seconded the defence of her son the Chevalier. These proceedings had the desired effect; a verdict was obtained in favour of Mrs. Bailly, the widow, and the demands of the pretended claimants set aside.

The Chevalier, replete with a joy that sublime virtue only can inspire, was the bearer of this determination to his sister: he informed her that her marriage was declared valid, and that she was mistress of three millions two hundred thousand livres—(one hundred and fifty thousand pounds English.)

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

THE real merit of the rulers of nations is best estimated by their benevolent actions, "It is not," says the philosopher Rousseau, speaking of his present Majesty, "the great monarch whom I reverence, but the good husband, the good father, the virtuous, the benevolent man." How well his Majesty deserves this eulogium

eulogium (an eulogium more to be prized as it came from the mouth of a professed cynic,) may be seen by the following anecdote, the truth of which may be depended on. A Gentlewoman of the name of Delany, said to have been an intimate acquaintance of Dr. Swift, lived for several years with the Dutchess of Portland as a companion. On the decease of her Grace, Mrs. Delany was at the age of eighty-four, left almost entirely destitute, the only legacy bequeathed her being a few curiosities. The Princesses having frequently seen Mrs. Delany in their visits to the Dutchess, and knowing her circumstances, took an opportunity of mentioning her case before the Queen, who, with that goodness of heart for which she has always been distinguished, immediately laid the matter before the King, when his Majesty readily consented to give her a small house in Windsor Park; and on its being represented by lady Harcourt, that something more was requisite to enable the old Gentlewoman to pass the evening of her days in comfort, not only furnished the house with every necessary article, but after taking the trouble to inspect the premises, that nothing might be wanting, settled upon her a handsome pension for life.

WRIT-

WRITTEN AT AN INN.

I.

FROM much lov'd friends, whene'er I part,
A pensive sadness fills my heart;
Past scenes my fancy wanders o'er,
And sighs to think they are no more.

II.

Along the road I musing go,
O'er many a deep and miry slough;
The shrouded moon withdraws her light,
And leaves me to the gloomy night.

III.

An Inn receives me, where unknown,
I solitary sit me down;
Many I hear, and some I see,
I nought to them, they nought to me.

IV

Thus in the regions of the dead,
A pilgrim's wand'ring life I lead,
And still at every step declare,
I've no abiding city here.

V.

For very far from hence I dwell,
And therefore bid the world farewell;
Finding of all the joys it gives,
A sad remembrance only lives.

VI.

VI.

Rough stumb'ling-stones my steps o'erthrow,
And lay a wand'ring sinner low;
Yet still my course to heaven I steer,
Tho' neither moon nor stars appear.

VII.

The world is like an Inn; for there
Men call, and storm, and drink, and swear;
While undisturb'd a Christian waits,
And reads, and writes, and meditates.

VIII.

Tho' in the dark oft-times I stray,
The Lord shall light me on the way;
And to the city of the sun,
Conduct me, when my journey's done.

IX.

There by these eyes shall he be seen,
Who sojourn'd for me in an Inn;
On Sion's hill I those shall hail,
From whom I parted in the vale.

X.

Why am I heavy then and sad,
When thoughts like these should make me glad;
Muse then no more on things below,
Arise my soul, and let us go.

A N E C D O T E,

A party of friends in South Wales went to a boarding-school to see their children, accompanied by a lady, who, when they arrived at the school, proposed by way of reward to each of the boys, that should write the best piece of poetry during their stay, that he should have a piece of money or coin called an Angel, in consequence of which, they whose inclinations led them, had liberty to begin, and to write as fancy directed. When the hour came for recreation, those that did not chuse to try their skill that way, went out to play as usual: among the rest the youngest boy in the school went with his companions to marbles; but after they had been out sometime, he of a sudden left his playmates, and going into the school-room, desired one of his schoolfellows to lend him a pen, who did, but asked him what he was going to do with it? when he replied, why to write to be sure, and taking a slip of paper, wrote a few words, put the paper in his pocket and went to his play again; a little while, previous to the parties leaving the school, the boys who had wrote were called upon to produce their pieces, beginning with the eldest, when those who had any claim to merit were put by themselves, till such time the whole should

should be read over; but when they came to see what the youngest had written, the coin was instantly decreed to be his property; for he had said,

If Angels do in Heaven dwell,
Your pocket's Heaven mine is Hell.

ON GENTLENESS.

TRUE gentleness, the most amiable of human qualities, ought carefully to be distinguished from passive tameness of spirit, and also from unlimited compliance with the manners of others. That passive tameness which submits, without struggle, to every encroachment of the violent and assuming, forms no part of moral duty; but is, on the contrary, destructive of general happiness and order: and that unlimited compliance, which, on every occasion, falls in with the opinions and manners of others, is so far from being a virtue, that it is itself a vice, and the parent of many vices. It is impossible to support the purity and dignity of morals, without opposing the world on various occasions, even though we should stand

alone. That gentleness that belongs to virtue and which alone deserves the name, is therefore equally distinct from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants. It renounces no just right from fear, it gives up no important truth from flattery : it is, indeed, not only connected with a firm mind, but necessarily requires a manly spirit, and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value. Gentleness stands opposed, not to the most determined regard to virtue and truth, but to harshness and severity, to pride and arrogance, to violence and oppression. It is properly that part of the great virtue of charity, which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our fellow-men. Compassion prompts us to relieve their wants ; forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries ; meekness restrains our angry passions, candour our severe judgments ; and gentleness corrects, by a constant train of humane attentions, whatever is offensive in our manners, and studies to alleviate the miseries of life. Its office, therefore, is extensive ; it is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies, but is continually in action, while we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour. This
 amiable

amiable virtue, however, must not be confounded with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments the most frivolous and empty may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful as a snare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baseness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which, even in such instances, the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat that may at least carry its appearance. Virtue is the universal charm; even its shadow is courted, where the substance is wanting. The imitation of its form has been reduced into an art, and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleness, and humanity. But that gentleness, which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart: and let me add, nothing except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing; for no assumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a
gentle

gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier. True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflection on our feelings and wants, and from just views of the condition, and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents, which feels for every thing that is human, and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation, administers reproof with tenderness, confers favours with ease and modesty. It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles; slow to contradiction, and still slower to blame, but prompt to allay dissension, and to restore peace. It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others. It delights, above all things, to alleviate distress; and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to sooth at least the grieving heart.

Gentle-

Gentleness is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment, as well as a principle ingredient in general happiness. Amid the strife of contending parties, and interfering interests, it tempers the violence of competition, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony: it softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man a refreshment to man.

Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world to be filled with none but harsh and contentious spirits, and what sort of society would remain? the solitude of the desert were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave, where the subterraneous winds contend and roar; the den, where serpents hiss, and beast of the forest howl, would be the only proper representations of such assemblies of men.

Besides its social effects, the influence of this virtue on our internal enjoyment is certain and powerful. That inward tranquillity which it promotes, is the first requisite to every pleasurable feeling: it is the calm and clear atmosphere, the serenity and sunshine of the mind. When benignity and gentleness reign within, we are always least in hazard of being ruffled from without: every person, and every occurrence, is beheld in the most favourable light. But let some clouds

clouds of disgust and ill humour gather on the mind, and immediately the scene changes; nature seems transformed, and the appearance of all things is blackened to our view.

The gentle mind is like the smooth stream, which reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colours. The violent spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things distorted and broken, and communicates to them all that disordered motion which arises solely from its own agitation.

Attacked by great injuries, the man of mild and gentle spirit will feel what human nature feels; and will defend and resent, as his duty allows him. But to those slight provocations, and frivolous offences, which are the most frequent causes of disquiet, he is happily superior. Hence his days flow in a far more placid tenour than those of others—exempted from the numberless discomposures which agitate vulgar minds; inspired with higher sentiments; taught to regard, with an indulgent eye, the frailties of men,—the omissions of the careless, the follies of the imprudent, and the levities of the fickle, he retreats into the calmness of his spirit, as into an undisturbed sanctuary, and quietly allows the usual current of life to hold its course.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF BROUWER,

(A CONTEMPORARY OF REUBENS.)

BROUWER, going to Antwerp, was taken up as a spy, and imprisoned in the same place where the Duke d'Arenberg was confined. That nobleman had an intimate friendship with Reubens, who often went to visit him in his confinement. The Duke having observed the genius of Brouwer, (by some slight sketches which he drew with black lead) without knowing who he was, desired Reubens to bring with him, at his own request, a pallet and pencils, for a painter who was in custody with him.

The materials requisite for painting were given to Brouwer, who took for his subject a groupe of soldiers, who were playing at cards in a corner of the prison. When the picture was finished, and shewn to Reubens, he cried out, it was painted by Brouwer, whose works he had often seen, and as often admired. The Duke delighted with the discovery, set a proper value on the performance; and though Reubens offered six hundred guilders for it, the Duke would by no means part with it, but presented the painter with a much larger sum.

O

Reubens

Reubens immediately exerted all his interest to obtain the enlargement of Brouwer, and procured it by becoming his surety. He took him into his own house, cloathed and maintained him, and took pains to make the world more acquainted with his merit. But the levity of Brouwer's temper would not suffer him to continue long with his benefactor; nor would he consider his situation in any other light than as a state of confinement. He, therefore, quitted Reubens, and died not long afterwards, destroyed by a dissolute course of life.

INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

PORSENNA, the most potent King then in Italy, having undertaken to restore the Tarquins to the throne of Rome, from which they had been banished for their cruelty and oppression, sent proposals to the Senate for that purpose; but finding they were rejected with scorn, he advanced towards Rome in a confident persuasion that he should easily reduce it.

When he came to the bridge, and saw the Romans drawn up in order of battle before the river, he was surprized at their resolution, and
not

not doubting but he should overpower them with numbers, prepared to fight.

The two armies being engaged, fought with great bravery, and long contended for victory. After a great slaughter on both sides, the Romans began to give way, and were quickly put to flight. All fled into the city over the bridge, which at the same time would have afforded a passage to the enemy, if Rome had not found, in the heroic courage of one of her citizens, a bulwark as strong as the highest walls. Publius Horatius was the man, surnamed Cocles, because he had but one eye, having lost the other in a battle. He was the strongest and most undaunted of all the Romans. He used every method to stop the flying army; but perceiving that neither entreaties nor exhortations could overcome their fear, he resolved, however badly supported he might be, to defend the entrance of the bridge, till it was demolished behind. On the success of this depended the preservation of the city. Only two Romans followed his example, and partook of his danger; nay, when he saw but a few planks of the bridge remaining, he obliged them to retire, and to save themselves. Standing alone against a whole army, but preserving his intrepidity, he even dared to insult his numerous enemies; and

cast terrible looks upon the principal Hetrurians, one while challenging them to a single combat, and then bitterly reproached them all. " Vile slaves that you are," said he, " not satisfied with being unmindful of your own, ye are come to deprive others of their liberty who have had the courage to assume it." Covered with his buckler, he sustained a shower of darts; and at last, when they were all preparing to rush upon him, the bridge was entirely demolished, and Cocles, throwing himself with his arms into the Tyber, safely swam over; having performed an action says Livy, that will command the admiration, more than the faith of posterity. He was received as in triumph by the Romans. The people erected him a brazen statue in armour in the most conspicuous part of the forum.—As much land was given him as he could surround with a plough in a day. All the inhabitants, both men and women, contributed to his reward; and in the midst of a dreadful scarcity, almost every person in the city, depriving themselves of a part of their substance, made him a present of provisions.

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

ON Doctor Johnson's return from Scotland, a particular friend of his was saying, that now he had a view of the country, he was in hopes it would cure him of many prejudices against that nation, particularly in respect to the *fruits*: " why yes, Sir, I have found out that gooseberries will grow there against a south wall, but the skins are so tough, that it is death to the man who swallows one of them."

A N E C D O T E.

A Harmless country fellow having commenced a suit against a gentleman who had beat down his fences, and spoiled his corn; when the assizes drew near, his adversary bribed his only evidence to keep out of the way: Well, says the fellow, I am resolved I will go up to town, and the King shall know it. The King know it, says his landlord, who was an attorney, prithee what

what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way? Why, Sir, says the poor fellow, *I have heard you say that the King could make a man a Peer at any time.*

HYMN TO VIRTUE.

HAIL heaven-born Virtue! hail supremely
faint!

Best lov'd, and noblest object of my care!
Inspire with wisdom in the tempting hour,
To spurn at pleasure, and confess thy pow'r,
Thy power, which mocks the world's united force,
And, tho' oppos'd, maintains a steady course:
In vain loud tempests, with oppressive weight,
Strive, envious, to retard thy growing height,
The more their force obstructs thy spreading
root,

The wider still thy vig'rous branches shoot.
Thy beams play unresisted on the soul,
Banish each fear, and each vain thought controul;
Content, and health, and joys sweet smiling train
Wait on thy steps, and flourish in thy reign,
We envy not the splendor of a throne,
But thee possessing, deem it all our own;
Warm'd

Warm'd by the sun-shine, poverty looks gay,
 And wealth enjoys an everlasting day;
 Blest with thy friendship, all around us bloom,
 And comfort beams thro' death's Egyptian gloom;
 The storms of passion at thy presence cease,
 And all is temperance—and all is peace;
 When better ages knew their good to prize,
 None then were honour'd, but who first were wise;
 Titles and fame from thee alone could flow,
 And what is heaven above—was heaven below;
 By worth superior monarchs shone express'd,
 And he was King who most thy pow'r confess'd.
 Happy the man who feels thy sacred fires!
 Thrice happy he whom all thy pow'r inspires!
 Supremely blest who thy command obeys,
 Grows to thy shrine, and ever sings thy praise;
 Thy guidance waits, thy constant smile implores,
 And as he knows the more, still more adores!
 Could earth afford a nature so refin'd,
 Or shew such features in a human mind,
 Angels would look with admiration down,
 And by such virtue learn to frame their own.

THE

THE MILITARY MENDICANT,

OR BENEVOLENCE REPAID.

“ **I** Wish thee success,” said a clergyman, putting something into an old soldier’s hand—
 “ adieu ! ” — “ Heaven return it thee ! ” exclaimed the soldier, with a look that spoke more to the heart than all the expressions of gratitude that ever were uttered. His wife courtied. “ God bless you both ! ” said the good divine, and rode on. The veteran fixed his eyes on him in silence, till he turned out of sight. “ What is it ? ” enquired the soldier’s wife. “ A guinea ! ” replied the soldier, wrapping it up carefully in a paper, and putting it into a greasy vellum pocket-book, the repository of his humble treasures. It had been his companion in all adventures from childhood, and a faithful one. He esteemed it as a friend, and, unlike modern friends, it kept every secret with which it was entrusted inviolate.— It contained the pride of his heart, a memorial, in his own hand-writing, of all the battles he had fought, the wounds he had received ; up to that day on which the ruthless ball tore away the very arm which had so often wielded the instruments of vengeance against the enemies of his country
 from

from his scarred body. Here the heroic narrative was deficient, but the remaining stump vouched for him—how much more impressively! Through this misfortune he obtained his discharge; that, too, was preserved, a companion to his memorial, to which it was affixed, signed by all his officers, a testimony of his *honourable* conduct.

It was the consciousness of having merited this, that transfused a gleam of happiness over all his despondencies: over these faithful memorials he frequently shed a tear, which sweetened the hour of distress, and bestowed a consolation only to be imbibed by minds attuned to the delicate harmony of sensibility, at the refined touch of virtue.

Grant, Almighty Disposer of Events! that *my* heart may ever be awake to the still voice of honour; that the season of calamity may not be rendered more irksome by the inquietudes of conscience!

“A guinea!” said the soldier. “A guinea! “God bless him for it!” uttered his wife.—“Amen!” rejoined the soldier. Would to Heaven that so hearty an *Amen* closed the prayers of the whole world. “There are *some* good people left in the world,” observed the wife.—“Heaven forbid there should not!” answered the

P

husband

husband—and on they jogged, till an humble house of entertainment presented to them a welcome sight; they approached it joyfully; and turned to satisfy their moderate wants, and rest their wearied limbs.

The weather was cold; but they placed themselves, modestly, at a distance from the fire, though it was not quite taken up. A piper lad kindly offered his seat: the veteran thankfully declined it; but was drawing nearer, when the landlord entered, who muttered something about *vagrants* and *passes*!

The soldier heard, but noticed not: he knew the power of money, and accompanied his enquiry for refreshment with a wish to have change for a guinea. The word *guinea* operated as a magic charm: a clean cloth was instantly spread; a steak put on the fire; and the landlord insisted that the chimney corner should be resigned for his military guest, who begged no one might be disturbed for him. The landlord was positive; forced both him and his wife on to the bench, swore every one ought to have a proper respect for the *King's cloth*; drank both *that* and his *Majesty*, out of a brimmer which was just brought for the soldier; and assured the company, that he had once carried arms himself; but having an opportunity to settle, he
thought

thought it best to sleep in a whole skin, and so bought his discharge.

This was all just—for any thing the company knew to the contrary: certain it was he had been a private in a marching regiment; but respecting the manner in which he left it, he had made a small mistake—perhaps, his memory was bad,—perhaps, he wished to keep his own secret—or, perhaps, he had told this story so often, that he himself began to be persuaded of its verity. Reader, he was *drummed* out! “For what?” askest thou. Peace, untoward spirit of curiosity! seek not to bring to light the misdeeds of thy brother, which time has kindly left in oblivion! Alas! I am guiltier than thyself. I set thee an example. How frail is man! how vain his reasoning!

The two travellers began their little repast. The landlord joined them. The soldier smiled him a cheerful welcome. The mug was twice filled, and the table soon cleared. They all gathered close around the fire; and the soldier related the adventure of the clergyman and the *guinea*.

The landlord *dare said*, beside that guinea, the parson had not above another in the world. “*Gemmen*,” for they were all strangers, “it is the curate of our parish, and a more *worthier*

soul never lived! He has a wife and four children; and has but fifty pound a year to maintain them, though the rectorship is worth five times as much. But the old rector died yesterday; and so the curate came here to hire one of my horses.—I keeps two, gemmen—to go to the Squire's to beg for the living; and he has all the parish's good words and prayers with him.”—“Heaven grant he may succeed!” emphatically interrupted the soldier. “So says I!” rejoined mine host; accompanying the hearty affirmation with as hearty a tug at the soldier's ale.—“But, nevertheless, gemmen, I fears as how he won't; for his honour the Squire, though they says something as how the estate i'n't rightfully his—but I wouldn't have it known I spoke of it—I scorns to meddle with other folk's affairs—besides, he might take away my licence, and times are hard—but Mr. Martin, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, knows all about it.—And so, as I was a saying, gemmen, the Squire has often's the time being heard to say that he would sell the *parsonatation*; and I am sure Dr. Kind can't buy it: for, as I said, he is but poor—and that was the reason I wouldn't take any thing of him for the lent of my horse—and he had the best too—though he doesn't buy two noggins of ale of me in a month. But then, to be sure, he
is

is parson of the parish, and doesn't get drunk. Here's his health, gemmen!" seizing a pot that stood next to him, and calling his wife to replenish the soldier's, which was empty.

When the ale was drawn, the soldier produced his guinea for change. Boniface, and his rib, having both rummaged their pockets for the amount, found they were seven shillings deficient. "What the devil hast done with all thy silver?" cried Boniface. "Why, my dear," replied she meekly, "didn't I give it to Dr. Kind out of the half guinea for the hire of the horse?" This rather confused our *disinterested* host: but, not being easily put out of countenance, and thinking silence best, he took no other notice of the circumstances than to bid her go and get change; winking to her very significantly, at the same time, to withdraw.

The company had sat for some time, enjoying themselves in silence, here and there interrupted by a trite observation, when the piper offered to play them a tune. A dance was accordingly proposed, but objected to, at first, by Boniface, who observed as how it spoiled good company. However, finding it necessary to conform to the humour of his customers, he determined to lose nothing by the temporary suspension from drinking; and, having emptied
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the only mug that had liquor in it, ordered his wife—who now returned with “she couldn’t get change, though she had been at a dozen places!”—to fill all again, and stood up with the rest.—The piper began, and at it they went, if not with skill, at least with glee.

How fragile is the tenure of joy! The piper had scarcely thrice repeated his strain, when in came the landlady, and informed her spouse, that Mr. Martin was come for his horse, which they had lent the Doctor in the morning. She was followed by the gentleman. *Scorum* was again confused; and stammered out, that as how it had wanted shoeing, and so he had sent it to town. But Mr. Martin, who had overheard all the wife had said, taxed the delinquent with his guilt. He now begged ten thousand pardons; and while the owner assured him that had he lent it to any one else, he would never have excused him, the divine entered. The landlord swore for joy, and ran out to receive the horse; and the Doctor and Mr. Martin shook hands, and were retiring into the parlour, when the former espied the objects of his benevolence; and, apologizing to his friend, requested their company also. Thinking it their duty not to refuse, they modestly obeyed; and a chearful bowl being instantly filled, they all sat down to enjoy it.

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The soldier was agitated concerning the success of his benefactor: it was not busy solicitude, but the anxiety of gratitude. The Doctor was silent on the subject; and the soldier, persuaded of his success by the uniform cheerfulness of his manners, set his own heart at rest. Distress generally excites *curiosity*—seldom any thing farther. The appearance of the veteran excited that of Martin: but he was a humane man: and it was a laudable motive that induced him to hint, in a delicate manner, a desire of being acquainted with his history. The soldier readily gratified him.

His name, he said, was Roach, his father bore arms. He was born at Carrickfergus, in Ireland; and, when but two years old, his father being ordered abroad, his mother took him with her to follow the fortunes of her husband. At fourteen, he lost his mother; and at sixteen, his father. He fought by his side; saw him fall; and had the pleasure of revenging him on the man who slew him. His life had been literally a continual warfare—but he had been raised only to a halbert.

Mr. Martin expressed surprize—merit is ever modest. “I deserved no more,” was the reply. He proceeded—he had been thrice imprisoned in France, once in Spain, and once in Holland.

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“ But I trusted in God!” said the hero. “ And he delivered thee,” returned the divine.—During an interval between the two last imprisonments he had suffered, for the second time since he was two years of age, he saw England. He then married; and his wife had been his constant companion in all his succeeding troubles. At fifty, he lost his arm in the lamentable war that separated England and America: at Bunker’s Hill he received the fatal shot; and, with the united testimony of all his officers concerning his fidelity and bravery, was sent to finish his days in the mother country. He applied for the pension. Merit is not always successful: he was modest; and had not a friend at court. He applied in vain!

His wife had a relation in Wales, a creditable, though not a rich, farmer: to him they went, and lived with him, labouring for their maintenance, four years. He then died; and, being ignorant of any other relations, left them his all. They were industrious, they were frugal: but prosperity is not always the reward of industry, and the frugal are sometimes sparing in vain. The hand of Providence seemed against them; but the ways of heaven are inscrutable! Their cattle died; their crops failed! Their all was nearly gone; when the honest pair called
their

creditors together, and surrendered to them the little that remained; and taking an affectionate farewell of their neighbours, who all pitied, but were too poor materially to assist them, set off for London, to sue once more for the pension; fearing, at the same time, that they had deferred the application too long.

They had travelled four days cheerfully; when they had lost the purse which held the pittance they had to support them on their journey!— But they were resigned: they had begged through the fifth; and on the sixth, they were met by the charitable curate. Here the narrator repeated his thanks; and the clergyman insisted they were not due, having done nothing more than his duty. Mr. Martin, apologizing, enquired of the soldier where his father fell?— “ At Dettingen ! ” “ Had he no relation living . ” None, that he knew of. He had once a brother, christened Leonard, after his father; who, when he went abroad, was left with an aunt at Carrickfergus, and was then five years old. He addressed to him an account of his father’s fate; but did not himself see Ireland till six years afterwards. He then heard that his aunt was dead; but from all the enquiries he could make, had never been able to learn what became of his brother, or whether he received the letter con-
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cerning his father. "He did!" interrupted Martin. The clergyman, the soldier, and his wife, all fixed their eyes on him. "Heavens! is he alive?" eagerly exclaimed the sergeant.— "No!" deeply sighed Mr. Martin. "He was my intimate friend. About six months after the receipt of your letter, he quitted Ireland; and, in the service of a foreign merchant, thrice travelled over the continent of Europe. His fidelity and zeal so attached him to his employer, who now settled in England, that he entertained him no longer as a servant, but made him his companion and confidant; and, dying about eight years since, bequeathed him an estate in this country, amounting to eight hundred per annum, together with the presentation of the parish living."

Here the clergyman seemed rather discomposed. The soldier observed it. Mr. Martin went on——

"About this time, I became acquainted with your brother. He imparted to me every circumstance of his life. I assisted him in perpetual enquiries after you, but in vain; and accidentally discovering a cousin of your aunt's, out of gratitude to her, at his death, about four years since, excepting a legacy of two hundred pounds a year to me, he made him his sole heir,
with

with a proviso, that if ever you could be found, the whole estate was to be your own, on condition of your allowing him two hundred pounds per annum.

Nothing, then, remains, Sir, but to make the requisite proofs before the proper persons, which we will do without delay. Indeed, the strong resemblance you bear to your dear brother, is testimony enough for me: but there are others to be satisfied."

"Praised be heaven!" exclaimed the good Doctor. The soldier's wife was transported—she wept for joy.

The soldier bore his good fortune with admirable serenity. "I should have received more pleasure from this news," said he, "had not my cousin forestalled me in the wish of my heart, and prevented me from expressing my gratitude to that generous gentleman, in a proper manner, by giving him the living."—"Give you the living, Dr. Kind?" exclaimed Mr. Martin. "He bargained for it with Dr. Double."—"He has not broken the contract, I can assure you," replied Doctor Kind. "Is it not your's, then?" hastily cried the soldier. "But it shall, it shall be!" And he took several turns, or rather quick marches, across the room. His heart was full—a tear relieved him.

In a few weeks his register from Ireland, and every necessary voucher for his identity, were procured. He asserted his claim; every one was satisfied with its equity, except his cousin; he took possession; solicited Mr. Martin, in vain, to accept a reward for his exertions; and in presenting the rectory to the benevolent Doctor, experienced the sublimest gratification of a noble heart, from the consciousness of having, by promoting the independence of virtue, discharged the obligations of gratitude.



ANECDOTE

OF

DR. JOHNSON.

ON the night before the publication of his first edition of Shakespeare, he supped with some friends in the Temple, who kept him up, "nothing loth," till past five o'clock in the morning. Much pleasantry passed on the subject of commentatorship, when all of a sudden the Doctor, looking at his watch, cried out,—
 "This may be sport to you, gentlemen, but you don't consider there are but two hours between me and criticism,"

THE SPIRITED LOVER.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

DURING the civil wars in Italy, of which the celebrated historian Guicciardini has given us so lively and so interesting an account, there happened within the territories of Naples, an event which no historian has mentioned, but which is not undeserving of a place in a miscellaneous work, in which pieces of history have been so well received.

In the reign of Alphonso, King of Naples, Lorenzo, (so he is called in the manuscript from which the following narrative is copied) a gentleman of fortune, and possessed of some lucrative employments under the government, had also in his possession as valuable a wife and daughter as ever fell to the lot of any human being: these jewels, however, he knew not how to estimate as he ought, for he was unreasonably jealous of the former, and threatened the latter with perpetual imprisonment in a convent, if she did not marry the man whom he had designed for her husband.

By a very slight sketch of these two characters, that is, of Isabella and her intended bridegroom, the reader will easily perceive that they
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were extremely ill suited to each other, and that no happiness could be possibly expected from such an hymenial connexion.

Isabella, in the bloom of youth, had an attractive person, and a cultivated understanding; she had also a disposition which rendered her beloved by all who were acquainted with her, and gave equal satisfaction by the solidity of her conversation, and the propriety of her whole deportment. She was the most dutiful, as well as the most affectionate of daughters, and till she became marriageable had no reason to complain of her father's behaviour to her.

Barbello, on the wrong side of sixty, had, with that disproportion in opposition to nineteen, a constitution much broken by original weaknesses, and irregular living. He had, indeed, some infirmities which made him a very disgusting object to the fair sex. Deformed in his person, and crooked in his mind, he had also a temper the most unamiable to be conceived.— He had nothing, in short, but his title and his fortune to recommend him.

Presuming upon his fortune and his rank, Barbello made his addresses to Isabella, and was rejected. Piqued at her refusal, he repaired immediately to her father, and, with an additional presumption, demanded her of him in marriage;

marriage; displaying, at the same time, the numerous and substantial advantages which he would himself reap from an alliance with his house.

Dazzled with the brilliancy of such an alliance, Lorenzo overlooked all his personal, all his mental imperfections, and assured him, that he should marry his daughter whenever he pleased, without once reflecting on the irreparable injury he was doing his amiable daughter, who had never, designedly, offended him, by devoting her to a life of misery with the man of her abhorrence, by sacrificing her, in all her youthful charms, at the altar of Plutus.

The moment she saw Barbello leave the house, after having been closeted with her father, in consequence of her repelling carriage, Isabella hurried to him, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, intreated him not to be angry with her for having refused a man, with whom she could not be happy; to whom, indeed, she could not give her hand without dooming herself to absolute wretchedness for the remainder of her life.

"You must marry Barbello," said her resolute father, with an unusual sternness in his features, with an unusual exaltation of his voice, "you must marry Barbello," continued he,

he, "or spend the rest of your days in a convent."

These words stunned her, and she retired to her own apartment in a condition not to be described, but truly to be compassionated. There she gave vent to a fresh shower of tears, and loudly lamented the singular misery of her situation: condemned as she was to a marriage of detestation, or a life of seclusion from the world. Which ever way she turned her eyes her distress was extreme, and the more she reflected upon the cause of it, the less able was she to know in what manner to procure its removal.

In this melancholy and truly pitiable state she was found soon afterwards by her mother, who sincerely felt her affliction from sympathy, and made haste to administer consolation. Fondly attached to her, she hung over her in a manner which sufficiently proved that her maternal compassion was equal to her maternal affection, and in the tenderest accents assured her that she would leave nothing in her power undone to break off a match which she could not herself by any means encourage for numberless reasons, setting aside the real regard she had for her.

Isabella, whose heart was ever alive to gratitude, poured out the warmest acknowledgments

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to her considerate, her indulgent mother, for her assurances, and offered up a short prayer, from the bottom of her heart, for her success.

It will now be necessary, for the introduction of a new character, to acquaint the readers of this tale, a very considerable part of Isabella's distress arose from her prepossessions in favour of a man who was as happily formed by nature to charm her sex, as Barbello was unhappily formed by nature to shock them with his appearance.

The name of this captivating man was Detour, a Frenchman, of a good family, very genteely connected, and greatly countenanced by Charles VIII. who, when he meditated the conquest of Naples, charged him with a secret commission to a Neapolitan nobleman in his interest.—This young Frenchman seeing Isabella at one of the churches in a few days after his arrival, fell in love with her, but was not a little chagrined to find, upon a minute enquiry about her, that she was the daughter of a man who had too much of the anti-gallican spirit in his composition to encourage him to make his addresses to her. However, as he saw, or thought he saw, in the behaviour of Isabella, during the performance of her religious duties, that she looked at him frequently by stolen glances, with no unfavourable eyes,

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he told the nobleman at whose house he resided that he would give the world to be assured his conjectures were not ill grounded.

Sebastian in reply said, that as Lorenzo and he were different parties there were no friendly communications between them.—“ But I will endeavour,” added he, (after a short pause) “ to hit upon a method for the gratification of your curiosity.”

With this promise Detour was very well satisfied, and waited, with as much patience as lovers generally are possessed of, for the performance of it. But there is no describing his feelings when he heard that she was on the point of being married to Barbello.

When Julia, in consequence of her assurances to her daughter, went in search of her husband, she met him in the passage which led to his library, and requesting him to return to it, as she had something of the utmost importance to communicate to him.

Lorenzo having just been reading some papers which had been sent to him from an unknown hand concerning some great revolution in the state, and containing some dark hints about his own safety, if he continued to favour the cause of Alphonso, hastily asked her if what she had to impart related to him.

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Upon her answering in the affirmative, he went back to the apartment he had quitted a few minutes before, inexpressibly eager to learn what his wife had to disclose, especially as her answer was delivered with an uncommon gravity and firmness.

As soon as they were seated, Julia proceeded in the following manner :

“ I have told you, Lorenzo, that my business relates immediately to yourself, and I think you cannot but feel yourself deeply interested in it when I tell you it relates also to your daughter.”

“ My daughter !” exclaimed he, starting from his chair, extremely disappointed, “ what of her. She is to be married in a few days to Barbello.”

“ If she lives.”

“ Lives !” said he, “ she shall live—I have set my heart upon this marriage, and nothing shall hinder it.”

Julia finding it impossible to go on while her husband was in so irrational a humour, rose up to retire, saying, “ I will communicate what I have to say concerning Isabella when you are in a more composed frame of mind. I shall only add, at present, that you may, perhaps, have reason to repent of your attachment to Barbello.”

Lorenzo, stopped in his career by the equivocal conclusion of this reply, desired Julia to re-

sume her seat, and to make full discoveries, assured her that he would hear what she had to say without giving her any interruption.

Julia then acquainted him with the unhappy situation of her daughter, and by describing it in the most pathetic language she could adopt upon the occasion, endeavoured to rouse his parental sensibility, laying a particular stress upon the great disproportion in point of years between Barbello and Isabella, and enlarging, with equal energy, on the many imperfections, external and internal, by which the former was distinguished. She closed her address by returning to the situation into which his severity had thrown the latter, and declared it to be her opinion that she would not live to be the wife of the man to whom he was going to make her the victim, as the anguish of her mind would certainly bring on a train of fatal disorders.

Lorenzo, agreeably to his promise, kept his temper during the first part of the above speech, but the last words threw him again into the old channel, and his impetuosity was no longer to be curbed.—“ She shall be married to-morrow,” said the inflexible father. She will live till then, I suppose :” and flung out of the room without waiting for an answer.

While Lorenzo and his family were thus situated;

situated; and three persons could not well be more wretched in different ways, Detour was studying how to get an interview with the dear object of his wishes, and he was the more eager to come to a conversation with Isabella, as he had no doubts, from some manœuvres under the direction of the nobleman with whom he lived, with respect to a mutual prepossession. Thoroughly satisfied that Isabella beheld him with the eyes of partiality, he was prepared, in the true spirit of gallantry, to run any hazards for the accomplishment of his desires; but his friend, who had been taught wisdom by experience, earnestly advised him to act with the nicest circumspection, and to employ stratagem rather than force in the execution of his designs.

To these admonitions Detour listened with attention, and induced his monitor to believe that he would square his conduct by the golden rule of discretion.—But where shall we find discretion and love inhabitants of the same bosom! Are they ever associated? Detour was certainly a stranger to the former, and yet by a happy rashness he gained the very summit of his wishes.—His success, however, ought not by any means to govern the conduct of other adventurers in similar pursuits, for his temerity might have proved of the highest dis-service to him,

him, if a revolution in the political principles of Lorenzo had not produced a change in his ideas of patriotism. In consequence of this resolution, and this change, he rendered two amiable people completely happy, and at the same time gained a considerable addition of riches and power; though he gained them with a far greater diminution of his patriotic merit, and gratitude to the man to whom he was under obligations never to be effaced—to Alphonso.

Detour, the moment he heard that the day was fixed for the union between Barbello and Isabella, was determined to have an engagement with the former, and to make him either relinquish his pretensions to the latter, or take his leave of the world; not doubting but that he should, being an excellent swordsman, oblige him in a short time to give up the lady, or give up his life.

Inflamed with this idea, he set out early on the destined morning in order to intercept Barbello in his progress to Lorenzo's palace, and meeting him upon the road with a couple of attendants, attacked him with great vivacity and very galling language, for his going to marry a lady with whom he was himself passionately enamoured, and whom he was resolved to marry. "I must desire you, therefore, Sir," continued he,

he, while his eyes sparkled with the fire which love had kindled in them, " I must desire you to withdraw yourself immediately, or dispute with me your passage to the altar."

No sooner had he delivered these words than he drew his sword, which glittered in the sun, and so dazzled the eyes of the servants who attended the old baron, that they hurried on to Lorenzo's palace, really believing that some madman had broke loose from his keepers, and not choosing to have any thing more to do with him till they had got more people to assist them.

When the servants of Barbello had reached Lorenzo's palace, they were met at the top of the avenue leading to it by one of his domestics, who had a letter to deliver into the baron's own hands.

In this letter Lorenzo informed his intended son-in-law that he had altered his mind, and that he, therefore, wished he would think no more of his daughter for a wife. This alteration had been produced by the artful management of one of Charles's negociators at Naples, who, by holding forth to him honour and emoluments which he had not sufficient virtue to withstand, detached him from the interest of his first royal benefactor, and made him a convert to the court of France.

The servants of Barbello, by the time they had
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reached the above mentioned avenue, began to think that they had been too precipitate in leaving their master to be murdered, perhaps; and easily procuring a reinforcement, when they had related the situation in which they had left him, returned with the utmost celerity, but not soon enough to see him in the attitude they had left him : he had been wounded by his adversary, and lay stretched upon the ground without any signs of life. The servants of Lorenzo immediately seizing the conqueror, notwithstanding the hostility of his appearance, told him that they must carry him to their master. To their no small surprize he replied, that they could not give him a greater pleasure. Accordingly they led him, "nothing loth," to the palace to which they belonged.

To the still greater surprize of his conductors the nearer he approached to the palace, the more pleased he appeared: they could not conceive what joy a man could feel in being carried before their master in the character of a murderer, and and Lorenzo himself, indeed, was much astonished at the intrepidity he discovered in his countenance when he was brought into his presence. No words can paint the looks of Julia and Isabella, at the sight of him in that condition.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo never having seen Detour, treated him only as a man who had murdered one of the noblesse of Naples, being informed that Barbello lay like a dead corpse: but the ladies recognized him, and knew not how to act in so delicate a situation. Isabella, indeed, had been made happy by her father's having put a stop to the hymenial proceedings so dreadful to her, but she was afraid to flatter herself with the hopes of finding the murderer of the man she hated, considered as the man whom she loved, and deemed deserving of her hand.

The intrepidity which Detour discovered was not confined to his features: he looked like a lion, and there was no small ferocity in his first speech to the father of his mistress. " You seem surprized at my appearance, Sir. You behold me, I see plainly, in the light of a criminal. In the same light I behold you for having doomed your daughter, the most amiable of her sex, to the arms of a man whom she abhorred. To save her from such a sacrifice, I was determined, this morning, to make him relinquish all pretensions to her, or perish in the attempt. We fought, and I was successful: he is wounded, but not dangerously, I believe, though his extreme faintness, from loss of blood, gives him the air of a dying person, I wish not for his death: he has

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given up all his claims to your daughter. With that surrender I am satisfied, I love Isabella, and I have some reason to imagine that she has no aversion to me. If she confirms my conjectures with her own lips, (darting an eager glance at her at the same time) you will, I hope, upon an enquiry into my character and connexions, which will, I may venture to say, bear the strictest scrutiny, think me worthy of supplying the place of him whom you designed for her husband.

Never in his whole life had Lorenzo been thrown into greater astonishment. However, as he had determined not to marry Isabella to Barbello, he was not sorry to find that he had himself given her up, and as he was not destitute of common humanity, he hoped that his wound would not prove mortal. But he was not so ready to give credit to his successful antagonist, with regard to his own pretensions to his daughter: he therefore ordered him to be conveyed to the place of confinement for all prisoners in his predicament, adding, that if the baron recovered of his wound, it would then be time enough to make farther enquiries about him.

The servants who had brought the spirited lover to Lorenzo, were now going to conduct him to the place which he had mentioned. Julia coming

ing forward stopped them. Then turning to her husband, she intreated him to command their removal, as she had something to relate with regard to his prisoner which required privacy.

When the servants withdrew, Julia informed her husband who the person before him was, and acquainted him with all she knew concerning his family, &c. without concealing her daughter's prepossessions in his favour, which might safely be encouraged, she said, if what she heard was true.

Staggered with this information, but yet not displeased with it, Lorenzo's features began to wear a more complacent appearance: he then told Detour that his own house should, for the present, be his prison; and that if all the enquiries he should make, proved satisfactory, he would be as ready to marry his daughter agreeably to her inclination, as he had been to marry her against it.

In a few days after these transactions, Lorenzo, thoroughly pleased with the intelligence he received with regard to Detour, and largely rewarded by Charles for his desertion, consented to the marriage of Isabella, who was happy beyond her expectations. There was nothing to check the stream of her felicity, but the severe satires circulated round against her father for abandoning

a prince who had raised him from obscurity to splendor, and for his *trimming* at a juncture when he might have distinguished himself in the first line of patriotism.—Children may, and good children will be sorry for the crimes or the follies of their parents, but it would be hard indeed if they were to be answerable for the one or the other.



ANECDOTE

OF

THE LATE MR. RALPH ALLEN.

THE late Mr. Ralph Allen, who has been universally honoured with the epithet of *good*, was originally born to no possession. A fund of good sense, however, showed him the most likely methods of procuring an immense estate; and his conduct proves the ancient adage, that ‘Every man is the maker of his own fortune.’ The cross-posts all over England were of his contrivance: these he farmed from government, and they turned out highly to his advantage. An estate, he purchased near Bath,

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was bought with equal prudence: it was found to contain a quarry from which the stones for building the most beautiful parts of that town were taken. By this estate he gained such considerable sums, that, though he gave numberless benefactions to the indigent or meritorious, he died worth more than an hundred thousand pounds. It is told of this excellent man, that he once courted a young lady, whose father wanted to drive the match, as it was very advantageous. The young lady, however, was pre-engaged to another lover; which, when Mr. Allen knew, he generously portioned out his mistress from his own fortune, and gave her away himself to his own rival. The honours which so much virtue deserved, were amply recompensed by Mr. Pope, in these fine lines:

‘ Let modest Allen, with ingenuous shame,
 ‘ Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.’

PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

A TALE.

PARENTS are seldom guilty of greater mistakes in their behaviour to their children, than when they make invidious distinctions between

tween them, treating some of them with particular tenderness, and others with neglect bordering upon indifference. The partialities discovered by parents have occasioned many scenes of infelicity; by those partialities brothers have been set against brothers, sisters thrown into a state of warfare with each other, and innumerable disquiets have been produced by them in families, which might have been families of joy and love, had not the evil spirit of favouritism scattered the arrows of jealousy through the different members belonging to them. Observations of this kind have been frequently made, and it is not probable that the repetition of them, however tiresome to some readers, will be entirely useless. To those who had rather be instructed by example than precept, the following tale is addressed.

Mr. Mountford, an eminent merchant, having acquired a very handsome fortune, without any diminution of his reputation, in the commercial world, was seized with a passion for retirement, and in consequence of the operation of that passion, bought an estate in his native country, in order to spend the remainder of his days in rural tranquillity, amidst those scenes which first presented themselves to his eyes, and had ever made a deep impression upon his mind.

Mr.

Mr. Mountford, when he took possession of his estate, had a very amiable wife, and two sons; but as he had not been married many years, when he determined to withdraw from business, they were not arrived at an age to be pushed into the world. His eldest son, indeed, was not intended for any profession: his father resolved to bring him up a gentleman; his youngest son only was destined for some employment.

Mr. Mountford would not have been censurable for this mode of determination, with regard to the future appearance of his sons in the world, if he had not, at the same time, behaved in such a manner as to create jealousies between them, calculated to extinguish every spark of fraternal affection in their bosoms. To Frank, his eldest son, his carriage was so extremely partial, that it deserved a severe reprehension; as the distinguishing proofs of his predilection for him were sufficient to render Harry, his youngest son, very unhappy; and doubly mortified, as he was not conscious of having done any thing to merit the neglect which he painfully felt. A slight sketch of these brothers will serve to show that the partiality of their father operated in a manner which did not redound to the honour of his understanding, and he committed a capital error in judgment, when he was lavish of his tenderness
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to Frank; when he only distinguished Harry with the most striking, and the most grating marks of his aversion.

Frank and Harry, though naturally well disposed lads, having been, at an early age, improperly treated, grew up with no cordiality for each other. The former, presuming upon his succession to an estate which he most dutifully wished to enjoy before his father's removal from it, behaved to the latter with a degree of arrogance not to be digested by a brother who had a grain of resentment in his constitution. Harry was alive to every affront which he received from the insolence of Frank's behaviour, and could not always conceal his feelings; but the disclosure of them never failed to widen the breach between him and his brother, as Mr. Mountford, upon every such occasion, sided with his heir apparent, against his resentful adversary, and corrected him with additional asperity. However, though Mr. Mountford behaved in this partial manner to his children, while they were advancing to manhood, he had consideration enough for the son whom he intended for business, to place him in a counting-house in London, under the inspection of an old friend on whom he could rely, that he might have a fair chance, if he was diligent, sober, &c. &c. to make a pretty addition
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to the small fortune he designed to leave him at his death, having but a few thousands remaining in the funds, after the purchase of his estate.

The behaviour of these two brothers, upon their father's decease, will discriminate their tempers, and from that behaviour alone, it may easily be imagined how they would have acted in most situations. Frank, when he heard of his father's sudden death, happened to be at a ball in the neighbourhood. The news was communicated to him while he was actually engaged in a very lively dance, with rather too much abruptness; but though many of his companions were shocked at it, he was not at all disconcerted by the messenger's precipitation—nor displeased. On the contrary, he exhibited some signs of satisfaction, which laid him open to the reproofs of decency, and concluded the evening with more festivity than he begun it. Such was the deportment of a highly-favoured son, indulged to an extreme, and almost idolized, on the death of him who would not, perhaps, have thought it possible for Frank to act with so little regard to his memory, had any of his friends—more gifted with the spirit of prophecy—predicted such a behaviour. Opposed to this behaviour, Harry's, upon the same occasion, will place him in a very different point of view, and in a point so much the more to his

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advantage, as he certainly was under much stronger temptations, from the harsh treatment he had met with from his father, to rejoice at his dissolution. Harry, when he received the letter which acquainted him with his father's death, was with a select number of intimate companions at a tavern, not far from his master's house, celebrating the birth-day of one of them. The moment he had perused the contents, he imparted it to them; and then took his leave, thinking that he should act a very unbecoming part in proceeding in his mirthful career; for though he had no reason to lament his father's death, he could not bear the thoughts of discovering the least appearance of exultation. He was indeed of another, of a far better disposition, and charitably imputing all the unkindnesses he had received from him, to an unhappy delusion of the mind, he ever mentioned his name in the most respectful manner, and never breathed a syllable reproaching him for that partiality which had occasioned him so much disquietude. Nay, his generosity of thinking even extended to his undeserving brother. Called as he had been by his insolence, in the invidious character of a favourite, while he lived under the same roof with him, he forgot all his injurious treatment, when he did not actually smart under the pressure of it, and instead

stead of reviling him, when he was out of the reach of his irritating language, spoke of him with the greatest candour, and even pitied him for the enormous share which he enjoyed of his father's love, as he supposed it might, eventually, be the cause of no small uneasiness to him by making him too well satisfied with his own parts and accomplishments, too ungarded in his carriage to those opinions revolting against his own, and too much intoxicated with his prospects to conduct himself in a manner which might serve to procure him friends when he had spent his inheritance, as he was naturally of a very expensive turn, and had no judgment to regulate the cravings of a capricious fancy, the wild sallies of a restless imagination.

Such were Harry's feelings on his brother's account, when he was placed with Mr. Delmy, in London, and he did not, upon his father's death, imagine he had any reason to alter his sentiments concerning him. As an interview between them was, however, now absolutely necessary, Harry set out for the family seat, attended his father's funeral, and having transacted all the business with his brother which his father's will occasioned, returned to an occupation that promised to be very lucrative to him, not at all discontented with the trifle be-

queathed to him; nor did he utter an abusive word when he spoke of his brother, though he had, at the reading of the will, behaved with a self-sufficiency, and a *bauteur*, provoking beyond expression.

Very soon after Frank came into the possession of that estate for which he had sincerely sighed long before it devolved to him, Harry ventured to foretell its speedy reduction, from the well-known tendency to all kinds of extravagance, in the wrong-headed, conceited owner of it; and he was not out in his calculations.

Frank, in a few years, was actually in so distressed a condition, that he was obliged to sell a great part of his estate to stop the mouths of his *honourable* and some *right honourable* creditors, that he might shew his face among them, without being posted for a scoundrel. When his debts of *honour* were adjusted, he was compelled, by arguments not to be resisted, (the logic of the law) to make over his remaining acres to other hands.

He was now plunged into a situation in which he would have been entitled to pity, had he not brought himself into it by his own folly. In this situation he was mean enough to solicit the assistance of the very man whom he had most offended, his brother; to him he applied for relief,

lief, and—greatly to that brother's honour,—
was relieved by him.

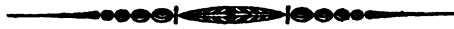
Harry, upon his brother's coming to pay him a visit, with an humility which would have flattered many a man in similar circumstances, was, instead of feeling any triumphant sensations, shocked at the sight, and instead of entering into any upbraiding retrospect, offered to put him into a way, which would, if he was regular and industrious, enable him to live in a very comfortable, though not splendid-style.

At the bare idea of business, for the acquirement of a subsistence, the pride of Frank's heart got the better of his humility: all the blood of the gentleman started into his cheeks, and he replied, with his accustomed haughtiness of accent, " No, Harry, I will never work for my living; I would not drudge at a desk, like you, for all the money in the Bank. I will do any thing consistent with the character of a gentleman, in order to retrieve my affairs, but no trade, no mechanical employment. 'Tis true I have been unfortunate at *play*, but I may not always be so; if you will, therefore, lend me a *cool hundred* to sport with, I shall be obliged to you; and you may depend upon my *honour* for the re-payment of it with my first winnings."

Harry told his brother, in return, that he
could

could not think of supplying him with money to be employed at a gaming-table; but added, that if he would call upon him the next day, he would communicate a more agreeable scheme to him.

Frank, eager to know what his brother's new plan was, went to him at the hour appointed.—Harry then presented a parchment to him, containing an handsome annuity, telling him, at the same time, that if he kept within the limits of that income, he might, if he pleased, be happier than he had ever been in his life.



ANECDOTE.

A Certain prelate, famed for his eloquence, and accustomed to speak in public, uttering an harangue one day before Lewis XIV. who had an air of royalty that inspired an awe into all that approached him; was so disconcerted thereby, that he made a pause. The King perceiving it, and touched with his distress, said in the sweetest manner imaginable, “ My lord, we are obliged to you for giving us leisure to admire the fine things you have been saying.” The Bishop was so encouraged by this compliment, that he resumed his speech, and proceeded without any more hesitation.

ON THE CONJUGAL STATE.

I AM fully persuaded that all the infelicities of the married state are occasioned by men's finding fault with the conduct of their wives, and imagining themselves to be fitter for government than obedience.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the husband to be the head of his wife, just in the same manner as a fountain is the head of a stream, which only finds supplies for its wandering, without directing the current which way it should flow. It may probably be objected, that wives are commanded in a certain book, called the bible, to be obedient to their husbands; but a lady, who is a great casuist in divinity, seems to have set this matter in a true light, by observing that as most of the commentators upon the New Testament have agreed, that some of its particular commands and prohibitions are merely local and temporary, and intended only as cautions to the Christians against giving scandal to the Jews and Heathens, among whom they lived; she makes no manner of doubt, that obedience to husbands was among the number of those commands, and that it might be right to observe it in the infancy of Christianity, but not now.

Many persons, as well Christians as others, are of opinion, that to command is neither the province of the wife nor of the husband; and that to advise and intreat is all that either has a right to: but this I take to be wrong policy; for as every private family is a little state within itself, there should be a superior and laws, or all will be anarchy and confusion; and as it is indisputable that the wife knows more of family affairs than the husband, there is no reason in the world for taking the command out of her hands.

Every body sees that when men keep mistresses they commence subjects under an absolute tyranny; and that a wife should have less authority, is a very hard case, especially if it be considered, that she is not only one flesh with her husband, but as the general phrase is, his *better* part. Every body knows too, that good humour in a wife is the most necessary of all the virtues to secure the happiness of a husband; and how is her good humour to be preserved, if she is to be under perpetual controul? It is no new discovery, that the first wish of a woman is power; if, therefore you give the sceptre into her hand, and intreat her to say and to do according to her own good pleasure, it will be almost impossible for her to be always out of temper.

AN ACT OF CLEMENCY.

LUCINIUS, having raised a numerous army, Zosimus says, one hundred and thirty thousand men, endeavoured to wrest the government out of the hands of his brother-in-law, Constantine, the emperor. But his army being defeated, Lucinius fled with what forces he could rally to Nicomidia, whither Constantine pursued him, and immediately invested the place, but on the second day of the siege, the emperor's sister intreating him, with a flood of tears, by the tenderness he had ever shewn for her, to forgive her husband, and, to grant him at least his life. He was prevailed upon to comply with her request, and the next day, Lucinius, finding no means of making his escape, presented himself before the conqueror, and throwing himself at his feet, yielded to him the purple, and the other ensigns of sovereignty. Constantine received him in a very friendly manner, entertained him at his table, and afterwards sent him to Thessalonica, assuring him, that he should live unmolested so long as he raised no new disturbances.

ANECDOTE

OF

MR. JOHNSON.

MR. Johnson, Author of *Hurlothrumbo, &c.* having been invited to pass some months at a country-house of a gentleman who had a great regard for him, but whom he had visited before, he accepted the invitation, and was, for some time, treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness. But at length having shown, in some of his expressions and actions, that wild and unaccountable extravagance and oddity which runs through his whole composition, the lady of the house, who happened to enjoy but a very indifferent state of health, which rendered her hyp-pish and low-spirited, and being moreover naturally of a timorous disposition, began to be extremely alarmed at his behaviour, and apprehensive that, at some time or other, he might do mischief either to himself or others. On this she repeatedly remonstrated to her husband, intreating him to find some means of getting rid of Mr. Johnson. The gentleman, however, who was better acquainted with Johnson's manner, and therefore under no apprehensions, was
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unwilling to proceed to acts of so much seeming inhospitality, as the forbidding his house to a person whom he had himself invited to it; and therefore declined so doing for some time; till at length, on the continual solicitations of his lady, whom he found he could not make easy on any other terms, he commissioned a mutual friend to both, to break the affair to Mr. Johnson.— This being done with all the tenderness imaginable, and the true reason assigned by way of vindication of the gentleman himself, Mr. Johnson, with great coolness, and a gaiety of temper peculiar to himself, replied, that he was most perfectly persuaded of Mr. J——'s regard for him, and should ever retain the most grateful sense of the civilities he had received from him; that he also maintained the highest respect for his lady; and thought it his duty, by every means in his power, to contribute to the restoration of her peace of mind, which it appeared that he had been the innocent cause of disturbing; that he, therefore, might give her the strongest assurances from him, together with his compliments, that he never would again trouble her house whilst living; but, as a testimonial of his sincere esteem, she might depend on it, that, after his death, he should consider her as the very person to whom, on a visit back to this world, he should

think himself under an obligation to pay his respects. This message being delivered to the lady, who, we have before observed, was of an hypochondriac complexion, threw her into still greater apprehensions than before; and, fearing that he would be as good as his word, intreated the gentleman to go back to Mr. Johnson, and beg, from her, that he would continue where he was, or, at least, favour them with his company as often as possible; for that, with all his wildness, she had much rather see him alive than dead,



FRUITLESS ATTEMPTS

AFTER

HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

A FEW days ago, an agreeable incident brought me acquainted with a family, as remarkable for elegance, sensibility, and every amiable endowment, as any in your whole metropolis. Having spent the afternoon with that peculiar satisfaction, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul must communicate, and exhausted or dismissed a variety of subjects, the folly and impiety of discontent was brought upon the carpet.

carpet. After tracing this sickness of the mind to innumerable sources, and proving to a demonstration, that no condition is utterly unimprovable, or unexceptionable, a lady, with great liveliness and address, gave us the following little anecdote.

My mother, said she, has frequently told me of a gentleman, whose possessions were immense, that was accustomed to amuse himself with the whimsical attempt of making a certain number of individuals happy every seventh year of his existence; but such was the nature, humour, or infirmity, of all he had to deal with, that the experiment ever terminated in their disgrace, and his own disappointment, one saving clause, and one only, was allowed them; the peevishness, impatience, or languishments of illness, was not to be considered as a reflection on them, or an impediment to the prosecution of his scheme; but he expected on the removal of the evil, that their full content should again break forth, as the sun from a cloud, with double radiance.

For one man he obtained the hand he had long vainly sighed for; another was delivered from all the misery of contracted circumstances; a third invested with the gratification of power; a fourth of independence; and on a fifth was bestowed

stowed his much-desired rank in a military life; but when he came to examine into the fruits of his industry, the lady's charms were fled, the misfortunes he had relieved were beheld with different eyes, the power he had lent was abused, the independence unenjoyed, and the army confessedly a round of fatigue, noise, and danger.

Thus universally unsuccessful amongst his own sex, he resolved to try what he could make of the ladies. It would be endless, and, indeed, not strictly politic, continued the fair speaker, to relate all the little caprices, light fancies, and extravagant wishes, he had now to encounter with; be it sufficient then to say, that at length he met with one, whose rational plan, seemingly enlarged sentiments, flattered his drooping expectations, and promised to reward his toil.

He placed her in the very situation she herself pointed out to him, as the infallible means of her felicity, nor for three whole months was she heard to breathe a dis-satisfied sigh; but, alas! how many changes can three months produce? He tenderly listened to the first cause of complaint, and as tenderly removed it. Another short period elapsed, and there was a second something to require his correcting hand; in a word, after repeated good-natured efforts, and amazing instances of patience and forbearance,

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he besought her once more to consider, if a possibility remained of answering his purpose and her own.

She told him how sensibly she was affected, both by his indulgence and the weakness she was guilty of, but if a little house in the country, that had recently caught her eye, could be obtained for her, every dis-satisfaction would be shook off, and gratitude and peace alone the companions of her retirement.

Behold her now in possession of this last desire of her heart, and left to the experience of a couple of years before the gentleman renewed his enquiries. Every thing was as it should be, the prospect as blooming, the situation as delightful, and her connexions as happy as on her first arrival: but he begged her to proceed.

She was again ashamed of her folly, and conscious of the ridiculous figure she should make in his sight; but, however trifling the annoyance might sound to him, it was the bane of all her other enjoyments; a peacock, a miserable peacock, the property of a neighbouring gentleman, would sit upon her garden wall, and persecute her ears from morning to night with its odious squalling.

The gentleman smiled: I am sorry, Madam, said he, that you should be the person destined
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to awaken me to a sense of what I never before attended to; there is a peacock on every body's wall, and if self-interest, reason, gratitude, and religion, are insufficient to reconcile us to the slightest inconvenience, where shall we find the being that will persevere in sheltering us from those additional rough blasts to which the equally deserving multitude so unhappily stand exposed?

Let us then forbear to eat, to drink, to sleep, to repine; the three first articles no repetition renders needless, and no mercies or blessings can secure us from the last. We trifle with Heaven in much the same manner this benevolent character was trifled with, and never suffer the conviction to strike us, that the fault is within our own breasts, until the bitterness of punishment, and the deprivation of all we ought to have held dear, overtakes us.



ANECDOTE

OF

MR. KILLIGREW.

KING Charles's fondness for pleasure, to which he always made business give way, used

used frequently to delay affairs of consequence, from his Majesty's disappointing the Council of his presence when met for the dispatch of business; which neglect gave great disgust and offence to many of those who were treated with this seeming disrespect. On one of these occasions the Duke of Lauderdale, who was naturally impetuous and turbulent, quitted the council-chamber in a violent passion; and meeting Mr. Killigrew presently after, expressing himself on the occasion in very disrespectful terms of his Majesty, Killigrew begged his Grace to moderate his passion, and offered to lay him a wager of an hundred pounds, that he himself would prevail on his Majesty to come to council in half an hour. The Duke, surprised at the boldness of his assertion, and warmed by resentment against the King, accepted the wager; on which Killigrew immediately went to the King, and, without ceremony, told him what had happened; adding these words, 'I know your Majesty hates Lauderdale, though the necessity of your affairs compels you to carry an outward appearance of civility: if you chuse to be rid of a man who is thus disagreeable to you, you need only go this once to council, for I know his covetous disposition so perfectly, that I am well persuaded, rather than pay this hundred pounds, he would

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hang himself out of the way, and never plague you more.' The King was so pleased with the archness of this observation, that he immediately replied, " Well then, Killigrew, I positively will go;" and kept his word accordingly.

S U D D E N J O Y .

A MORAL TALE.

THE desire of communicating pleasure to those whom we fondly love, for whom we have the sincerest regard, is a very natural one; but we may be in so great a hurry to make them happy with our communications, as to defeat the end proposed. The sudden disclosure of joyful, as well as of melancholy intelligence, has, in some situations, been attended with fatal consequences: with the same consequences has the sudden joy occasioned by the appearance of a beloved person coming upon us unexpectedly been attended. Against such disclosures, and such appearances, all prudent people will guard themselves; not only out of consideration for those whom they esteem, but for their own sakes, as they must necessarily be distressed by any ill
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consequences arising from the precipitance of their proceedings.

“ Indeed, my dear Emily, your attachment to Mr. Lymington is more romantic than rational. A man of his gay, dissipated turn, and addicted to all the fashionable pleasures of the age, will never be constant to any woman: it is highly probable that he has made his addresses to several women since he left England, and deserted them in search of variety. But should he return, and marry you, he would certainly be tired of you in a short time, and leave you truly wretched. He is, I grant, in a fair way of making his fortune in the East-Indies; yet he may be disappointed: now, Mr. Murray has made his fortune, and having also an unexceptionable character, entirely worthy of your attention, he is extravagantly in love with you, and I hope you will think well enough of him to give him your hand with a good grace; as I am very well assured that your father will not hear of a refusal: and I must own I think if you do not comply with his wishes, you will live to repent of your opposition to them.

In this manner did Mrs. Wyat, an excellent wife, and exemplary mother, endeavour to prevail on her daughter to make her inclination submit to discretion, and to prefer a steady,

sober man, with a large fortune in his possession, to him who, with a very expensive taste, was only in pursuit of one. Her endeavours, however, were all fruitless; she reasoned, she persuaded in vain. Emily's attachment to Mr. Lymington was not to be shaken by any thing which her mother could urge in favour of his opulent rival: nor will many of her sex, perhaps, in the least wonder at her adherence to the choice of her own heart, and her resistance to the choice of her parents, when they are told that Mr. Lymington (to adopt their own language) was "a most agreeable creature," and that Mr. Murray was "a forbidding animal," with nothing but his money to recommend him. Some females, to be sure there are, who are sufficiently swayed by lucrative views, to give their hands to men whom they abhor, in order to procure a brilliant settlement; yet the legal prostitution of a few mercenary women reflects no dishonour upon the sex in general.

Soon after the above conversation between Mrs. Wyat and her daughter, Mr. Wyat came home to dinner, and brought Mr. Murray with him.

When the two ladies retired, the two gentlemen proceeded to business, and every thing relating to the alliance between their families
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were finally adjusted. When that adjustment was finished, Emily was called in to be acquainted with it. Her looks, the moment she entered the room, plainly shewed the nature of her apprehensions: prepared however as she was for the dreadful information, she could not stand the shock of it; she sunk into a chair and fainted.

By the immediate assiduities of her destined husband, and the assistance of her mother, who at that instant entered the room, she was restored to her senses. She then, falling at her father's feet, most earnestly requested him with streaming eyes, to revoke his cruel determination, and not to force her to marry a man whose affection for her she could not possibly return.

Mr. Wyat, not at all of a flexible disposition, was quite unmoved by her intreaties, and her tears; and told her, not without reproving her at the same time, in very cutting terms, for her partiality to a loose spendthrift with no bottom, and as likely to die in a jail as any man he knew; that if she did not consent to give her hand to Mr. Murray in ten days, he would shut his doors against her, and never see her any more.

This severe treatment upset poor Emily; she fainted, and was conveyed in a lifeless condition to her apartment. It was long after
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the second blow she received from her father's stern behaviour to her, ere Emily was restored to the use of her understanding. With the re-possession of her intellects she was only the more sensible of her wretchedness. Deeply in love with Mr. Lymington, and looking upon Mr. Murray in the most odious light, she spent the few days allotted her for her decisive answer in a state of mind not to be described.

Murray, though he could not but feel himself almost an object of horror to the woman he was going to marry, felt also his passion for her too violent to be controuled. It was the violence of his passions which prevented him from seeing that his age, his person, and his manners, all contributed to prejudice the idol of his soul against him. In his own eyes, indeed, he was extremely attractive; but, in the eyes of Emily, he had not a single allurements: and as to his fortune, on which his presumption was considerable, had it been three times larger than it was, it would not have bribed her heart to prove unfaithful to the first conqueror of it.

Emily having seriously reflected on the situation to which her father, by the severity of his resolution, had reduced her, began to dread the indulgence of her inclination at the expence of her duty. She had not, by the last India ship,
received

received one line from her lover. She could not tell how to think him inconstant; she was rather disposed to imagine that he had met with some disappointment, and that he forbore to write till he could, with his assurances of fidelity, send her welcome intelligence concerning his affairs. His silence, however, alarmed her; perplexed her; grieved her: his silence, added to her father's inflexibility, rendered her quite at a loss how to act.

At the close of the ninth allotted day, poor Emily's mind was so violently agitated, that she could not shut her eyes all night.

On that very evening Lymington, who had arrived in the ship by which a letter was anxiously expected from him, repaired to the most intimate friend he left in England. By him, to his extreme surprize, as well as concern, he was informed of his Emily's trying situation. Mr. Spearman concluded his information in the following manner:—"Such is your Emily's disagreeable, almost distracting state, my dear Charles, as she is to return a decisive answer before to-morrow night. If she accepts of Mr. Murray—" "She will not, I am certain, cried Charles, with unusal eagerness, when I appear to claim her promise to me on my departure from her."

"You

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete them.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress regularly to ensure that the project is on track.

5. Finally, the fifth step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals to determine the effectiveness of the intervention.

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1. The first of these is the fact that the
2. Government has been unable to secure the
3. necessary funds to carry out its policy.
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11. Government has been unable to secure the
12. necessary funds to carry out its policy.

... and you will take my advice" - continued
 P.A. not speaking with comprehension, you may
 not understand, these formidable bars, arrive at
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the summit of your wishes. By preparing my sister, who sees Miss Wyat almost every day, an interview between you may be contrived to-morrow morning at her house, and you may then concert measures for the sure and speedy accomplishment of your desires."

Lymington, having listened both with attention and patience to his friend's last monitory speech, began to be convinced that his admonitions were too judicious to be neglected. In consequence of conviction, he readily agreed to put himself under Mr. Spearman's guidance; who told him, that when he had prepared Miss Wyat for his appearance the next morning, he would come and let him know, that she might not be too much affected by the suddenness of it.

While Mr. Spearman and Mr. Lymington were thus engaged in conversation, Mr. Murray had a dialogue with a very old acquaintance of his of another kind.

Mr. Murray, not in the least doubting but that the decisive answer would be as favourable to him as he wished it to be, very earnestly pressed Mr. Jacobs to be present at his wedding.

"I am sorry, my dear Murray, replied he, to refuse compliance with any of your requests, but you must excuse my compliance with this. To speak with my customary freedom, I do not,

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by any means, approve of your marrying Miss Wyat."

"Not approve of Miss Wyat! is she not a charming creature, and every way qualified to make the man happy who is united to her?"

"Not to make you happy! the man whom she beholds with a disgust, bordering upon abhorrence; and if you can think that she sees you in any other light, you deceive yourself in the grossest manner imaginable."

"She may not, at first, perhaps, be able to conquer her foolish prejudices in favour of that licentious fellow Lymington; but when she has been for some time my wife, I verily believe that my behaviour to her will be sufficient to wean her totally from him, and to attach her to me."

"You are too sanguine."

"And you talk like a man unacquainted with women."

"Well, my dear friend, said Mr. Jacobs, if you are determined to marry Miss Wyat, you will assuredly wish to be released from your indissoluble engagement with her. You may please yourself with the possession of her person, but you will never possess her heart; and what a contemptible pleasure is that arising merely from the former. In short if you persist in your design to marry Miss Wyat, you will
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will neither act like a man of honour, nor a man of humanity. With a woman so averse to you as she certainly is, you will not be happy yourself, but will make her truly miserable. Her affections are fixed on another man; most probably they will remain so; and her being compelled to give you her hand, will only serve to strengthen her abhorrence of you. Besides, the marriage which you are so desirous of consummating, may be productive of the keenest disquiet to yourself; for should the amiable woman, forced to be your wife, die, in consequence of her father's cruel disposal of her, you, as well as he, will, and with great appearance of reason, be deemed accessory to her death. There are different kinds of murder, and she whose life is sacrificed to the tyranny of her parents, is, according to the strict meaning, though not common usage of the word, murdered by them."

The few last words of Mr. Jacob's speech made such an impression upon Mr. Murray, that he went home fully resolved to relinquish his pretensions to a lady whom he could not make his wife without dooming her to misery, perhaps to death.

While he was going home with this laudable resolution, he was attacked by two ruffians, not many yards from his own door, who demanded his

money with much fierceness, and threatened to blow out his brains if he did not immediately produce all he had about him.

Mr. Murray, not thinking it prudent to make resistance, put his hand into his pocket; but not being so quick as he was expected to be, received a blow on the head, which deprived him of the use of his legs.

At that moment Lymington happened to come up, and seeing two very ill-looking fellows rifling a gentleman, who lay upon the ground, he made so good a use of a stout oaken stick, that the villains were soon glad to take to their heels. He then having raised the gentleman in whose defence he had exerted himself, conducted him to his house, and did not, on finding whom he had assisted, repent of what he had done.

“ You are my rival, Sir, it is true, said he to Mr. Murray, but he who can see a fellow-creature in need of his aid, and suffer personal resentment to withhold it, is not fit to live.”

Mr. Murray, struck with the generous sentiments contained in that speech, expressed his acknowledgments in the most grateful terms; adding—I had, before this providential interposition of yours in my favour, Sir, determined to relinquish all pretensions to Miss Wyat, on her account, and on your account, and I am now,
doubly

doubly determined to withdraw my addresses.—
May you both be as happy in each other as you
deserve to be!”

Soon afterwards the two rivals, now cordial
friends, parted; and each of them retired to rest,
quite satisfied with the conclusion of the even-
ing.

Early the next morning Mr. Murray went to
Mr. Wyat's, wishing to see Emily; but he was
disappointed: she was gone to breakfast with
Miss Spearman. However, as her father was
at home, he desired to have a private interview
with him; and when they were closeted, gave
him a particular account of his rescue out of the
hands of a couple of ruffians by Mr. Lymington.

“Lymington! replied Mr Wyat, hastily look-
ing amazed.—What! Charles Lymington, with
whom my daughter is ridiculously in love?”

“The same; and I do assure you that he de-
serves all her esteem, and all her affection. He
saved my life last night, and his behaviour has
convinced me that he will not disgrace your fa-
mily by being your son-in-law.”

Mr. Wyat, when he had recovered from his
surprize, occasioned by Lymington's arrival in
town, exclaimed with vehemence against his
daughter's folly in being attached to such a man,
and declared, with additional energy, that she
should

should never be married to him. Mr. Murray took an infinite deal of pains to turn his resolution into another channel, and at last, partly by the strength of his arguments, and partly by the force of his intreaties, prevailed on him to consent to make his daughter happy with the man of her heart. Had Emily been acquainted with the result of this interview between her father and Mr Murray, whilst she was at breakfast with her friend, she would have felt herself relieved from a considerable load of disquiet, a load which rendered her utterly unable to receive that pleasure which she usually enjoyed in Miss Spearman's chearful society. The time now for the delivery of her decisive answer drew near, and the nearer it approached, the more painful were her sensations.

By an unexpected rencounter with an old fellow-collegian, whom he had not seen many years, Spearman was so transported, that he thought no more of the business which he had undertaken to transact for his friend Charles the next morning. He was indeed, the next morning absolutely incapable of transacting any business at all, having made too many libations to Bacchus to enjoy the use of his faculties. In plain English, he was brought to his apartments dead drunk, and was not in a condition to leave them.

them. He then hurried away to his sister's, and as soon as he got there, was ready to hang himself.

Charles, after having waited with an anxiety which he had never experienced before for the coming of his friend, to acquaint him with what passed in his visit to his sister, he grew, at length, much too impatient to stay where he was. His impatience was natural, but his precipitation was imprudent. Hastening to Miss Spearman's, he astonished both her and Miss Wyat extremely, by darting into the room in which they were at work. Emily's astonishment was accompanied with excessive joy, but that joy was fatal.—Sinking into the arms of her lover, thrown open to embrace her, in these arms she expired.



SHE WAS IN THE WRONG.

A MORAL TALE.

FOR her many virtues, and amiable qualities Lady Owen was deservedly esteemed; but she had also many failings, by which she excited laughter, and merited contempt. She was proud
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of her *family* to a violent degree, and carried her passions for precedence to a ridiculous excess. During the life of her husband, Sir Hugh, she was greatly encouraged by him to keep up her importance, as he plumed himself extremely upon his pedigree, and would not have married her, if she had not been descended from a long line of very respectable ancestors. For her ancestry, indeed, chiefly he married her, for she had little money; the patriotic indiscretions of her father having prevented him from giving her a fortune equal to her birth.

The death of Sir Hugh was a considerable blow to Lady Owen's pride, because she found herself unable (as the estate which had supported her magnificent taste came into her son's possession,) to appear with the same lustre; she made as splendid an appearance, however, as she possibly could with her jointure, and would not bait an inch of her importance, of which she was exceedingly tenacious.

Among Lady Owen's virtues was her maternal affection; she was very fond of her son, and Sir Richard loved his mother with a sincerity truly commendable, as her behaviour to him from his infancy had fairly intitled her to all his filial regard. He could not help smiling, however when he saw her ruffled by any failure of respect; when
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he saw her resentment, in consequence of an affront, operate upon her mind in a manner not the least becoming, he blushed.

Sir Richard, at his father's death, was just of age. Having been educated at home, he had not seen much of the world—when he became a baronet, and a landed man of great power in the county, he was necessarily obliged to make frequent excursions from the old castle in which he had been brought up under the immediate inspection of his parents. As he was in these excursions generally employed about the management of his affairs, he could not visit his mother (who had purchased a house near the castle for her residence,) so often as she wished for his company. For some time she, imputing the intervals between his visits to the real business which the inheritance of his fortune occasioned, was tolerably quiet, though not thoroughly satisfied. She was afraid, as he was quite young, open hearted, and inexperienced, that he might fall into imprudent connections. During an interval of an uncommon length, a new apprehension, added to her other fears, gave her no small uneasiness: she was painfully apprehensive of his being drawn in by an artful woman, of no *family*, to marry her. Harrassed by this additional terror she talked to him very seriously the

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next time she saw him, about degrading marriages, and told him, that she hoped she should never behold *him* united to a woman whose *birth* was beneath his attention.

Sir Richard assured his mother that he had no thoughts of marrying at that time: "When I do marry, madam, added he, I shall certainly take care not to disgrace either *you or myself*, by the lady whom I chuse for my wife."

These words rendered Lady Owen perfectly easy about any matrimonial engagement, because she did not comprehend the full meaning of them. They were, indeed, equivocal. Sir Richard, not having the same absurd notions concerning *birth* as his mother had, did not imagine that he should *disgrace* his family, by uniting himself to a woman every way deserving, though without the slightest pretensions to any honours from the Herald's Office.

Sir Richard, soon after his above-mentioned declaration with regard to matrimony, found it necessary to take a journey to an estate he had in Cheshire. Before he set out he made a dutiful visit to his mother. At his departure from her, *she* renewed her apprehensions, and *he* repeatedly assured her that he would never marry a woman of whom he ought to be ashamed.

In a short time after his arrival at his Cheshire estate,

estate, Sir Richard met with a young lady in his neighbourhood, who attracted his eyes in a particular manner, and through them made an impression upon his heart: he saw, he heard, he loved. Her person did considerable execution, her conversation still more, and her behaviour fixed him. She had every thing but *family* to recommend her. Her personal charms were allowed by every body who beheld her to be striking, her intellectual accomplishments were, at once brilliant and solid, and her whole carriage was, in the strictest sense of the word, exemplary. She was the daughter of a gentleman, but she could not boast of the dignity of her descents, her father having been the first gentleman of his family.

Sir Richard being quite satisfied with Miss Newton's intrinsic worth, overlooking her want of fortune, as he was entirely contented with his own affluent circumstances, and not in the least dreaming about her *genealogical table*, determined to make his addresses to her.

He once thought of paying his mother the compliment to solicit her compliance; but imagining, on recollection, that her *family pride* would rise up in opposition to his requests, he resolved to proceed without consulting her upon the occasion, and to take his chance for a recon-

ciliation when his marriage with Miss Newton was consummated.

Having thus adjusted matters in his own mind, he went immediately to Miss Newton, in high spirits, because sure of success, as she had, he fancied, encouraged him to believe that she had no pre-engagement upon her hands, that she would think herself *honoured* as well as *happy* by an alliance with him.

She received him with her usual politeness, but disconcerted and chagrined him extremely by rejecting his generous overtures. He was disappointed, he was grieved; he had set his heart upon her for his wife, and he was totally unprepared for a repulse.

When he had recovered himself a little from the embarrassment into which her very genteel, but chilling refusal had thrown him, he said to her, "you have made me, madam, the unhappiest of men by your cruel answer. From your encouraging behaviour to me since I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with you, I flattered myself that I was not disagreeable to you, and that you was not pre-engaged. I have unfortunately deceived myself; I have been mistaken, and will not offend you in the same way."

Having spoken the few last words with a dejected tone, he bowed respectfully, and retired towards the door.

“ Stay, Sir Richard,” said she, rising just as he was going out of the room, “ I cannot suffer you to leave me till I have given you the true reasons for my conduct, that you may not put any misconstruction upon it. I am under no engagement: I think myself honoured with your addresses, but I cannot listen to them, as I am well assured that Lady Owen will highly resent your marriage with me; such a degradation she will never forgive: I cannot think upon making a breach—a breach perhaps, never to be healed between her and you.

“ My mother, madam, is I confess, too much under the influence of *family pride*; but you are so necessary to my happiness, that her displeasure is nothing in competition with your consent.”

This reply did not produce an answer altogether agreeable to him; but he prevailed on her at last to gratify his ardent wishes, and to let him name the wedding-day.

The festivity of his wedding-day hindered Sir Richard from considering in what manner the news of his marriage, without her approbation, without her knowledge, indeed, would affect his mother. The next morning, when reflection succeeded to rapture, he began to wish that he had not acted with so much precipitation.

Not chusing, however, to make an abrupt appearance

pearance before her with his bride, he wrote a very dutiful and submissive letter.

Lady Owen, enraged at the pursual of her son's letter, tore it into a thousand pieces. Her answer was short and severe.

Sir Richard read it with the greatest concern. Having taken an affectionate leave of his bride, he hurried to his mother's house, without stopping at his own.

He begged to see her in the most earnest terms, but he received answers from her, which stabbed him to the soul.

Finding it impossible to procure an interview with his unrelenting mother, he returned to his castle, and was immediately put to bed. The anguish of his mind, added to the inflamed state of his body, occasioned by a very fatiguing journey, soon made the physicians, who attended him, despair of his life.

When Lady Owen heard that her son was really in a very dangerous condition, her heart was softened, all her maternal affection returned, and she resolved to go to pronounce her pardon with her own lips, though she was herself extremely ill; hoping that, as her resentment had been so deeply felt by him, her repentance might give a happy turn to his disorder, and promote his recovery.

With

With these laudable sensations, she set out to the castle, but she came too late. Sir Richard expired a few minutes before her arrival: his last words were, "cruel mother."

Lady Owen was inconceivably shocked upon the melancholy occasion. From the moment she was acquainted with her son's death she looked upon herself as the cause of it, and was in a short time interred in the same vault with him.

AN INSTANCE

OF

FRIENDSHIP.

AT the siege of Bridgenorth Castle, in the reign of Henry II. which was defended by Roger de Mortimer, the King exposed himself to so much danger, that he would have been slain, if a faithful vassal had not preferred his sovereign's life to his own. For, while he was busied in giving orders too near the wall, Hubert de St. Clare, constable or governor of Colchester Castle, who stood by his side, seeing an arrow aimed

aimed at Henry, by one of Mortimer's archers, stepped before him, and received it in his own breast.—The wound was mortal: he expired in the arms of his master, recommending his daughter (an only child and an infant) to the care of that Prince. It is hard to say which most deserves admiration; a subject who died to save his King, or a King whose personal virtues could render his safety so dear to a subject whom he had not obliged by any extraordinary favours. The daughter of Hubert was educated by Henry, with all the affection that he owed to the memory of her father; and, when she had attained to maturity, was honourably married to William de Longueville, a nobleman of great distinction, on condition of his taking the name of St. Clare, which the grateful Henry was desirous to perpetuate.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS UPON THE SPRING.

HOW delightful to a philosophic mind is the first dawning of the spring! when the orient sun diffuses but a partial lumination, and saffrons over the skies with a soft and indecisive haze: when the zephyr but gently breathes, as if afraid to disturb the tranquillity of nature: when the timid birds scarcely dare to innovate their song, as if awaiting a superior influence to warrant their unattempted minstrelsy! when the petals, shining with dew, or depressed by the pearly moisture of the shower, unfold, with coy reserve, their velvet cups, and, with modest blandishment, retire from the kiss of Zephyr; when every thing that feels, that moves, that lives, has different ideas of perception, and different organs of delight! I have always considered this delicious season of the year as the renovator, not only of the vegetable, but of the animal system. As the incipient sap diffuses itself from the stem through the branches, and the leaves, and through the most attenuated fibres of vegetation; so the blood, long frozen by the winter, and torpid from inaction, diluted by the sun, and awakened into fluidity, is felt to invigorate the heart, and to meander through the different receptacles of animation. No part of the human body, be the channels of communication ever so

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minute ; not a hair upon the head, however imperceptible may be the tube by which it is conveyed, but what is more or less visited by the impulsion of this matter, which formed of globules, and some more diminutive than others, performs its regular revolutions, unless interrupted for a time by accidents or disease. For as persons in health are themselves the producers of this wonderful fluid, so the plant, from the peculiar conformation of its parts, prepares from the juices of a salubrious and fertile earth, and the benign influence of the surrounding atmosphere, the hidden sources of its future growth and maturity.

It is curious, it is amusing to trace the progress of a plant from the first budding of the root, until it attains a state of perfection ; to observe its exertions and its struggles, the enemies it has to encounter, the vicissitudes it has to undergo, and the injuries and diseases to which, like human creatures it is continually subject.

But having overcome all impediments, and pushed forward with strength and vigour, how gloriously at length doth it adorn our gardens and our fields ; with what lustral hues attach, with what painted beauty enchant the sight ; and what a variety of odours and a richness of perfume doth it not disperse to embalm the air.

Can

Can any object afford a more tranquil pleasure to the eye than the level plain when richly carpeted by grass, and bending under the visitations of the breeze, or its verdant breast arrayed by the transient gleamings of the sunshine? Can any thing be more delightful to him who contemplates and admires the wonders of creation, even in the most humble productions of the earth, than the swelling hill, parterred with flowers, their variegated cups enameled with dew, or their silken vestments declining beneath the shower, and every colour dipped in opal hues?

When the rain-bow throws her softened arch across the brook, illuminates the mossy shades, or paints the cottage with prismatic dyes?

At such a time, and under such impressions, the active colt, his ears erect, his mane uplifted by the air, and his ample tail wide flowing as he runs, is seen to bound across the pasture: the bellowing herds expatiate over the meads: the sportive lambkins alternately disdain and court their deluded dams: while the frolicksome kids hang pendent over the precipice; or leap in playful mood from rock to rock.

The vocal choristers, amidst the woods, the groves and the shrubs enlivened by the season, and

attentive to the calls of instinct and delight, with harmonious songs awaken the day, or with tune-ful orisons anticipate the night.

Not a branch is seen that is not made animate by their rivalry and sports; and, at this seductive period, with one consentaneous voice all nature breathes throughout her vallies and her glades, her deserts, and her plains, no other sounds but those of harmony and love,

And yet the spring returns not to some men without disquietude and fear: disquietude when they reflect upon the past, and fear when they are obliged to look forward to futurity.

It awakens likewise the remembrance of scenes that are lost, of pleasures that are gone by, and of friendships that are no more. It teaches them to measure their present comforts with those they have formerly enjoyed."

To contrast the ideas of happiness and peace with those of disappointment and privation; and of health, hilarity, and youth, with those importunate mementos of the grave—disease, debility, and age, with all the troubles and the cares so woefully attached to this tremendous scene; the melancholy close, and the last sad sigh of human existence.

Yet,

Yet, even to a melancholy mind, deprived of its enjoyments and its blessings here, and solitary amidst the mirth and the gaieties of wealth and dissipation, yet, even to a mind like this, there arises a conscientious rapture from the anticipation of a future state. Is a man, advanced in age, and trembling under infirmity and disease, obliged to lament the premature dissolution of an only son, the consolation of his hopes, and the support of his declining years?

Where can he look for peace, but by following the departed object of his wishes beyond the confines of the earth, and in the well founded hope of a blessed hereafter?

Has a husband been deprived of a wife, assiduous in sickness, affectionate and sympathetic, tender in disappointment and misfortune, and endowed with every grace of person, every accomplishment of mind, and every virtue of the heart?

How can he fill up the insensible void of existence, after a loss thus irreparable, and thus afflictive!

Reverting to the blessings that are annihilated, he looks forward to eternity, supported only by that assuative consolation which teaches him to hope

hope that they are to meet again in a state of fruition; and in that happy state to be united, and oh! ineffably prophetic! to be disjoined no more.

T H E

Contented Country Maid.

WHAT happiness the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day she
spends :

She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She seldom feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She rarely loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease.
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs.
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost,
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love and quiet in her bosom reign,
And like enjoyment in her happy swain,
No home-bred jars her quiet state controul,

Nor

Not watchful jealousy torments her soul.
With secret joys she sees her little race
Rest on her knee, and her small cottage grace :
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool ;
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

PRAISE TO GOD.

O THOU, supremely wise, supremely good?
Whose ways are like th' unfathomable
flood,

Grant me to celebrate thy glorious name,
'Till death dissolves this late preserved frame.
And when this earth shall hasten to decay,
When seas shall burn, and mountains melt away,
When suns and stars, in wild confusion hurl'd,
Now crush each other, now destroy a world ;
May I resume the sacred theme above,
For ever praise thee, and for ever love !

ON

ON
GENIUS AND TASTE.

ALL arts having the same general end, which is to please, and addressing themselves to the same faculties through the medium of the senses, it follows that their rules and principles must have as great affinity as the different materials and the different organs or vehicles by which they pass to the mind, will permit them to retain.

We may therefore conclude, that the real substance, as it may be called, of what goes under the name of taste, is fixed and established in the nature of things; that there are certain and regular causes by which the imagination and passions of men are affected; and that the knowledge of these causes is acquired by a laborious and diligent investigation of nature, and by the same slow progress as wisdom or knowledge of every kind, however instantaneous its operations may appear when thus acquired.

It has been often observed, that the good and virtuous man alone can acquire this true or just relish even of works of art. This opinion will not appear entirely without foundation, when we consider that the same habit of mind which is acquired
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by our search after truth in the more serious duties of life, is only transferred to the pursuit of lighter amusements.

The same disposition, the same desire to find something steady, substantial and durable, on which the mind can lean, as it were, and rest with safety.

The subject only is changed. We pursue the same method in our search after the idea of beauty and perfection in each; of virtue, by looking forward beyond ourselves to society, and to the whole; of arts, by extending our views in the same manner to all ages and at all times.

Every art, like our own, has in its composition fluctuating as well as fixed principles. It is an attentive enquiry into their difference that will enable us to determine how far we are influenced by custom and habit, and what is fixed in the nature of things.

To distinguish how much has solid foundation, we may have recourse to the same proof by which some hold wit ought to be tried; whether it preserves itself when translated. That wit is false which can subsist only in one language; and that picture which pleases only one age or one nation, owes its reception to some local or accidental association of ideas.

We may apply this to every custom and habit.

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of life. Thus the general principles of urbanity, politeness, or civility, have been ever the same in all nations; but the mode in which they are dressed is continually varying. The general idea of shewing respect is by making yourself less; but the manner, whether by bowing the body, kneeling, prostration, pulling off the upper part of dress, or taking away the lower, is a matter of habit. It would be unjust to conclude that all ornaments, because they were at first arbitrarily contrived, are therefore undeserving of our attention; on the contrary, he who neglects the cultivation of those ornaments, acts contrarily to nature and reason. As life would be imperfect without its highest ornaments the arts, so these arts themselves would be imperfect without their ornaments.

Though we by no means ought to rank these with positive and substantial beauties, yet it must be allowed that a knowledge of both is essentially requisite towards forming a complete, whole perfect taste. It is in reality from the ornaments that arts receive their peculiar character and complexion; we may add, that in them we find characteristic marks of a national taste, as by throwing up a feather in the air, we know which way the wind blows, better than by a more heavy matter.

The striking distinction between the works of the Romans, Bolognian and Venetian schools, consists

consists more in that general effect which is produced by colours, than in the more profound excellencies of the art; at least it is from thence that each is distinguished and known at first sight. As it is the ornaments, rather than the proportions of architecture, which at first glance distinguish the different orders from each other; the Doric is known by its triglyphs, the Ionic by its volutes, and the Corinthian by its acanthus.

Taste in dress is certainly one of the lowest subjects to which this word is applied; yet there is a right even here, however narrow its foundation respecting the fashion of any particular nation. But we have still more slender means of determining, in regard to the different customs of different ages or countries, to which to give the preference, since they seem to be all equally removed from nature.

If an European, when he has cut off his beard, and put false hair on his head, or bound up his own natural hair in regular knots, as unlike nature as he can possibly make it; and having rendered them immoveable by the help of the fat of hogs, has covered the whole with flour, laid on by a machine with the utmost regularity; if when thus attired he issues forth, and meets a Cherokee Indian, who has bestowed as much time at his toilet, and laid on with equal care and attention his yel-

low and red oker on particular parts of his forehead or cheeks, as he judges most becoming; whoever despises [the other for this attention to the fashion of his country; which ever of these two first feels himself provoked to laugh, is the barbarian.

All these fashions are very innocent, neither worth disquisition, nor any endeavour to alter them, as the change would, in all probability, be equally distant from nature. The only circumstances against which indignation may reasonably be moved, is where the operation is painful or destructive of health, such as is practised at Otaheite, and the straight-lacing of the English ladies; of the last of which, how destructive it must be to health and long life, the professor of anatomy took an opportunity of proving a few years since in his academy.

It is in dress as in things of greater consequence. Fashions originate from those only who have the high and powerful advantages of rank, birth, and fortune. As many of the ornament of art, those at least for which no reason can be given, are transmitted to us, are adopted, and acquire their consequence from the company in which we have been used to see them. As Greece and Rome are the fountains from whence have flowed all kinds of excellence, to that veneration which they

they have a right to claim for the pleasure and knowledge which they have afforded us, we voluntarily add our approbation of every ornament and every custom that belonged to them, even to the fashion of their dress. For it may be observed that, not satisfied with them in their own place, we make no difficulty of dressing statues of modern heroes or senators in the fashion of the Roman armour or peaceful robe: we go so far as hardly to bear a statue in any other drapery.

The figures of the great men of those nations have come down to us in sculpture. In sculpture remain almost all the excellent specimens of ancient art. We have so far associated personal dignity to the persons thus represented, and the truth of art to their manner of representation, that it is not in our power any longer to separate them. This is not so in painting; because having no excellent ancient portraits, that connection was never formed. Indeed we could no more venture to paint a general officer in a Roman military habit, than we could make a statue in the uniform. But since we have no ancient portraits, to shew how ready we are to adopt those kind of prejudices, we make the best authority among the moderns serve the same purpose. The great variety of excellent portraits with which Vandyke has enriched this nation, we are not content to admire for their
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real excellence, but extend our approbation even to the dress which happened to the fashion of that age. We all very well remember how common it was a few years ago for portraits to be drawn in this Gothic dress, and this custom is not yet entirely laid aside. By this means it must be acknowledged very ordinary pictures acquired something of the air and effect of the works of Vandyke, and appeared therefore at first sight to be better pictures than they really were; they appeared so however, to those only who had the means of making this association, for when made, it was irresistible. But this association is nature, and refers to that secondary truth that comes from conformity to general prejudice and opinion : it is therefore not merely fantastical. Besides the prejudice which we have in favour of ancient dresses, there may be likewise other reasons, amongst which we may justly rank the simplicity of them, consisting of little more than one single piece of drapery, without those whimsical capricious forms by which all other dresses are embarrassed.

Thus, though it is from the prejudice we have in favour of the ancients, who have taught us architecture, that we have adopted their ornaments; and though we are satisfied that neither nature nor reason are the foundation of those beauties which we imagine we see in that art, yet
if

if any one persuaded of this truth should therefore invent new orders of equal beauty, which we will suppose to be possible, yet they would not please nor ought he to complain, since the old has that great advantage of having custom and prejudice on its side. In this case we leave what has every prejudice in its favour, to take that which will have no advantage over what we have left, but novelty, which soon destroys itself, and at any rate is but a weak antagonist against custom.

These ornaments having the right of possession, ought not to be removed, but to make room for not only what has higher pretensions, but such pretensions as will balance the evil and confusion which innovation always brings with it.

To this we may add, even the durability of the materials will often contribute to give a superiority to one subject over another. Ornaments in buildings, with which taste is principally concerned, are composed of materials which last longer than those of which dress is composed; it therefore makes higher pretensions to our favour and prejudice.

Some attention is surely required to what we can no more get rid of than we can go out of ourselves. We are creatures of prejudice; we neither can or ought to eradicate it; we must only regulate it by reason, which regulation by reason, is indeed little more than obliging the lesser, the
local

local and temporary prejudices, to give way to those which are more durable and lasting.

He therefore who in his practice of portrait painting wishes to dignify his subject, which we will suppose to be a lady, will not paint her in the modern dress, the familiarity of which alone is sufficient to destroy all dignity. He takes care that his work shall correspond to those ideas and that imagination which he knows will regulate the judgment of others; and therefore dresses his figure something with the general air of the antique, for the sake of dignity, and preserves something of the modern for the sake of likeness. By this conduct his works correspond with those prejudices which we have in favour of what we continually see; and the relish of the antique simplicity corresponds with what we may call the more learned and scientific prejudice.

There was a statue made not long since of Voltaire, which the sculptor, not having that respect for the prejudices of mankind which he ought to have, has made entirely naked, and as meagre and emaciated as the original is said to be. The consequence is what might be expected; it has remained in the sculptor's shop, though it was intended as a public ornament and a public honour to Voltaire, as it was procured at the expence of his contemporary wits and admirers.

Whoever

Whoever would reform a nation, supposing a bad taste to prevail in it, will not accomplish his purpose by going directly against the stream of their prejudices. Men's minds must be prepared to receive what is new to them. Reformation is a work of time. A national taste, however wrong it may be, cannot be totally changed at once; we must yield a little to the prepossession which has taken hold on the mind, and, we may then bring people to adopt what would offend them, if endeavoured to be introduced by storm. When Battisto Franco was employed, in conjunction with Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret, to adorn the library of St. Mark, his work, Vafari says, gave less satisfaction than any of the others: the dry manner of the Roman school was very ill calculated to please eyes that had been accustomed to the luxuriance, splendor, and richness of Venetian colouring. Had the Romans been the judges of this work, probably the determination would have been just contrary; for in the more noble parts of the art, Battisto Franco was perhaps not inferior to any of his rivals.

A LITTLE ODE TO A LITTLE MAID,
ON

Her first going out after her Birth.

LITTLE zephyrs, loves, and graces,
Bid each chilling wind be laid,
Shelter'd in your warm embraces,
See where comes my little maid.
With your guardian wings protect her,
Every motion hover o'er;
Thro' her little path direct her,
She ne'er ventur'd out before.
Forth she comes, a new born creature,
How her little blue eyes range!
Wonder fits on every feature,
All around is gay and strange.
Could'st thou, little maid, but paint me,
What thy little fancy warms,
Or thy little tongue acquaint me
'Midst this glitter what most charms.
To a stranger all's inviting,
All a morning beauty wears;
Be the world, as now, delighting,
Taste its joys, but not its cares!
Pity, gentlest child of Heav'n,
Little maid will thee attend;
Innocence is also given
As thy guardian, as thy friend.

She

She shall wake thy heart to pleasures,
 Such as virtue can disclose;
 Give thee love and friendship's treasures,
 Strew thy path with many a rose.
 As in years, in wisdom growing,
 Never from her side depart;
 Thro' thy future life still shewing
 She had form'd thy youthful heart.
 Let the false world ne'er confound thee,
 From its vices turn thine ear;
 Shun the bad examples round thee
 Give them but a sigh!—a tear!
 Thus self-guarded, thus defended,
 Thy experience shall confess,
 Spite of what's by fools pretended,
 Virtue is true happiness!
 Such a blameless tract pursuing,
 Thy perfection's sense shall tell;
 Oft this little ode reviewing,
 Little maid, I wish thee well.

*The Phrensy of Love ; or the Story of
 Roderigo and Maria.*

RODERIGO was the son of a rich merchant
 of Bristol; he was brought up to the mer-
 cantile business, and at a proper period admitted

a partner with his father. In this situation he became acquainted with Maria, a young lady who lived in the neighbourhood. She was the daughter of a captain, who had commanded a ship that traded from Bristol to Africa; but being unfortunately taken by a French frigate at the beginning of the American war, he lost the greatest part of his fortune which was on board, and which was destined for a dower to his beloved Maria. She bore the information of this misfortune with uncommon fortitude; but was greatly affected with the fate of her father, who was confined in a prison at Bourdeaux, and who had scarce the common necessaries of life allowed him to subsist on.

It was at this critical period that Roderigo and Maria had pledged their hands to each other.—Their hearts were already united.

His father had given his consent to the match, and nothing was wanting but the captain's return to make them completely happy. Alas! the fatal intelligence of his being captured, and the known consequences of his cruel fate, dispersed a general gloom over the intended fond pair. Roderigo's father no sooner learned that Maria was divested of her portion, than he interdicted any further correspondence between her and his son. His mandates were, however, ineffectual, and they had frequent interviews in private; but the treachery
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of a servant maid, for the sake of a bribe, revealed the secret to the old man, who was at the same time informed that they were upon the point of an elopement to Scotland, on a matrimonial plan.

Gripus no sooner learned their design, than he resolved, at all events to prevent it. As gold was the lust of his soul, he had no passion, no sensation, but what centered in it, and inhumanly resolved to sacrifice his son's felicity to avarice. He accordingly got Roderigo pressed, and sent on board a King's ship, thinking, that in the course of a voyage he would forget, or surmount his fond, foolish passion for Maria. But the case was very different—Her mental attractions, as well as her personal charms, were so irresistible, that they had fixed an indelible impression of beauty, sense, and taste upon the unfortunate Roderigo.

To express the excruciating tortures of Maria's mind upon this occasion would be impossible.—If ever, reader, thou hast felt the most tender passion, with all the sensations of the most perfect mutual love, then mayest thou frame some faint idea of her delicate, her racking situation! but if thus exposed to the wheel of despair with the most refined sensibility—what must have been the dreadful shock at hearing of her Roderigo's death—his being killed in an engagement! Nature shudders at the thought, and compels us to drop the pen in compassion

passion to the reader ! Even the obdurate breast of Gripus was not quite callous at this event ; and as some small atonement for his crimes, caused a sumptuous mausoleum to be erected to his son's memory.

As to the miserable Maria, she was ere now, deprived of her senses.—Reason was unequal to the task of supporting such variegated calamities ; and Gripus, conscious of his guilt, became frantic, and in a paroxysm of pungent remorse, put a period to that existence, which had been a tissue of avarice and barbarity.

Maria was now confined in a private mad-house—where she remained for some time : but, at length, finding an opportunity in one of her lucid intervals to make her escape, she repaired to the tomb of her beloved Roderigo, and gave a full scope to her melancholy.

We would willingly at this period, close the scene, but our readers will expect the sequel of this pitious tale !

At this very juncture Maria's father returned to England, being exchanged by the cartel, and had scarce landed, before he learned that a distant relation had died, and left him a very ample fortune. With these joyful tidings for his dear girl, he set off for Bristol ; but upon the road was made acquainted with the fatal story we have just related.

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His former misfortunes were nothing to his sufferings upon this occasion.

After making the strictest enquiry for Maria, he at length traced her to the tomb, where she was just expiring thro' famine, having received no kind of nutriment for several days. He clasped her in his arms, when she had just sense enough remaining to know her father, and expired.

We will not attempt to depict the sorrow and anguish of the good old man, suffice it to say, they were too powerful for the human frame to support, and that he paid the great debt of nature soon after, occasioned by grief and a broken heart.



ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES V. EMPEROR of GERMANY.

CHARLES V. Emperor of Germany, being eager in the pursuit of a stag, lost his company, and killed the stag two miles from Madrid, when, an old country fellow happening to come by with an ass and a load of wood, he offered to give him more than the wood was worth, if he would carry the stag to Madrid, to which the countryman merrily answered, "By the Lord, friend, I believe

lieve you are a fool: you see the stag is heavier than the ass and wood together, and yet you would have the poor ass to carry him: it were better that you, who are a lusty fellow, should carry them both." The Emperor was pleased with the reply; and whilst he waited for his company, fell into discourse with the old man, asking him, How many Kings he had known? the peasant replied, I have lived under five kings; John, his son Henry, King Ferdinand, King Phillip, and this Charles.—“Which of them, father,” says the Emperor, “was the best, and which the worst?”—“There is no doubt to be made,” replied the old man, “but Ferdinand was the best; and who the worst, I sha’n’t say: but he we have now is bad enough; always rambling to Italy, Germany, and Flanders, carrying all the money out of Spain, and though his revenues are great enough to conquer the world, yet he is always laying on new taxes, so that we poor countrymen are quite beggared.” The Emperor, finding the fellow was in earnest, began to plead his own cause the best he could, without discovering himself, till his company came up: when the countryman, seeing the respect they showed him, said, ‘It were pleasant if it should prove to be the King; but, had I known it, I would have said much more.’ The Emperor was so far
from

from being displeased with the discourse, that he gave the old man a sum of money, and settled a portion on his daughter.

INSTANCE OF FLATTERY.

PRUSIAS, King of Bythynia, being come to Rome to make the senate and Roman people his compliments of congratulation upon the good success of the war against Perſius, diſhonoured the royal dignity by abject flattery. At his reception by the deputies appointed by the senate for that purpose, he appeared with his head ſhaved, and with the cap, habit, ſhoes and ſtockings of a ſlave made free; and, ſaluting the deputies, “ You ſee” ſaid he, “ one of your freed men ready to fulfil whatever you ſhall chooſe to command, and to conform entirely to all your cuſtoms.” When he entered the ſenate he ſtopped at the door, facing the ſenators, who ſat, and proſtrating himſelf, kiſſed the threshold: Afterwards, addreſſing himſelf to the aſſembly, “ I ſalute you, gods, preſervers,” cried he; and went on with a diſcourſe ſuitable to that prelude. Polybius ſays that he was aſhamed to repeat it, and well he might; for that baſe deportment, at leaſt, diſhonoured the ſenate as much, who ſuffered, as the prince who acted it.

ANECDOTE OF SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY circumstance relative to a distinguished character ought to be preserved. That Shakespeare was of an amorous constitution, has been repeatedly told us; but as to his particular connections with the fair, we are almost wholly in the dark. The following adventure is authentic, and, we believe new to the world: one evening, when the tragedy of Richard III. was to be acted, the Poet observed a smart damsel trip behind the scenes, and slyly whisper to Burbidge (a favorite Player, and an intimate of Shakespeare, who was to perform the part of Richard) that her master had gone out of town in the morning: that her mistress would be glad of his company after the play, and that she begged to know what signal he would use? "Three taps on the door, my dear, and *'Tis I Richard the Third,*" was the answer of Burbidge. The girl decamped: and Shakespeare, whose curiosity was sufficiently excited, followed her steps till he saw her enter a house in the city. On enquiry in the neighbourhood, he found that the owner of the mansion was a wealthy merchant, but superannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife. At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the Poet having given the appointed signal, &c. obtained instant

instant admittance. Nothing could equal the indignation of the lady when she found herself in the arms of a stranger. He flattered and vowed; she frowned and stormed: but it was not in woman to resist the soft eloquence of a Shakespeare. In a word the Bard supplanted the Player: he had even attained the summit of bliss, before the representative of Richard appeared. No sooner had he given the appointed taps, than Shakespeare, putting out his head from the window, demanded his business: "Tis I, Richard the Third," replied the impatient Burbidge. "Richard!" rejoined the other: "Knave be gone! Know that William the Conqueror reigned before Richard the Third."



T H E

Triumph and Punishment of Deceit.

A MORAL TALE.

NEITHER man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, thro' heav'n and earth:
 And oft tho' wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdom's gate, while goodness thinks no ill,
 Where no ill seems.

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It is much to be lamented that we cannot go through the world, without being continually on our guard against those whose life is a life of dissimulation; who plume themselves upon their superior cunning, when they ought to be reprobated for their execrable address in deceiving mankind by the duplicity of their conduct.

The following tale is founded upon a Roman anecdote; but the readers of it are desired to observe, that the hero of it lived at a time when hypocrisy was as fashionable as it can possibly be in the present age; when the majority of his countrymen had been polished out of their virtues by their conquests, and when the republic was enfeebled by a general corruption, hastening to its dissolution.

Corvinus was of a good family, but as his parents had impoverished themselves by some of the most amiable qualifications, which prompted them to believe that their friends and their acquaintances were all as virtuous as themselves, they could not bestow a great deal upon his education. However, as he was of an ambitious turn, he acquired, by a close inspection into men and things, and indefatigable attention to the knowledge of the world, a number of accomplishments, which proved highly serviceable to him, and stimulated him to numerous undertakings, which he never would
have

have thought of, had he not been filled with "high conceits engendering pride.

Corvinus having strongly recommended himself to Cicero by his abilities for the Forum and the field, was in that great orator's train, when he set out upon his Asian expedition, in a military character; accompanied him to Ephesus, and arrived with him at Laodicea; but there, on Cicero's giving him a post as commander in chief, which was by no means equal to his expectations, he threw up his commission, determining, to seek his fortune in another shape. Accordingly, from the accounts communicated to him by some Galatian noblemen, and from pressing invitations, he repaired to the court of Deiotarus. By him he was graciously received as a Roman, and as a young man who, with a very promising appearance, was also powerfully recommended to his notice.

Corvinus being a man extremely shrewd and insinuating, made himself carested by both sexes. Equally fitted by nature and art, for the camps of Mars and Venus, he met with a flattering reception in the politest circles in Galatia, and had some arrangements upon his hands, which a Frenchman of the first fashion would have boasted with no small self-satisfaction. Corvinus, however, was not satisfied with the shadowy parts of gallantry; he wished, by a capital stroke among the women of
fortune,

fortune, with whom he mixed, to bring him upon a footing with those to whom he was forced to make submissions (not entirely to his taste, as he had a strong relish for independence) for the figure he deemed necessary to support, in order to smooth his way to a situation which would exempt him from any compliance with the humour of another when it was not agreeable to his own; but as he derived considerable advantages from his accommodations, he, like a penetrating politician, resolved not to throw away the net of policy, till the fish, for which he spread it, were secured.

Among the Galatian noblemen to whom Corvinus rendered himself a pleasing companion, by entering into all their parties with the versatility and happy ease of an Aristippus (ready like him to fall in with the humours of the different characters with whom he associated, and like him possessed of those soft parts of conversation particularly calculated to make an impression upon the fair sex) was Marcus Agathus, a senator of distinguished talents, and distinguished worth. To him he attached himself with redoubled assiduity, and studied him like a classic.

Agathus was a man in the highest degree amiable and respectable; he had done eminent services to his country with his tongue and his sword, by the display of his eloquence at home, by the exertion
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of his courage abroad. It is impossible to meet with an immaculate human being; but few men had fewer spots than Agathus: failings he certainly had; yet they were venial ones, as they did not appear to result from a corrupted heart, but from the natural impetuosity of his temper at some times, and from the natural credulity of his disposition at others. Happily for him he had large possessions, or the expences into which he was frequently hurried, by pursuits not to be indulged at a cheap rate, would have reduced him to an indigent state.

Of all the men in Galatia, Agathus was the fittest for Corvinus's purpose. Credulous to an excess, and generous to an extreme, he was ever disposed to believe the tale which his favourite fabricated, to raise the necessary supplies for his pocket; and while his ears were open to his artful narrations, his purse was never closed against his concluding demands.

Agathus had so high an opinion, indeed, of Corvinus's fidelity, that he treated him not only as a desirable companion, but as a confidential friend, and gave him a clue to the inmost recesses of his heart. It was in consequence of this confidence that he made a discovery of the passion which he felt for a beautiful Roman lady, which was the more painful to him, as he had no hopes
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of arriving at the gratification of his desires, from her being a married woman.

Agathus having a few years before the arrival of Corvinus in Galatia, made a tour to Rome, in order to be present at a very grand military exhibition, met with uncommon civilities from several eminent persons, and among the rest, he was entertained in the most hospitable manner by Lucius Lupinus, lately married to one of the handsomest women in Italy, according to the general voice. In the house of this hospitable Roman, Agathus resided soon after his appearance in the capital, at his particular request; and by the winning deportment of Antonia, which considerably increased the power of her personal charms, his residence in it was doubly delightful. Transporting were his pleasures upon the occasion, but they were interrupted by piercing disquietudes; the disquietudes originating from hopeless love.

Antonia, while she appeared in the eyes of Agathus as an object not to be looked at without the strongest sensations of the amorous kind, appeared also in those eyes an object truly deserving of pity. Inexpressibly alluring from her youth and from her beauty, shining at once a Venus and a Hebe, she had been compelled, by an avaritious and ambitious father, to unite herself to Lupinus in the bands of Hymen. Without murmuring at the fe-
verity

verity of her lot, she obeyed her father's cruel mandate, and when she had obeyed it, made it a point not to violate her connubial vows. Yoked with a man for whom she could not feel (setting aside the disproportion between their ages) the affection of a wife, she was resolved, however, to discharge her conjugal duties with an exemplary exactness; and she was, indeed, in her domestic character entitled to the most exalted panegyrics.

Such was the woman whose beauty charmed the eye of Agathus, and whose amiable behaviour won his heart. He looked, and he loved; he reflected; and he despaired. To make her his own in an honourable way was not in his power; to endeavour to gain possession of her charms by any base proceedings he nobly scorned. Antonia plainly perceived the disturbance which the sight of her continually occasioned in his mind, and from one step of commission to another, gradually became touched with tender emotions. The moment she felt such emotions stirring in her bosom, she was alarmed; and though she harboured not the slightest idea of conjugal infidelity, she almost shuddered at the thoughts of being drawn into a criminal situation, in consequence of her feeling in favour of the man who was too attractive for her peace.

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In this perplexing state Antonia acted with a discretion in the highest degree commendable. She requested of her husband to remove from the city to one of his most distant country habitations; and in order to conceal the real cause of her request from him, pleaded a disorder for which a long journey had always, she said, proved salutary. This movement of her's was the best that she could have pitched upon in her apprehensive state, as she had great occasion to believe that the business in which Agathus was engaged at Rome, was of a nature not to permit him to follow her.

It is not easy to describe the uneasiness which Agathus felt when he heard of Lupinus's intended departure from Rome; however, in an interview with Antonia, a few days before her leaving the capital, he had the happiness of being assured that his passion was returned, and that nothing but her union with another man prevented the completion of his wishes: he was additionally satisfied with that interview, having gained her promise to be his, as soon as she was her own mistress, and could act agreeably to her inclination.

Agathus, in a short time after Antonia's removal from him, having finished the business which had brought him to Rome, returned to his own country, not without some reluctance, as he could not carry the only woman in the world whom he loved
with

with him; yet not without a sweet consolation springing from her last assurances, as much in his favour as he could have possibly expected, assurances for which she afterwards blamed herself, imagining that she had gone farther than a Roman wife should have gone : but the consciousness of having done nothing to bring a stain upon her character, soon reconciled her to her conduct with respect to her Galatian lover.

Corvinus, having one day, made a visit to some of his countrymen just arrived from Rome, was informed by them of the death of Lupinus; he was also informed by them that Antonia was supposed to be one of the richest widows within the Roman dominions.

Struck with this intelligence, he immediately thought of making an attempt to get both Antonia and her fortune into his power, and by a manœuvre, for the conception of which he ranked himself among the most acute politicians of the age. He conceived a design, indeed, to build his fortune upon the foundation of ingratitude. With all the marks of the sincerest joy he hurried away to communicate the news which he had heard to his noble benefactor, and gave him no small pleasure by his disclosures. Agathus only sighed to think that his then situation would not suffer him to perform a journey in person to the idol of his heart, and

he expressed his feelings upon the occasion in very forcible terms. The language which he adopted was sufficiently plaintive and energetic; but Corvinus was quick prepared for it, and therefore replied; "If you cannot pay a visit to Antonia in person, you may write to her, and I will gladly be your messenger. Bound to my benefactor by the strongest ties of gratitude, with what joy shall I execute any commission which may prove instrumental to your arriving at the felicity you have so long, and with so much anxiety wished to obtain.

Thoroughly pleased with this offer, Agathus immediately replied, "I will write, Corvinus, and you shall be my messenger; to *your* hands I can safely trust the secret of my heart; of *your* fidelity I have no doubt; only remember, while you are absent from me, that I shall be upon the rack of impatience till I hear of the reception you meet with from Antonia; till I hear whether she preserves those sentiments in my favour which she entertained when I took my last farewell."

With these words and without waiting for a reply. Agathus retired to his library, and there, now flushed with hope, now drooping with despondence, he finished an epistle which Ovid himself would not have blushed to own. "Take this," said Agathus, when he delivered his tender epistle

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to his confidential companion, and may the perusal of it by her for whom alone I live, produce an answer sufficient to convince me that she has not forgotten the assurances which she made when her husband forced her into new scenes: forced her from those scenes which she was fittest to adorn.—But why do I thus detain you?—Fly Corvinus—and may Venus, may Juno be propitious.”

Such were Agathus's final expressions, and Corvinus breathing the most fervent supplications for success (but not the success which Agathus prayed for) set out upon his journey to Rome.

As soon as he found himself out of the reach of his patron's observations, Corvinus opened the dispatches committed to his care. When he had read them, and sufficiently digested them, he determined to substitute others in their stead; and by an accurate imitation of Agathus's hand (of which he was very capable) to destroy all his interest with Antonia, should she be still attached to him.

When he had finished the necessary alterations, Corvinus left the capital of Galatia, in order to visit the capital of Italy; but before he had reached the first town, he was overtaken by a servant from Agathus, with an intreaty to return instantly, as he wished to add a postscript to his letter.

Corvinus was at first, in spite of all his presence
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of mind, somewhat disconcerted by this intreaty; but being a perfect master of dissimulation, and having the original, of which he had taken a very close copy, to produce, he returned to his benefactor with as much alacrity as he departed from him. Agathus having made the desired additions, re-delivered his letter to Corvinus, who received it with an additional satisfaction, as he had no doubts of his gaining Antonia's affections if she depended upon the contents of the epistle which he had framed, with the name of Agathus artfully forged, for her perusal.

When Antonia read the letter which Corvinus presented to her, telling her that he brought it from Agathus, the sincerest of her admirers, the faithfullest of lovers and the best of men, she changed colour, and seemed altogether astonished. Unwilling to believe what she had read, and wishing to find herself mistaken, she gave her letter a second perusal.—She then sighed—and could not help refraining from tears. “Too credulous Agathus, said she, when she could find words to express her feelings: too hasty Agathus, added she, could you not have staid till you had, by an application to myself, been assured of the falshood or the truth of your intelligence. By your precipitation in supposing me faithless, you have deprived me of a felicity which I have, ever since
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the decease of Lupinus, hoped to enjoy; but complaints are now to no purpose, I must submit to my disappointment; and will (though I blame your precipitance) impute it rather to an excess of credulity, than to a preconcerted design to give that heart to another, which you had fondly and solemnly promised to keep for me—for me alone."

During these effusions which her supposed letter from Agathus produced, Antonia met with no interruption from Corvinus; but he had observed her with particular attention while she delivered them, and as soon as she paused, began to make apologies for the conduct of her first lover, yet in so artful a manner, that they served to forward his own ambitious designs. Antonia now, having her thoughts turned entirely into a new channel, by the artful carriage and insinuating elocution of Corvinus, began to look upon him with very favourable eyes, presenting a little casket to him, which contained, she said, a jewel of no common value; and desired him, on his return to Galatia, to inform Agathus that she forgave his behaviour to her, though she never should forget it.

Corvinus, in reply, told her, after having made the most grateful acknowledgments, uttered in the most elegant language, for her valuable donation, that he was now, not only determined to remain in his own country, but to fix his residence near her,

her, that he might frequently have it in his power to behold beauties superior to any he had yet seen in any of her sex.

With what Corvinus had before said to her, Antonia was not a little pleased; but this last address flattered her quite out of all the partiality she had felt in favour of Agathus.

Corvinus transported at the impression which he had made upon her, very respectfully retired; without saying another word, thinking, indeed, from what he had observed in her countenance, that he should find her, the next day, still more alienated from Agathus, or still more inclined to give him the vacant place in her heart.

Antonia having spent the remainder of the day in ruminating upon all that Corvinus had said to her, upon his personal advantages, and upon winning address, felt her bosom strongly beating in his behalf. In this situation she wished for the next morning with anxiety which she could not conceal from her attendants, who, in consequence of her disclosures, on Corvinus's account, acted the part of Dido's sister, and fanned the flame which he had kindled in her breast.

Antonia may, perhaps, be accused by some female readers of this tale, of fickleness; but had her first favourite made his appearance to claim the promise which he had drawn from her, it is
highly

highly probable that all her former affection would have returned. Situated as she was, with the forged letter before her, was it not natural for her to cast a favourable eye on a man whom no woman ever beheld with indifference?

Corvinus, impatient to renew his attacks, made an early visit to Antonia the next morning. With a striking alteration in his dress, his appearance facilitated the execution of his spirited designs. The encouragements which he met with were in the highest degree animating, and he availed himself of all his powers to complete the conquest he had meditated: and it was soon complete, for he, in a short time afterwards, made himself master of Antonia and of her large possessions.

By a series of deceitful proceedings, Corvinus triumphed over as amiable a pair as ever lived; but he was severely punished for them after a short enjoyment of his prosperity: by keeping the best company in Rome, he was forced into a train of expences injurious to his fortune, large as it was, and into many situations which proved detrimental to his constitution.

While he was in this state, in which he sincerely repented of the duplicity of his conduct, with regard to Agathus, and with equal sincerity wished he had never married Antonia, the very man whom he had so deeply injured made his appear-

ance at Rome. No sooner did Corvinus hear of the arrival of Agathus, than he found himself so intimidated, and so unable to stand the dreaded explanation, that he saved himself from a mortifying interview with him by falling upon his sword-

Antonia was at first extremely shocked at the manner of Corvinus's death, but she could not when she reflected upon the change in his behaviour to her, after his marriage, shed a tear for his removal. When Agathus appeared, and produced his discoveries, she considered herself as happily released from a man who was a disgrace to his species, and with him (when decency justified her third entrance into the nuptial state) the best of husbands, became the happiest of wives.



Anecdote of Mrs. W——.

MRS. W. (mother of the celebrated Billington) being one day rather indisposed from a cold, her husband coming into the parlour where she was practising a new air for Vauxhall, observing a *bottle of physic* upon the table, untouched, which she said she had taken, flung it at her head with great fury. A gentleman in the
neigh-

neighbourhood was mentioning the cruelty of the circumstance some short time afterwards to a friend: who very drily observed, " He could not see any great impropriety in the affair: Mrs. W. was finging, you say, and Mr. W. only accompanied with the *bass viol*."

ANECDOTE

O F

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

IT was generally supposed, on the accession of the late King, that Sir Robert Walpole would have been turned out of his employment with disgrace, as it was well known that both the Prince and Princess had retained strong sentiments against him, on account of some parts of his behaviour towards them, during the rupture between the two Courts. Accordingly, on the death of the old King, some immediate proofs were given, that such was the intention. Sir Robert was himself the bearer of the tidings, and, arriving in the night, when the Prince was a-bed, sent to desire an audience upon business of the utmost consequence which would admit of no delay. The Prince re-

refused to see him, and ordered him to send in his business; upon which he gave an account of the death of the late King, and said he waited there to receive his Majesty's commands. The King still persisted in refusing to see him, and bade him send Sir Spencer Compton to him immediately. Sir Robert now plainly saw his downfall had been predetermined, and hastened to Sir Spencer with humblest tenders of his service, begging his protection, and earnestly entreated that he would screen him from farther persecution. When this story had got abroad, the habitation of the last Minister became desolate, and the whole tribe of Courtiers, as usual, crowded to the levee of the new favourite. Yet, in no long space of time afterwards, to the astonishment of the whole world, Sir Robert was reinstated in his post, and appeared in as high favour as ever. Various were the conjectures of the people upon the means employed by him to supplant his competitor, and reinstate himself in full possession of his power; while the true cause of this surprising change remained a secret, and was known only to a very few; nor has it yet been publicly divulged to the world.

EXAMPLE of FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse to die on a certain day, he begged permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended pre-emptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible conditions of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself as security for his friend, which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and therefore when the day of execution drew near, his majesty had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the tyrant delivered it as his opinion, that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise to keep in awe and impose upon the weak. "My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice

voice and noble aspect, " I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord : I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together : oppose him, ye winds, prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and suffer him not to arrive till by my death I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value than my own ; more inestimable to his lovely wife ; to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon."

Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered : he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth ; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought fourth, and walked amidst the guards with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there ; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came, he vaulted lightly on the scaffold,

scaffold, and beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a placid countenance, and addressed the spectators: "My prayers are heard," he cried, "the gods are propitious; you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come, he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I shall go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is impeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods; but I haste to prevent his speed: executioner, to your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to rise among the remotest of the people; a distant voice was heard, the crowds caught the words, and stop, stop the executioner, was repeated by the whole assembly: a man came at full speed, the throng gave way to his approach: he was mounted on a steed of foam: in an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You
are

are safe," he cried, "you are safe my friend, my beloved friend, the gods be praised, you are safe. I now have nothing but death to suffer, and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own."

Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents—"Fatal haste—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius beheld, heard, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched, he wept, and leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried, "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned: and, O! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.

ANECDOTE

OF

FRANCIS, DUKE OF BRITANNY.

FRANCIS, Duke of Brittany, one of the most accomplished and valiant persons of the age in which he lived, the age of romantic gallantry, used to say, "That he liked the Princess of Scotland, (to whom he was a suitor) the better for "being quite illiterate, as a woman was wise "enough who knew her husband's shirt from "his doublet."

ANECDOTE

RELATING TO THE

EARL OF ESSEX.

IN the year 1598, in a council held for appointing a proper person for the administration of Ireland, Queen Elizabeth was of opinion, that no one could be so proper to fill that post, as Sir William Knollys, the Earl of Essex's uncle; his Lordship, on the other hand, as **strongly** recommended

G G

mended Sir George Carew, with a view of removing him from the court; but finding that his recommendation had no effect upon her Majesty, he turned his back upon her in such a rude and contemptuous manner, as exasperated her to such a high degree, that she gave him a box on the ear, and bid him *go and be hanged*. Upon this, the Earl put his hand to his sword; and, when the Lord-Admiral interposed, *swore*, "That he neither *could* nor *would* bear such an indignity; nor *would have taken it even from HENRY VIII.*"—and so left the court. The Lord-keeper Egerton wrote him a letter upon this occasion, which, with the Earl's answer, are subjoined, from the most correct copies that are to be met with:—

*The Lord-Keeper's letter, October 15th, 1598,
is as follows:*

"MY VERY GOOD LORD,

"It is often seene, that he that is a stander-by,
 "seeth more than he that playeth the game; and
 "for the most part, any man, in his own cause,
 "standeth in his own light and seeth not so clearly
 "as he should. Your Lordship hath dealt in
 "other men's causes, and in great and weighty
 "affairs, with great wisdom and judgment. Now
 "your own is in hand, you are not to contemn
 "and refuse the advice of any that love you, how
 "simple soever. In this order I rank myself,
 "among

“ among others that love you with more simple,
 “ and none that love you with more true and
 “ honest affection; which shall plead my excuse,
 “ if you should either mistake or misconstrue my
 “ words or meaning: Yet, in your Lordship’s
 “ honourable wisdom, I neither doubt nor suspect
 “ the one nor the other. I will not presume to
 “ advise you, but shoot my bolt as near the mark
 “ as I can, and tell you what I think.

“ The beginning and long continuance of this
 “ so unseasonable discontentment you have seen
 “ and proved, by which you may aim at the end.
 “ If you hold still your course, which hitherto you
 “ find worse and worse, (and the longer you tread
 “ this path, the farther you are still out of the way)
 “ there is little hope, or likelihood, that the end
 “ will be better than the beginning.

“ You are not so far gone, but you may return.
 “ The return is safe, but the progress dangerous
 “ and desperate, in the course you hold. If you
 “ have any enemies, you do that for them which
 “ they could never do for themselves; whilst you
 “ leave your friends to open shame and contempt,
 “ forsake yourself, overthrow your fortunes, and
 “ ruinate your honour and reputation, giving that
 “ comfort to our foreign foes, as greater they
 “ cannot have.

“ For what can be more welcome and pleasing
 “ news to them, than to hear, that her Majesty,

“ and the realm are maimed of so worthy a mem-
 “ ber, who hath so often and so valiantly *quailed*
 “ and daunted them? You forsake your country,
 “ when it hath most need of your help and counsel;
 “ and lastly, you fail in your indissoluble duty,
 “ which you owe to your most gracious sovereign;
 “ a duty not imposed upon you by nature and
 “ policy only, but by the religious and sacred
 “ bond in which the Divine Majesty of God hath,
 “ by the rule of Christianity, obliged and bound
 “ you.

“ For the four first, your constant resolution
 “ may perhaps move you to esteem them as light;
 “ but being well weighed, they are not lightly to
 “ be regarded; and for the two last, it may be,
 “ your private conscience may strive to content
 “ yourself; but it is enough. These duties stand
 “ not alone in contemplation and inward medi-
 “ tation; their effects are external, and cannot be
 “ performed but by external actions; and where
 “ that faileth, the substance itself faileth.

“ Now, this being your present state and con-
 “ dition, what is the best to be done herein? And
 “ what is the best remedy for the same? My good
 “ lord, I want wisdom, and lack judgment, to
 “ advise you: but I will never want an honest
 “ and true heart to will and wish you well; nor,
 “ being warranted by a good conscience, forbear
 “ to speak what I think. I have begun plainly.
 “ I hope

" I hope your Lordship will not be offended, if I
 " proceed still after the same fashion. *Bene cedit,*
 " *qui temporis cedit.* And Seneca saith, *Lex si no-*
 " *centem punit, cedendum est justitiæ; si innocentem,*
 " *cedendum est fortunæ.* The best remedy is not to
 " contend and strive, but humbly to submit.
 " Have you given cause, and yet take scandal to
 " yourself? Why, then, all you can do, is too little
 " to make satisfaction. Is cause of scandal given
 " to you? Yet policy, duty, and religion, inforce
 " you to sue, yield, and submit to your sovereign;
 " between whom and you there can be no propor-
 " tion of duty. And God himself requireth it,
 " as a principal bond of service to himself. When
 " it is evident, that great good may ensue of it to
 " your friends, your country, and sovereign, and
 " extreme harm by the contrary, there can be no
 " dishonour or hurt to yield; but in not doing it,
 " is dishonour and impiety.

" The difficulty, my good Lord, is to conquer
 " yourself; which is the height of all true valour
 " and fortitude, whereunto all your honourable
 " actions have tended. Do it in this, and God
 " will be pleased, her Majesty well satisfied, your
 " country will take good, and your friends com-
 " fort by it: yourself (I mention you last, for I
 " know of all these you esteem yourself least) shall
 " receive honour, and your enemies (if you have
 " any) shall be disappointed of their bitter sweet
 " hope.

" Thus

“ Thus have I uttered what I think, simply
 “ and true, and leave you to determine. If I
 “ have erred, it is *error amoris*, and not *amor erroris*.
 “ Contrue, I beseech you, and accept it, as I
 “ mean it, not as an advice, but as an opinion to
 “ be allowed or cancelled at your pleasure. If I
 “ might have conveniently conferred with you
 “ myself in person, I would not have troubled you
 “ with so many idle blots. Yet whatsoever you
 “ shall judge of this mine opinion, be you well
 “ assured, my desire is to further all good means
 “ that may tend to your good. And so, wishing
 “ you all honourable happiness, I rest,

“ Your Lordship’s most ready and faithful,

“ (altho’ of many most unable)

“ Poor friend,

“ THOs. EGERTON, C.S.”

The Earl’s spirited answer, which is a masterpiece in style, considering the age in which it was written, (dated October 18th, 1598) was in the following words:—

‘ MY VERY GOOD LORD,

‘ Although there is not that man this day living,
 ‘ whom I would fooner make a judge of any ques-
 ‘ tion, that did concern me, than yourself; yet
 ‘ must you give me leave to tell you, that, in such
 ‘ a case, I must appeal from all earthly judges; and
 ‘ if

' if in any, then surely in this, where *the highest*
 ' judge upon earth hath imposed upon me, without trial
 ' or hearing, the most heavy punishment that hath
 ' been known. But since I must either answer
 ' your Lordship's argument, or forsake my just
 ' defence, I will force mine aching head to do
 ' some service for a small hour or two, although
 ' against my will. I must first then deny my *dis-*
 ' contentment, and that it was *unseasonable*, or of *too*
 ' long continuance. Your Lordship should rather con-
 ' dole with me, than expostulate about the same.

' Natural seasons are expected here below; but
 ' violent and unseasonable storms come from
 ' above. *There is no tempest like to the passionate in-*
 ' *dignation of a Prince*; nor yet at any time is it so
 ' *unseasonable*, as when it lighteth upon those who might
 ' expect an harvest of their careful and painful labours.
 ' He that is once wounded must feel the smart
 ' while his hurt be cured, or that the part be
 ' senseless; but no cure I expect, her Majesty's
 ' heart being *obdurate* against me; and to be with-
 ' out sense I cannot, being made of flesh and blood.
 ' But, say you, I may aim at the end. I do more
 ' than aim; for I see an end of all my good for-
 ' tunes, and have set an end to all my desires. In
 ' this course do I any thing for mine enemies?
 ' When I was in the court, I found them absolute;
 ' and therefore I had rather that they should tri-
 ' umph alone, than they should have me attendant
 ' on

on their chariots. Do I *leave* my friends? When
 ‘ I was a *courtier*, I could yield them no fruits of
 ‘ my love unto them. Now I am become a *hermit*,
 ‘ they shall bear no envy for their love towards me.
 ‘ Do I *forsake* myself, because I *enjoy* myself?
 ‘ or, do I *overthrow* my fortune, for that I *build not*
 ‘ a fortune of *paper-walls*, which every puff of
 ‘ wind bloweth down? Do I *ruinate* mine honours,
 ‘ because I *leave following* the pursuit, or wearing
 ‘ false badge or mask of the *shadow* of honour? Do
 ‘ I *give courage*, or *comfort*, to the foreign foe, be-
 ‘ cause I *reserve* myself to *encounter* with him? or,
 ‘ because I keep my *heart* from *baseness*, although
 ‘ I cannot keep my *fortune* from *declining*? No,
 ‘ my good lord, I give every of these considera-
 ‘ tions its due right; and the more I weigh them,
 ‘ the more I find myself *justified* from *offending* in
 ‘ any of them. As for the two last objections,
 ‘ that I *forsake my country*, when it hath most need
 ‘ of me, and *fail* in that *indissoluble* duty, which I
 ‘ owe unto my sovereign, I answer, that if my
 ‘ country had, at this time, any need of my public
 ‘ service, her Majesty, that governs the same,
 ‘ would not have *driven* me into a private life. I
 ‘ am tied unto my country by two bonds; in pub-
 ‘ lic peace, to discharge carefully, faithfully, and
 ‘ industriously, the trust which is committed unto
 ‘ me; and the other private, to *sacrifice to it my life*
 ‘ *and carcase*, which hath been nourished in it. Of
 ‘ the

‘ the first I am *freed*, being *dismissed*, *discharged*, and
 ‘ *disabled*, by her Majesty. Of the other, *nothing*
 ‘ *can free me but death*; and therefore no occasion
 ‘ of my performance shall offer itself, but I will
 ‘ meet it half way. The *indissoluble* duty which I
 ‘ owe to her Majesty, is only the duty of *allegiance*,
 ‘ which I *never will, nor ever can, fail in*. The
 ‘ duty of attendance is no *indissoluble* duty. I owe
 ‘ her Majesty the duty of an Earl, and of Lord-
 ‘ Marshal of England.

‘ I have been content to do her Majesty the
 ‘ service of a *clerk*; but can never serve her as a
 ‘ *villain* or *slave*. But yet you say, *I must give way*
 ‘ *unto the time*. So I do; for now I see the *storm*
 ‘ come, I put myself into the harbour. Seneca
 ‘ saith, “ *We must give place unto fortune*.” I know
 ‘ that fortune is both *blind* and *strong*, and there-
 ‘ fore I go as far out of her way as I can. You
 ‘ say, the *remedy* is *not to strive*. I neither *strive* nor
 ‘ *seek for remedy*. But, say you, I must *yield* and
 ‘ *submit*. I can neither *yield* myself to be guilty,
 ‘ or this imputation laid upon me to be *just*. I
 ‘ owe so much to the author of all *truth*, as I can
 ‘ never yield *falsehood* to be *truth*, or *truth* to be
 ‘ *falsehood*. Have I given cause, ask you, and take
 ‘ scandal, when I have done? No, I give no cause
 ‘ to take so much as *Fimbria’s* complaint against
 ‘ me, for I did *totum telum corpore recipere*. I *pati-*
 ‘ *ently*

‘*ently* bear all, and *sensibly* feel all, that I then re-
 ‘ceived, when this scandal was given me. Nay,
 ‘more; when the *vilest* of all *indignities* are done
 ‘unto me, doth *religion* enforce me to *sue*? or doth
 ‘*God* require it? Is it *impiety* not to do it? What,
 ‘*cannot Princes* ERR? Cannot *subjects* receive
 ‘WRONG? Is an *earthly* power or authority IN-
 ‘FINITE? Pardon me, pardon me, my good lord,
 ‘*I can never subscribe to these principles.* Let Solo-
 ‘mon’s fool LAUGH, *when he is* STRICKEN; let
 ‘those, that mean to *make their profit* of *Princes*,
 ‘shew to have no sence of *Princes’* INJURIES; let
 ‘them acknowledge an *infinite absoluteness* on earth,
 ‘that *do not believe* in an *infinite absoluteness* in heaven.
 ‘As for me, I have received WRONG, and feel it.
 ‘My cause is GOOD, I *know* it; and *whatsoever*
 ‘*come*, all the *powers* on earth can never shew more
 ‘*strength and constancy* in OPPRESSING, *than I can*
 ‘*shew* in suffering, *whatsoever* can or shall be imposed
 ‘upon me. Your Lordship, in the beginning,
 ‘maketh yourself a *looker-on*, and me a *player* of
 ‘*my own game*; so you can SEE more than I can.
 ‘Yet you must give me leave to tell you, in the
 ‘end of my answer, that since you do but *see*, and
 ‘I *suffer*, I must, of necessity, *feel* more than you.
 ‘I must crave your Lordship’s patience to give
 ‘him, that hath a crabbed fortune, licence to use
 ‘a crabbed style; and yet, whatsoever my style is,
 ‘there

‘ there is no heart *more humble to his superiors*, nor
 ‘ any more affected towards your Lordship, than
 ‘ that of,

Your honour’s poor friend,

‘ ESSEX.’

THE

GOOD NEIGHBOUR.

A MORAL TALE.

AMONG the many words in the English language that are frequently uttered, without being accurately understood, is the word *misanthrope*, which literally and strictly signifies a *man-hater*. Now, to suppose that every man who withdraws himself from the busy world, lives in a very retired manner, and derives his principal amusements from the perusal of his books, and from his reflections from what he has read, to be a *misanthrope*, is surely to encourage a supposition not to be warranted by reason; it is indeed, a supposition equally unjust and irrational.

Mr. Robert Selby, foured by a number of disappointments, many of them occasioned by the ungrateful behaviour of those who pretended to be

be his friends, retired to a small village, a few miles from the capital; and there, being a widower, and having no children to provide for, lived with an elderly maid-servant, whose fidelity he had thoroughly tried; almost with the recluseness of a hermit. Few persons came to his house, and he seldom went abroad, but to air himself in the adjacent fields. Yet he was not quite a solitary, as he admitted the visits of two or three real friends, who had been, during the course of many successive years, uniformly attached to him; but he was pronounced by his neighbours, with hardly a dissenting voice, to be a *misanthrope*; an unfociable old fellow, who hated his species, and was entirely devoted to himself. Satisfied, however, with the consciousness of his own philanthropy, in spite of the general opinion of his selfishness, among his narrow-minded neighbours, he kept close to his little castle, and was contented to be stared at, upon his quitting it to take his walks about the environs, for an old wretch, who preferred his own company to the conversation of his fellow-creatures. Some of his neighbours, indeed, attempted to pay him the compliment of a visit upon his first coming to his house; but as he very soon gave out that he came merely to retire, and that he should neither pay nor receive any visits in the village, he was left to pursue his singular

lar plan without molestation, but not without being posted for a *man-hater*.

Not long after Mr. Selby had fixed his residence at B. . . . , a gentleman, with whom he had been formerly connected, but whose acquaintance he had for sometime declined, (having received some treatment from him which he had not, he thought, merited) took a house in the row in which he lived. The name of this gentleman was Norman, and the appearance which he and his family made, soon procured them visits from the genteelest people in the village.

Mr. Norman, having acquired a decent fortune by a constant attention to the business to which he had been brought up, was seized with a strong desire (and Mrs. Norman rather strengthened than weakened it, by the strongest hints she threw out concerning the gentility of a life without any employment) to spend the remainder of his life with ease and dignity. The former he certainly was able to command; he was quite a man of leisure; but all the pains which he took, by living in a superb style, were ineffectual to procure the latter; there was not an inch of true dignity about him. His entertainments were splendid; his table was well served; his wines were the best of their respective sorts; and his side-board was elegant. People who are fond of making a figure in the world will always, by
those

those who pay a particular regard to externals, be more courted than others, who, though possessed of three times their fortunes, live in a plain way, and never attempt to dazzle the multitude with the lustre of their exhibition. Such persons may steal through life in peace and quietness, contented with their own conduct, contented with the sincere approbation of a few select friends, intimately acquainted with their intrinsic worth; but to be sought for their society, to have their acquaintance earnestly solicited, they must not hope for that,

"The world is still deceived by ornament,"

as Shakespeare very justly observes; and we certainly stand not in need of a ghost to confirm the truth of our bard's observation: and though counterfeits of all kinds were never more abroad, the flashing personages of the age, of both sexes, will ever prove attractive to the million; they are sure of having a crowd about them whenever they please to send the bill of invitation, and as sure of meeting with a flattering reception wherever they go—till poverty has laid her chilling hand upon them, and then the farce is over. The farce! A fall from affluence to want is too frequently attended with tragical consequences, though they may have originated from very comic situations.

With the Normant family, Mr. Selby did not think of renewing his acquaintance, as the head
of

of it had given him so much offence by his behaviour; but he could not help feeling compassion,

“ He had a heart soft pity lov’d to dwell in.”

When he saw him and his thoughtless wife living at such a rate, as to render their income, arising from the funds, insufficient for the expences of their household, without considering how much they were injuring their children by their extravagant proceedings, not of an age to shift for themselves, but doomed according to the logic of probability, to make their way in the world without their assistance. “ On different thoughts intent,” they bestowed little attention on their education; little to their manners; less to their morals; and none at all to their future settlement in life. No parents were ever, indeed, more inattentive to those who derived their existence from them—but to what length will not an immoderate love of pleasure carry the most sensible persons of either sex! And if they are forcibly drawn into the whirl of dissipation, without having the power to guide their actions by the helm of reason, how can we expect to find the conduct of those who have weak heads, and strong passions, under the steady steerage of prudence?

When the master and mistress of a family are equally addicted to expence, and equally careless with regard to the management of their domestic
affairs,

affairs, they must inevitably be, sooner or later, ruined. If they happen to have large fortunes, the day of ruin is at a greater distance from them, but the largest will not be sufficient to stop the ravages of extravagance. In the conjugal state there is a kind of discretion with respect to pecuniary matters, absolutely necessary, either in husband or wife, for the promotion of their reciprocal happiness: the want of which, on both sides, is too often productive of consequences severely to be felt by the one and by the other, if they have the smallest sensibility. The mutual imprudence of a married pair, without children is not to be defended: the same imprudence, if they have children, is extremely to be condemned. Now, as the Norman's had both sons and daughters, their conduct was highly censurable; and, indeed, they were pretty handsomely censured for it behind their backs, even by the very persons who, before their faces, flattered them into the most favourable opinion of their talents and their taste.

Mr. Selby, however, though he pitied these wrong-headed parents, felt more compassion for their neglected, or rather badly-educated children. They were in no shape to be blamed for the follies of those who had been instrumental in bringing them into the world; but it was much to be lamented by all who knew them, and could feel for them, that they were treated more like incumbrances

branches than blessings, and looked upon more as interruptions to the pleasures of their parents, than as beings sent by Heaven for the increase of their connubial felicity.

Fathers and mothers of the Norman cast, are too often to be met with, in almost every walk of life; and it may safely be affirmed, that to the unparental behaviour (if I may use the expression) of such fathers and mothers, a considerable part of the domestic distresses by which many families are unhappily distinguished, must be ascribed.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman had two sons and two daughters, at the time of their settling at B. The boys were sent to a cheap school, of no reputation, in the North of England; the girls were educated at home, under their own eyes literally; but they could not have been brought up in a worse manner, in the worst boarding-school in the kingdom, than they were at home. Their mother took no pains to improve either their bodies, or their minds, so that they grew up unpolished and uninformed. Their persons happened to be greatly against them; they were indeed so very plain, not to say ugly, that they were never thought fit, by their handsome parents, to be introduced to company: to the care of a common servant they were entirely committed, who was incapable of furnishing them with any intellectual supplies sufficient to make amends for their personal defects.

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While

While Mr. Norman and his wife were making themselves very ridiculous by their magnificent appearance, and pompous stile of life, Mr. Selby received a letter from a friend in the country, who desired him to give a true account of their proceedings at B. . . ., having heard them set out in a very contemptible light, and as living in a most imprudent manner. To this letter, Mr. Selby returned the following answer:—

“ MY GOOD FRIEND,

“ I am sorry to inform you that the reports you
 “ have heard relating to my neighbour, Mr. Nor-
 “ man, are to be ranked among those truths which
 “ are not to be controverted. You may, perhaps,
 “ wonder at my saying I am sorry; but I am really
 “ concerned for him, though I am not desirous of
 “ entering into any new connections with him;
 “ and, indeed, he seems to be in the same mind
 “ with regard to me. I pity him for his indiscre-
 “ tion, and I must add his wife’s: they are the most
 “ imprudent couple I ever met with.—What
 “ must become of their children! They enter-
 “ tained, a few days ago, some persons of distinc-
 “ tion, for they fly at high game, I assure you; but
 “ they, at the same time, egregiously exposed the
 “ weakness of their understandings, though they
 “ exhibited the strongest proofs of their taste.—
 “ It was quite a proper entertainment for their
 “ guests

“ guests to receive, but not for them to give. All
 “ the manœuvres of the table were conducted
 “ with a spirit and address suitable to the occa-
 “ sion; there was nothing wanting but propriety
 “ to render the banquet unexceptionable. My
 “ old servant diverted me a little by retailing, in
 “ her circumstantial way, the observations, chiefly
 “ sarcastic, which were made upon this sumptuous
 “ dinner; but before she had finished her intelli-
 “ gence, she filled my mind with a heap of me-
 “ lancholy reflections on the incidents which had
 “ set her tongue a-going. The Normans, with
 “ all their follies, (among which, the most striking
 “ is their passion to keep company with people
 “ in much higher life than themselves; and to
 “ thrust themselves upon a footing with people
 “ who are infinitely superior to them in point of
 “ rank and fortune) have a number of good quali-
 “ ties.—Driven headlong by this passion, they,
 “ like Lee’s Œdipus,

“ — *Blindly tread those paths they ought to shun,*”

“ and will, I fear, in a few years—a very few
 “ years—be plunged into distressful circumstances.
 “ Mr. Norman has at present, I believe, what may
 “ be called in this luxuriant age, a pretty fortune;
 “ but it is by no means sufficient to support the
 “ figure of which he and Mrs. Norman are so
 “ foolishly fond.”

Not long after the dispatch of this letter to Mr. Crawford, his friend in Suffex, he found he had not been too hasty in prognosticating the ruin of the Norman family; his predictions were verified in a few months, by a sudden shock, which would have reduced Mr. Norman to absolute beggary, had he not been relieved in a manner altogether unexpected.

There is nothing, perhaps, which gives persons born to rank and riches, more offence than the feeble, and, as they think, insolent attempts of a man every way in a state of inferiority to vie with them in their mode of appearance and living. They look upon all those who presume to mix with them upon a kind of equality, with no fair pretensions to such a freedom, with the utmost contempt, and sometimes with the utmost indignation: sometimes, also, they are provoked, as those passions happen to operate, to check them effectually in the midst of their impertinent imitations, by stopping up the fountain from which their finances flow; in plain English, by reducing them to a state of indigence. For this sort of reduction, the gaming-table has long been found a powerful engine in the hands of the experienced.

Among the opulent men who went to be entertained by Charles Norman, the majority resorted to his house merely to enjoy a laugh, as well as a dinner, at his expence; but there were some,

some, who, not contented with the exhibition of him in the most ridiculous colours, in their own circles, meditated a blow which would, they imagined, sufficiently cure him of his propensity to appear like them. These were some distinguished personages belonging to a certain honourable society, in a certain part of the town, who make it the principal business of their lives to draw in people who have more money than wit, and to drive them either to madness or a jail: to both places they had sent several unfortunate adventurers, seduced, in the most graceful manner, by their encouraging losses.

These personages, in a select committee one night over their dice, determined to get Charles into their clutches, and to send him home ruined. Men of this stamp generally carry their designs into execution without delay.

"D—n him," said Tom Loader, "we will do for him: a puppy! to think of living like us."

'The prince of puppies, by G—d,' replied Harry Blacklegs, 'to give himself the airs of a man of quality with his pimping fortune; but, as you say, we will do for him; and if we send him not home ready to hang himself, we shall be the greatest bunglers in Christendom.'

This speech, delivered with much vivacity, and a competent share of vanity into the bargain, was received with the loudest marks of approbation, and

and the lively articulator of it was pitched upon, by his ingenious companions, to put Charles Norman into the road to destruction.

Charles had hitherto only exposed himself to ridicule by his passion for appearance: he had never discovered a passion for play; but when he was called upon, however, one evening, after a supper given at Harry's lodgings, by him, Loader, and several other persons of distinction, to try his luck at hazard, he was unable to resist. He was not, indeed, in his perfect senses when he was so called upon; and if he had been quite sober, he might have found himself, perhaps, incapable of standing firm against the insinuating behaviour of those whose designs upon his pocket were too deeply laid to be discovered by him.

Flushed with the success he met with during the first half hour, Charles became doubly animated, and pushed on boldly—to his ruin. From that time, fortune became less and less kind to him, and he was soon feelingly convinced that he had lost more than he could pay. Starting from his chair, he overturned it, in his precipitate retreat to the door, and ran out of the house, which had proved so fatal to him, like a lunatic.

While Charles was engaged in the way above-mentioned, Mrs. Norman, by an accidental run of ill-luck, at a genteel assembly in her own neighbourhood, had been remarkably unsuccessful.

Fretted

Fretted as she was, however, by the triumphs of her adversaries, in consequence of their superior hands, (for she could not bring herself to believe, that they had out-generalled her by a superior knowledge of the game) she consoled herself, not knowing what a shock her husband had received, with thinking that she would be more fortunate another night.

Mrs. Norman came home first; it was late, but, as she knew in what manner her Charles was engaged, she was not in the least surpris'd at not seeing him on her arrival. So far was she, indeed, from being uneasy, that she sat down to her harp-fichord, and played over one of the favourite airs in the last new Opera; in the midst of that air, she heard a violent knocking at the door. As such raps had been familiar to her ears, she only exclaimed, "Oh, there he is!" and threw away her song. But she was now not a little surpris'd to see Charles brought into the parlour by two stout fellows, who, having found him sprawling upon the ground, and discovered by searching his pockets the place of his residence, had conveyed him from thence to his own house.

Mrs. Norman, having discharged the fellows who had taken care of her husband, endeavoured to wake him from his lethargy, but in vain; she, therefore, ordered his valet to conduct him, properly assist'd, to his own chamber.

The

The moment Charles opened his eyes in the morning, the recollection of what passed the night before at Harry's lodgings, stung him to the quick. He was now far from being in a state of insensibility. He rang his bell with violence. Every creature in the house was fast asleep. The alarm was general. By some, the intrusion of rogues was suspected; by others, the breaking out of a fire was dreaded. Mrs. Norman soon made her appearance.—“Oh, Nanny!” said Charles, “it is all over with me.”

‘All over with you!’ replied she, staring, having no reason to suppose from his looks that he was in a dying condition. ‘What do you mean by these terrifying words? Did you meet with any accident last night? Where are you hurt?’

“An accident!—Yes—I did meet with an accident, and am hurt—there is no describing what I feel—.”

This speech was followed by an explanation, which produced a warm debate between the unhappy pair: each reproaching the other in the severest terms.

In this distressful situation, Charles was relieved by the last man from whom he expected any assistance; he was relieved, and in the most generous, noble manner, by Mr. Selby, who proved himself more than a GOOD NEIGHBOUR, to him the best of neighbours. From this time, Mr. Selby was no longer

longer stiled a *misanthrope*; but as he was a singular character, he was ever afterwards called “ a
“ very good sort of a man in an odd way.”

THE JEW COUNSELLED.

AN ANECDOTE.

ONE of the sons of Gideon, a famous Jew, was on the point of being married to a Christian; on which the father, who had no objection to the religion of the lady, but to the smallness of her fortune, expostulated with his son, and told him, that he might have a lady with more money; but the son, vindicating his choice, replied, “ that whether he consented or not, he
“ would marry the lady; and if he refused to give
“ him a proper share of wealth, he would turn
“ Christian, and then he would claim the benefit
“ of an English law, and obtain half he possessed.” At this answer Gideon was greatly confounded, and resolved to apply to counsel, to know whether there was any such law; the counsellor replied that there was, and that his son upon turning Christian would obtain half his fortune; “ but
“ if you’ll give me ten guineas, I’ll put you in a
“ way

“ way to disappoint him, and the graceless dog
 “ shall not be able to obtain a farthing.” Gideon,
 overjoyed, pulled out the money, clapped it into
 the counsellor’s hand, expressing his impatience to
 know how he was to proceed; when the counsel-
 lor returned with a smile—“ you have nothing to
 “ do, Mr. Gideon, but to turn Christian yourself.”

PARAPHRASE

OF PART OF THE 14TH CHAPTER

OF JOB.

HOW short the time of mortals here below!
 How soon the end of all their joy and woe!
 Like the fair flow’r, that in the verdant mead
 With various lustre rears its lovely head:
 So florid youth, with strength and beauty crown’d,
 Starts o’er the scene, and looks superior round;
 But, like the flow’r, his beauties fade away,
 And icy age brings on the swift decay;
 Like the fair rose, he blossoms but to die,
 And as a shadow all his glories fly.

Then why great LORD against this reptile form,
 This child of dust, and brother to the worm,
 Why

Why wilt thou stretch out thy terrific rod,
 And bring the wretch in judgment with his God?
 From spring impure can limpid water flow;
 Or fetid oil a grateful odour throw?
 Can man, weak man, be perfect in thy fight,
 Where flaming choirs of Angels are not bright?
 Since thou hast number'd out the life of man,
 And fix'd the bounds of his appointed span;
 Ah! let him rest, and feel thy wrath no more,
 Till, like a hireling, his short day be o'er!
 Tho' the tall tree be levell'd with the ground,
 And all its sapless branches scatter'd round,
 Yet earth shall nourish the remaining root,
 And from the stump a thriving plant shall shoot:
 Water'd by latent springs, the tree will grow,
 And fruit again adorn the lofty bough.

But man's frail body quickly wastes and dies,
 And in the tomb in dark oblivion lies, [fall,
 Till from heav'n's round, sun, moon, and stars shall
 And the last thunders shake earth's trembling ball;
 Then shall thy power awake the silent dead,
 And o'er th' uniting bones fresh beauty spread.
 Till that dread day, great God, thy suppliant spare;
 To Thee my heart's most secret thoughts are bare;
 If I be wicked, then pronounce my doom,
 And plunge me deep in everlasting gloom;
 If I be righteous, let me share thy grace,
 And in thy heaven partake seraphic peace.

THE

THE UNFORTUNATE CAPTAIN.

A GENUINE HISTORY.

DON Juan de Mendoza was a native of Castille, descended from a very illustrious house, and possessed a very considerable fortune. He had served as a captain in the army, and distinguished himself for his bravery against the Moors, to whom he had been a very formidable foe. He married the daughter of a noble Venetian, who brought him a handsome portion, and she had great expectations at the death of her father, who was extremely rich. By this lady, Don Juan had two daughters, who, as they advanced towards maturity, displayed such growing attractions as created them many admirers. There was only a year difference in their age, and they resembled each other so much that they were frequently taken for twins. Leonora, when she had attained her eighteenth year, bespoke the complete woman. She was tall, genteel, and graceful, and possessed all the usual accomplishments bestowed upon persons of her rank. Amoretta, though the youngest sister, in no respect fell short of displaying charms equal to Leonora, and they only wanted a third sister to constitute the Graces.

Their

Their lovers were already numerous, but Don Juan could not be prevailed upon to listen to any of their proposals: whether he judged his daughters were as yet too young to enter into the conjugal state, or whether he thought the parties of inferior rank or fortune to what he judged the young ladies were entitled, we will not pretend to determine; however, they had already fixed their affections upon two amiable cavaliers of honourable families, who had distinguished themselves for their bravery. Don Alvarez was a youth about twenty, tall and athletic, with a most prepossessing countenance, and most engaging manners: he was deeply enamoured with the beautiful Leonora, and he had reason to think that she entertained a strong partiality for him. Don Alonzo was nearly of the same age, rather of a more delicate constitution, and a most captivating disposition. The fair Amoretta moved a goddess in his eyes, nor could she suppress the emotions of her heart when her dear Alonzo, on his knees, supplicated to embrace her hand. Alvarez and Alonzo were considered as the modern Castor and Pollux; they were incessantly together, and by many considered as brothers. Such was the situation of affairs in the family of Don Juan, when death deprived him of his amiable consort, and nearly at the same time of his father.

This

This double stroke of mortality for a while stifled the ardour of the lovers' passions, or at least prevented the reiteration of those vows which had made a just impression on the minds of the amiable sisters. Decency proclaimed a retirement from the world for some time. At the expiration of this period, the Captain found, by the will of his late father, he was left sole heir to all his possessions in Italy and elsewhere, and that his presence was absolutely necessary at Venice. Actuated by the most sincere parental affection for his children, added to the critical time of their lives, and the still more critical state of their affections, to which Don Juan was ere now no stranger; he could not harbour a thought of leaving them behind. Accordingly, they were instructed to prepare themselves for the voyage, and embarked with their father, on board a vessel at Carthagená, which was bound to Venice, without taking leave of their lovers.

After being at sea some hours, they fell in with an Algerine corsair, and little or no resistance being made, were taken and carried to Algiers. What a complicated scene of misery! Don Juan considered the loss of his treasure, which was very considerable, as a mere nothing; and even the loss of his liberty gave him little or no affliction, when compared to the imminent peril of his daughters, whose beauty and youth must certainly insure

infure their destruction. ' To think of their being the devoted facrifices of a Dey or a Bashaw, occasioned the most excruciating affliction. He found means to have an interview with them whilst they were still on board the piratic vessel, in which he exhorted them, in broken accents, accompanied with floods of tears, that rendered his language more pathetic, to suffer death rather than sacrifice their virtue to a tyrant, a monster. He reminded them of their birth, their education, and their religion; he called to his aid every argument that a pious father, in such a state of complicated distress, could summon to enforce his admonitions. The fair, the virtuous sisters could only articulate, amidst sighs and involuntary floods of tears, that death to them was preferable to life in such a state of infamy as appeared before them.

After they had landed, they were conveyed to separate dungeons; Don Juan to bemoan his untoward fate, the beauteous females to arm themselves with becoming fortitude against the attacks of the barbarians that might assail their virtue.

They had previously furnished themselves with each a dagger, and had vowed to each other, by every tie of parental love and sisterly affection, to put an end to an existence that to them must be loathsome, and detested, rather than yield to either force or persuasion.

The

The fatal news of their captivity had no sooner reached the ears of Alvarez and Alonzo, than, fired with rage and indignation, they resolved, at the risk of their lives, to release the fair captives and their father. They communicated their designs to a few of their intimate friends, who caught the glorious contagion, and having prepared a vessel, sailed with the first favourable wind upon this most perilous expedition.

They landed at a very critical moment, the precise instant the fair captives were conducting from their dungeons to the palace, there to be yielded up to the brutal passion of the Dey. The officers who had them in custody, apprehending that their fortitude would be greater than was usual, had proposed to their master a plan that they thought would be productive of certain success, in case all intreaties and threats became ineffectual. This was to lead them to the presence of their father, and then inform them that his life was in their hands, as the alternative would be either an immediate compliance with the request of their master, or the instant death of the venerable parent. To this purpose he was led from his dungeon, and placed in a conspicuous manner; and being chained to a wall, was there to be exposed to his wretched daughters.

The Captain was, however, soon released from this violent anxiety; for the brave youths (Alva-

rez

rez and Alonzo) appearing with their valiant companions broke his chains, conveyed him on board their ship, with the beauteous captives, and they set sail without any molestation; the officers who were the conductors of Leonora and Amoretta being slain upon the spot; and the whole enterprise conducted with such speed and success, that they were safe at sea before an alarm was given.

They returned to Carthagená, where Don Juan having once more fitted out a vessel for his intended voyage to Venice, with strength sufficient to oppose any corsair in those seas, and being accompanied by the valiant youths who had been their deliverers, they braved the piratic states, and arrived safe at the place of their destination.

The reader will, doubtless, anticipate the happiness that followed.

After the necessary preparations, the two-fold nuptials were celebrated. The ladies afforded an uncommon example of matrimonial love and affection to all Venice, and their lives glided on in one perpetual circle of conjugal felicity.



A CURIOUS

ARCHIEPISCOPAL ANECDOTE.

IN the year 1491, King Henry VII. on pretence of a *French* war, issued out a commission for levying a *benevolence* on his people, an arbitrary taxation, which had been abolished by a recent law of King Richard III. and which was the more provoking, because, though really raised by menaces and exhortations, it was nevertheless pretended to be given by the voluntary consent of the people. This violence fell chiefly on the commercial part of the nation, who were possessed of ready money. *London* alone contributed to the amount of near *ten thousand pounds*. Archbishop *Morton*, the chancellor, instructed the commissioners to employ a *dilemma*, in which every one might be comprehended. If the persons applied to lived frugally, they were told, that their parsimony must necessarily have enriched them. If their method of living was splendid and hospitable, they were concluded opulent, on account of their expence. This device was by some called Chancellor *Morton's fork*, and by others his *crutch*.

ANECDOTE.

ANECDOTE.

Shewing how much in former times a long Beard was valued, and how disgraceful it was for a Man of Honour to be without one.

BALDWIN, Count of Edeffe, being in great want of money, had recourse to a stratagem as new as it appeared to him certain. He went to his father-in-law, Gabriel, a very rich man, and told him, that being greatly pressed for money by his troops, to whom he owed thirty thousand michelets, and not being any way able to raise so large a sum, he had been obliged to pledge his beard for the payment of it.—The astonishment of the father-in-law was so great at what he heard, that, doubting if he had well understood the Count, he made him repeat the terms of this strange agreement several times; but being at length too well convinced of his son-in-law's inability to raise the cash, the credulous Gabriel bewailed his misfortune, saying, "How is it possible for a man to find in his heart to pledge a thing that should be so carefully preserved! a thing that is the proof of virility, wherein consists the principal authority of man, and is the ornament of his face. How could you possibly

I I 2

" consider

“ consider it as a thing of little value,” continued the old man, “ what cannot be taken from a man “ without loading him with shame?” The Count replied to these just reproaches, that having nothing in the world that he valued so much, he had thought it his duty to pledge it, to satisfy his creditors; and that he was determined to fulfil his promise, if he could not immediately find the money he so much wanted. The father-in-law, alarmed for the beard of Baldwin, instantly gave him the thirty thousand michelets, recommending him, at the same time, never more to pledge a property on which the honour of a brave knight depended.

EMPLOYMENT.

ANXIETY and Melancholy are best dispelled and kept at a distance by employment. On the day before the battle of Pharfalia, Plutarch tells us, when dinner was ended in the camp, while others either went to sleep, or were disquieting their minds with apprehensions concerning the approaching battle, Brutus employed himself in writing till the evening, composing an epitome of Polybius.

FEMALE

FEMALE DELICACY.

DELICACY is a virtue so highly commendable in both sexes, that, without a certain portion of it, the human character would shrink from its pre-eminence, and find itself grovelling beneath the brute creation. Though the commission of some particular actions may be allowed with us to be an open violation of all the rules of decorum; yet, it occurs to me, that it will be no easy task to prove, that indelicacy is in its nature fixed and defined to all the creation;—for, what may in Great-Britain be esteemed an act of flagrant indecency, may, in another country, be reckoned the acmé of delicacy; nay, not only so, but also temporary as well as local delicacies and indelicacies always have, and, in my opinion, ever will occur;—and the influx, as well as the recess of these, depend upon the caprice or faction of the time.

In order to prove that no defined delicacy exists, I will give an example of the trials of that quality held in estimation by the Lacedemonians.

Plutarch has taken no small pains to panegyrize the Ladies of Sparta; and to prove that his assertions are founded in truth, he tells us, “ that
 “ Lycurgus took all possible care in the accom-
 “ plishments

“plishments of the women, that they might not
 “only be rendered useful, but ornamental;—he
 “ordered the maidens to exercise themselves in
 “wrestling, running, throwing quoits and darts,
 “that they might be more beautifully muscular
 “and strong, as well as endure, with greater ease,
 “the pains of child-bearing, and produce a hardy
 “race; and to take away their unfashionable
 “tenderneſs, he directed that the virgins should
 “go naked as well as the young men, and dance
 “and ſing at certain ſolemn feaſts and ſacrifices.
 “Here they ſtrove to outvie each other, and to
 “render themſelves pleaſing and attractive to
 “their lovers, by alertneſs of geſture, and melody
 “of voice;—and to increaſe the ſolemnity and
 “decorum of theſe aſſemblies, the two kings and
 “the whole ſenate always attended them.”—
 Plutarch further remarks, “that though it may
 “ſeem ſtrange that virgins ſhould appear thus
 “naked in public, yet, as the ſtricteſt modeſty
 “was obſerved, and all wantonneſs excluded,
 “there was no indecency in it, but, on the con-
 “trary, it accuſtomed the ladies to an innocent
 “ſimplicity, and uniform modeſty.” This is one
 example of what was eſteemed delicacy in Lace-
 demon. Among the Roman ladies we find a
 different ſpecies:—Lucretia, whoſe chaſtity was
 violated by Tarquin, unable to endure the igno-
 miny of the act, with a contempt of death inhe-
 rent

rent only in the Roman character, in the presence of her father, husband, and friends, plunged a dagger in her bosom, and thus sought an asylum from the blushes of her own checks, rather than from the calumny of the Roman people, who were in possession of incontestible proofs of her innocence. It has been said that Tarquin did not violate her body, but merely exposed those parts that decency had secluded.

Indeed, were we to search for the ideas of delicacy prevalent in every nation, we should find nearly as many sorts as there are countries, each having their own criterion.

Even in our own country, we find at different times different rules of decency; I mean not to speak it in disparagement to the beauty or virtue of our ladies; but if things go on in the same proportion of rapidity that they have done the last century, I have reason to believe, in the course of another, it will be as common a sight to see a naked female in a London theatre, as it was in times of old at Sparta; and to prove the increased and increasing nakedness of our ladies in their public appearance, I give the following little table, exhibiting when and how much of them was exposed.

1700—All going masked to the theatres—*nothing was seen.*

1727—The mask being thrown aside—the *face* appeared.

1750—The mask and gloves being off—the *face and hands* appeared.

1760—The

1760—The petticoats were shortened—and half the *leg* appeared.

1795—The handkerchief being removed—the *breast* and *neck* appeared.

1796—The sleeves being shortened—the elbow and half the upper joint of the arm appeared.

Now supposing the superficies of the human body to be ten square feet, the naked parts will be nearly five at this time, and consequently should they persevere in uncovering in an equal ratio, in about ninety years they will have left upon their bodies little more than a pair of stockings; this will appear by the rules of proportion. From the above data it is evident, that the ideas of delicacy entertained by British Ladies is approximating in a certain ratio to that of the females of ancient Sparta; or perhaps, indeed, to their own ancestors the Britons;—and from these premises it may be no unwarrantable assertion, that in ninety years there will be little smuggling of Flanders lace or other frippery, but their beautiful skins may again be dyed with woad, and have the figures of the heavenly bodies cut or tattooed upon them.



ANECDOTE

or

MR. LOCKE.

WHEN Mr. Locke wanted to resign his post, on account of his asthma, the King (William) would have had him continue in it, and told him expressly, that though he could stay in London but a few weeks, his services in the office would be very necessary to him. His Majesty, however, at length, yielded to the representations of Mr. Locke, who could not prevail on himself to hold an employment of that importance, without doing the duties of it more regularly. He formed and executed this design without making any communication of it, though he might easily have entered into a composition with any person; who, being befriended by his interest, would have probably carried his post from any other solicitor. He was told this, and by way of reproach too, "I know it very well," replied he, "but that was the very reason why I communicated my design to nobody; I received the place from the king himself, and to him I resolved to restore it, to dispose of it as he thought proper." How few men, in Mr. Locke's situation, would have been incommoded with his scrupulosity?

The

The truth is, if we may believe his own account of the matter, that he was never fond of preferment. He seems to have accepted of it merely in compliance with his Majesty's request, which he doubtless considered as a command.

Mr. Locke had another reason, besides his asthma, for resigning his post, which he gave in a letter to his friend Mr. Molyneux, dated February 22, 1696—7. "The corruption of the age," says he to that gentleman, "gives me so ill a prospect of any success in designs of this kind (for the public good) never so well laid, that I am not sorry my ill health gives me so just a reason to desire to be eased of the employment I am in."

AN ANECDOTE.

A Roman-Catholic Gentleman went a partridge shooting along with a Protestant neighbour of his, on a fast-day; they were driven about noon, by a thunder-storm, to a little public-house, where they could get nothing to eat but some bacon and eggs. The good Catholic had a tender conscience, and would eat nothing but eggs; the Protestant, his companion, who was one of your *good sort* of people, said, there could be no harm in

in his eating a bit of bacon with his eggs; that bacon could not be called flesh; that it was no more than a *red-herring*; it is *fish* as one might say. So the Catholic took a bit of bacon with his eggs: but just as he had put it to his mouth, there came a most tremendous clap of thunder; upon which the poor Catholic flipped it down upon his plate again, muttering to himself—*What a noise here is about a bit of bacon!* He foolishly fancied now, the sin was in his eating the bacon. No such matter, it was his want of faith. He had not a proper faith in his own superstitious principles.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

TO Thee, all glorious everlasting Power,
 I consecrate this solemn midnight hour;
 Whilst darkness robes in shades the spangled sky,
 And all things hush'd in peaceful slumbers lie;
 Unwearied let me praise Thy holy name,
 Each thought with rising gratitude inflame,
 For the rich mercies which Thy hands impart,
 Health to my limbs, and comfort to my heart.

Should the scene change, and pain extort my
 sighs,
 Then see my fears, and listen to my cries;

Then

Then let my soul by some blest foretaste know
Her sure deliv'rance from eternal woe:
Arm'd with so bright a hope, no more I'll fear
To see the dreadful hand of death draw near;
But, my faith strength'ning, as my life decays,
My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise.

Oh! may my pray'r before Thy throne arise,
An humble, but accepted sacrifice!
Bid kindly sleep my weary eye-lids close,
And chear my body with a soft repose.
Their downy wings may guardian Angels spread,
And from all terrors screen my hapless head!
May of thy powerful light some gracious beams
Shine on my soul, and influence my dreams!

ANECDOTE

OF

ARTHENODORUS.

ARTHENODORUS the philosopher, by reason of his great age, begged leave to retire from the court of Augustus; which the Emperor accordingly granted him. In making his compliments on the occasion, as he was about to withdraw,

draw, “Remember, Cæsar, (said he) whenever
 “you are angry, that you say or do nothing before
 “you have distinctly repeated to yourself the four
 “and twenty letters of the alphabet.” Upon this,
 Cæsar, caught him hastily by the hand, and cried
 out, ‘Stay, stay, Arthenodorus! I have need of
 ‘thy presence longer still;’ and so detained him
 another year. This incident is celebrated by the
 ancients as a rule of excellent wisdom, and does
 high honour to this intrepid and honest counsellor,
 to the world’s master.

ANECDOTE
 OF THE
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,
 with the figure and genius of Alcibiades,
 could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax, and
 the dissolute Charles. When he alike ridiculed
 that witty king, and his solemn chancellor; when
 he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of
 bad ministers, or, equally unprincipled, supported
 its cause with bad patriots; one laments that
 such parts should have been devoid of every vir-
 tue.

tue. But when Alcibiades turns chymist; when he is a real bubble, and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends; contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character. An instance of astonishing quickness is related of this witty Duke: Being present at the first representation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, where a lover says,

"MY WOUND IS GREAT, BECAUSE IT IS SO SMALL;"

The Duke cried out,

'Then, 'twou'd be greater, were it none at all.'

The play was instantly damn'd.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

WHAT pen can describe all the emotions of joy and sorrow which at times agitate a mother's bosom; the tender solitudes for the object of her affection; her alarms and dread when in danger of losing it; and her despair, when it is gone for ever?

A noble Venetian Lady, having lost her only son, became a prey to excessive grief. Her confessor

fessor endeavoured to console her; he told her to think of Abraham, whom the Almighty commanded to sacrifice his son, and which he obeyed without murmuring. "*Ah! my father,*" she replied with much vehemence, "*God would never have commanded such a sacrifice to a mother.*"





